

Grace

Miss Kittin

There's a place on the planet
Where I can lean, where I can rest
It's in your arms, on your chest
I am out of balance, in a state of Grace...
State of Grace...

I am scared of taking too much space
For us it was always the case
I am on the way to find my place
Here and now in a taste of Grace...
Taste of Grace...

I hear a sound I hear the bass
Like a fist in my face
I am a new born out of the nest
I was touched by Grace...
Touched by Grace...

I hear the bass, I hear the bass
In my face, in my face

Touched by Grace...