

# A State of Grace

Street Dogs

Taken to skid row  
Apocalyptic downtown  
Wandered from Foley's pub to this  
Somebody's gather me  
I need a rescue mission  
Push me out of harm's way into help

I'm still searching for the state of grace  
A king of nothing  
I've been whittled away  
Like a thief in the night  
Rum crushes and steals you, no warning  
I'm still searching for a state of grace  
A state of grace

Cop cars and whistles  
Those bold testimonials  
Look at me screaming at the moon  
Got hospitals and preachers saying  
Son we can't reach you  
I guess I don't know how to ask for help

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What have I come to  
Where am I going  
These nights are wasted  
And my days I'm throwing  
Jesus I'm falling  
Do you hear me calling  
I need a time out  
From my own personal hell

A reprieve, a new chance, some immunity  
Goodwill, maybe mercy  
Could you give it to me

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