

Grace

The Explosion

We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives
We all lie in a pile singing songs in straight lines
We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives
We all lie in a pile singing songs all the while

I could pass away
Pass away and not much would be left
Ashes, ashes on the ground. I guess I never left the ground
Murder, murder on the walls at night curtain calls
Are heard by skeletons in closets man
They'll reach out and grab your hands 'cause

You've got grace on a bad day
You've got grace on a bad day
You've got grace throw everybody's face
Under the falling eyes

We hold onto this moment all our lives
We all stand in a circle what's yours and what's mine?
We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives
We all lie in a pile singing songs all the while
I could pass away

It still wouldn't feel real to me
This illusion walking death holding hands with skeletons
Learners, teachers will provide their own sweet style of elegant lies
But I won't stop trying, no I won't stop trying

You've got grace on a bad day
You've got grace on a bad day
You've got grace throw everybody's face
Under the falling eyes