

# Grace (BBC Late Show, London, 1/17/95)

**Jeff Buckley**

There's the moon asking to stay  
Long enough for the clouds to fly me away  
Well it's my time coming, I'm not afraid, afraid to dieMy fading voice sings of love,  
But she cries to the clicking of time, oh, time.  
Wait in the fire, wait in the fire  
Wait in the fire, wait in the fireAnd she weeps on my arm  
Walking to the bright lights in sorrow  
Oh drink a bit of wine we both might go tomorrow  
Oh my loveAnd the rain is falling and I believe my time has come  
It reminds me of the pain I might leave, leave behind,  
Wait in the fire, wait in the fire  
Wait in the fire, wait in the fire

Songwriters

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