

## 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...