

## Throwing Muses "Saving Grace"

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So we drive and we've driven ten thousand miles  
In our hometown, sink back into the driveway  
Which is Zen The head in the stars  
Or the body in the chair?

A saving grace at odds with technology  
A saving grace

Eighteen with a bottle of water  
Cold jeans and the face of Gibraltar  
How many trunks of your goods?  
How many goods do you give away?

I'm spellbound when I can't move  
I stand in front of you  
I'm flipping back through pages  
Of your calendar and your books  
And your childhood and your looks

I try to move in your direction  
Against the grain of time  
I'm hoping to recollect  
My thoughts and motions

I pray to science and history  
Like cancer doesn't grow  
I worship and forget you  
Bye, worship and forget you

A saving grace  
And holding on to what we've made

As it drags us by the legs  
Across the living room  
Put the children to bed  
For a good night, for tomorrow

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