

Explosion, The "Grace"

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We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives.
We all lie in a pile singing songs in straight lines.
We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives.
We all lie in a pile singing songs all the while.

I could pass away
Pass away and not much would be left.
Ashes, ashes on the ground. I guess I never left the
ground.
Murder, murder on the walls ate night curtain calls.
Are heard by skeletons in closets man.
They'll reach out and grab your hands 'cause.

You've got grace on a bad day
You've got grace on a bad day
You've got grace throw everybody's face.
Under the falling eyes

We hold onto this moment all our lives.
We all stand in a circle what's yours and what's mine?
We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives.
We all lie in a pile singing songs all the while.
I could pass away.

It still wouldn't feel real to me.
This illusion walking death holding hands with
skeletons.
Learners, teachers will provide their own sweet style of
elegant lies.
But I won't stop trying, no I won't stop trying.

You've got grace on a bad day
You've got grace on a bad day
You've got grace throw everybody's face.
Under the falling eyes

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