

# Grace

## Grant Lee Buffalo

If I was the Lone Ranger  
Hiding behind a mask  
Wouldn't be any danger  
To the questions, I ask  
What ya say, Pocahontas Trade in your feathers and beads  
For an electric blanket  
And a packet of cigs  
You bet, that's what she said If I had me a needle  
For every bubble that popped  
Bind them all up like one  
You would hear that pin drop  
Like a gun shot, like a shot And if I was a world leader  
Would not mislead the world  
I would not miss anything  
Miss America knows  
That it's only a pageant That it's only a show  
Isn't even film in the camera  
These aren't even my clothes  
No, no, no, no, Miss America knows You remember Houdini  
Who not a shackle could hold  
Carved a trap door into Heaven  
To escape growin' old  
Guess he just couldn't hack it Bundled up for the cold  
Double-breasted straight jacket  
French handcuffs of gold  
No, no, no, no, he escaped growin' old  
The growing old, oh oh oh

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