

Maine, The

"Saving Grace"

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I walk the tight rope
on my way home
you're my backbone
iknow you're somewhere close behind me

i walk the fault line in a dirty field
in the spring time
i feel the wind start to remind me

of you (you)
and the sweet talk
on the sidewalk
it's true (true)
all know is

all we have is what's left today
hearts so pure in this broken place

cause we are, we are, we are
who we are, we are, we are
lovers lost in space
we're searching for our saving grace

and i still remember
how your lips taste
on holidays
you leave in december
what can i do to make you stay?

Cause we won't fade away
we'll find peace while other change
and i know you're somewhere close behind me

and its true (true)
oh, the sweet sound in the background
it's you (you)
all i know is

all we have is what's left today
hearts so pure in this broken place

cause we are, we are, we are
who we are, we are, we are
lovers lost in space
we're searching for our saving grace

oooh yeahhh
we're searching for our saving grace
oooh yeahhh

keep on searching
keep on searching
keep, keep
keep, keep

keep on searching
keep on searching
keep, keep
keep, keep

i walk the tightrope
you're my way home
you're my backbone
you'll always be here right beside me

all we have is what's left today
hearts so pure in this broken place

cause we are, we are, we are
who we are, we are, we are
lovers lost in space
we're searching for our saving grace

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