Saving Grace

Throwing Muses

So we drive and we've driven ten thousand miles
In our hometown, sink back into the driveway
Which is Zen The head in the stars
Or the body in the chair?A saving grace at odds with technology
A saving graceEighteen 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 pages
Of your calendar and your books
And your childhood and your looksI try to move in your direction
Against the grain of time
I'm hoping to recollect
My thoughts and motionsI pray to science and history
Like cancer doesn't grow
I worship and forget you
Bye, worship and forget youA saving grace
And holding on to what we've madeAs it drags us by the legs
Across the living room
Put the children to bed
For a good night, for tomorrow

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