

Saving Grace

Throwing Muses

So we drive and we've driven 10,000 miles
In our hometown
Sink back into the driveway
Which is Zen

The head in the stairs
Or the body in the chair?
A Saving Grace at odds with technology
A Saving Grace

18 with a bottle of water
Cold jeans and the face of Gibraltar
How many trunks of your goods?
How many goods do you give away?

I'm spellbound when I can't move
I stand in front of you
I'm flipping back through the pages of
Your calendar and your books
And your childhood and your looks

I try to move in your direction
Against the grain of time
I'm hoping to recollect my thoughts and motions
I pray to science and history
Like cancer doesn't grow

I worship and forget you
Bye
Worship and forget you
A Saving Grace

And holding on to what we've made
As it drags us by the legs
Across the living room
Put the children to bed
For a good night For tomorrow