

Fall from Grace

Tim Finn

Hallway lined with photographs
Telling us where we've been
I'm just a country boy
Can't you see that I'm still green

And the story has no moral
It's an endless fall from grace
Leaving lines of joy and sorrow on your face

So much I remember
A few things that I regret
Sometimes I wish I had eyes
In the back of my head.

And the story has no moral
It's an endless fall from grace
Leaving lines of joy and sorrow on your face

And it seems so long ago
Only seems like yesterday
It was over long before
It had even begun.

Sometimes we're perfect strangers
Other times we're a family
Holding a mirror up to
The best and worst in me.

And the story has no moral
It's an endless fall from grace
Leaving lines of joy and sorrow on your face

Yeah, the story has no moral
It's an endless fall from grace
Leaving lines of joy and sorrow on your face