

# Cover Me

## Blues Traveler

When the scandal broke the handle  
And the cradles have been switched  
Norma Jean, well she came clean  
So I guess that dog's been fixed  
    Her skirt's too tight  
    For a Monday night  
    Her sewing machine  
    I guess it works all right  
    To tie a bow in the lace  
    The lace that graces Grace  
I'm tired of songs about angels  
I could use a punch in the face  
    If I wasn't saying nay  
    I'd be saying grace  
And it's hard to find your minders  
    And it's easy to lose faith  
    But I really never minded  
    Saving Grace  
Well if home is where the heart lies  
    And my heart is in your hands  
Then every place you try to pray  
    A dead canary lands  
    The love I lost  
    Was the love you lent  
    The cane you raised

While I raised the rent  
    Asking for grace  
But grace didn't leave a trace  
I'm tired of songs about angels  
I could use a punch in the face  
    If I wasn't saying nay  
    I'd be saying grace  
And it's hard to find your minders  
    And it's easy to lose faith  
    But I really never minded  
    Saving Grace  
When the gypsy starts to jingle  
    Her bracelet full of charms

I'll be dreaming in the bedroom  
With a Valkyrie in my arms  
I'm tired of songs about angels  
I could use a punch in the face  
If I wasn't saying nay I'd be saying grace  
And it's hard to find your minders  
And it's easy to lose faith  
But I really never minded  
No I never really minded  
No I never really minded  
Saving grace

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