

# Grace

Jacob Banks

Ain't no going too far, ain't no getting too close  
Ain't no rule I won't break to bring my lover back home  
You better bring the police, you better call your pastor  
You better come with your guard, you better bring your armada

Cause I don't wanna fall far from grace, far from grace

I'm the cool of the storm, I'm the calm of the thunder  
You better ring the alarm, you better run for cover  
Have my yellow brick road, I have one in the chamber  
When it's all said and done, I'll be back for more

Don't wanna fall far from grace, far from grace  
See, I don't wanna fall far from grace, far from grace

I want you to love me like you mean it  
It's taken everything I have to be  
I want you to love me like you mean it  
It's taken everything I have to be

I don't wanna fall far from  
I don't wanna fall, don't wanna fall  
Fall apart, fall apart