

Through The Eyes Of Grace

Melissa Manchester

Grace and John are in their morning places
He looks at the paper: she looks straight ahead
Neither one is hungry, but they need to be fed.
Yesterday the kids came by to see them,
Celebrating 30 years of holding on,
Lift a loving cup, a cup of number one. "Look across the table John,
look across the table to me";
There's still a young girl in the old girls face.
"Look across the table honey."
So the day begins, through the eyes of Grace.

Late at night, when she can hear him sleeping,
Reaching in the darkness for a dream or two;
What she doesn't know is that he's dreaming too,
Something in the mirror will remind her;
Something 'bout the moonlight shining on the bed;
Women don't get older, just a deeper shade of red. "Tell me what
to do Johnny, tell me what to do with all this freedom!"
"Tell me what to do Honey, tell me what to do 'bout all my dreamin'!"
Just to catch his eye when she's not looking, just to be surprised
by such an old idea.
Just to see your life seen through the eyes of Grace.

"Look across the table John, look across the table to me";
There's still a young girl in the old girls face.
More than just a memory.
So the day begins, through the eyes of Grace.