

Grace

Jeff Buckley

There's the moon asking to stay
Long enough for the clouds to fly me away
Oh, it's my time coming, I'm not afraid, afraid to die

My fading voice sings of love
But she cries to the clicking of time
Of time

Wait in the fire
Wait in the fire

Wait in the fire
Wait in the fire
Fire

And she weeps on my arm
Walking to the bright lights in sorrow
Oh drink a bit of wine we both might go tomorrow
Oh my love

And the rain is falling and I believe
My time has come
It reminds me of the pain I might leave
Leave behind

Wait in the fire
Wait in the fire

Wait in the fire
Wait in the fire
Fire

It reminds me of the pain I might leave
Leave behind

And I feel them drown my name
So easy to know and forget with this kiss
I'm not afraid to go but it goes so slow, ohh

Wait in the fire
Wait in the fire

Wait in the fire
Wait in the fire
Wa-wa-wait in the fire