

Grace Under Fire

Quarterflash

I've seen them run, I've seen them broken
I've seen them fold without a word even spoken
Oh, all it takes is a little fire
Well, they watch your eyes, they learn your weakness
They turn it up, and you know
The lean is on, the lean is on
Oh, sooner or later, you're gonna catch heat
There's no use running away
Everything hurries to eat or be eaten, they say

Oh, Papa was right, nothing rates higher
The coolest of cool is grace under fire

Back in the shadows there's the law of the city
Work on the one who shows the first sign of pity
I know, I know
Well, they knock on your door, and they call out your number
And your legs won't move, and your heart starts running
You'll know, you'll know

Oh, Papa was right, nothing rates higher
The coolest of cool is grace under fire

You've got to be the diamond, you've got to be the steel
The lucky have ice in their veins,
They laugh at the devil
And burn like a torch in the rain

Oh, The Jesus was cool, no one bet higher
The measure of heart is grace under fire