

Grace

Patrick Watson

She's bored, she picks up the paper
There's a magazine cover of the women that hate her
But she doesn't care, they don't got what she's got in her

She takes a street with a smile in her beat
'Cause her high heels are taller than all of the other girls
Taller than all of their empty stares

Grace moves with a graceful swing
That you know your right and wrongs don't mean a thing
She just swings her hips in the air at you

Her confidence will kill you, and when she pulls the trigger
She's the only living proof that the world still cares
'Cause she knows you're just a little scared
Something about her grace

And all the boys are down on their knees
And they're begging her please please please
She just smiles, says go back to your mother boys

The half of you hate her, the rest of you love her
But you try, but you try, but she don't need you
She's got all the love that she ever needs

Something about her grace
Something about her smile that I need from her
Something about her smile that I need from her
Something about her smile that I need from her
'Cause all my life I saw her there
Wandering through the city without a care

Something about her grace that you want to take home today

Something about her grace