

Buckley Jeff**"Grace"**

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there's the moon asking to stay
long enough for the clouds to fly me away
well it's my time coming, i'm not afraid to die
my fading voice sings of love,
but she cries to the clicking of time
oh, time

wait in the fire...

and she weeps on my arm
walking to the bright lights in sorrow
oh drink a bit of wine we both might go tomorrow
oh my love

and the rain is falling and i believe
my time has come
it reminds me of the pain
i might leave
leave behind

wait in the fire...

and i feel them drown my name
so easy to know and forget with this kiss
i'm not afraid to go but it goes so slow

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