

Another State of Grace

Black Star Riders

They called it the Troubles
Cuz it wasn't quite a war
To admit that it was
Would make it harder to ignore
History gave us courage
Whiskey made us fight
Back when blood was thicker
Back when blood was tight

Here comes the Hallelujah man
With the free love, guns and dope
The last Irishman in Brooklyn
Just went up in fire and smoke
Bind our sons to exile
To serve the Motherland
Keep us all indebted
And afraid of Uncle Sam

I couldn't love you anymore
Couldn't love you any less
I'll cross my heart and hope to die
In another state of grace
In another state of grace
I'll cross my heart and hope to die
In another state of grace

Democracy is coming
On a sea of alcohol
From construction sites to shipyards
You better sing along
You better love your family
You better earn your pay
Cuz democracy is coming
That's the order of the day

I couldn't love you anymore
Couldn't love you any less
I'll cross my heart and hope to die
In another state of grace
In another state of grace
I'll cross my heart and hope to die
In another state of grace

Another lost loved one
Full of tales of home
The heart beats any fist
Of a spirit never broken
Swinging out at memories
That we will not forget
There'll be no sweet surrender
When blood and soil connect

I couldn't love you anymore
Couldn't love you any less
I'll cross my heart and hope to die
In another state of grace
In another state of grace

I'll cross my heart and hope to die
In another state of grace
In another state of grace
In another state of grace