

Grace (Studio Demo)

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 die
My fading voice sings of love
But she cries to the clicking of time, of time

Wait in the fire
Wait in the fire

Wait in the fire
Wait in the fire
Fire

And 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 love

And 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
Fire

It reminds me of the pain I might leave, leave
Leave behind

When I feel them drown my name
So easy to know
And forget with this kiss
I'm not afraid to go but it goes so slow, ohh

Wait in the fire

Wait in the fire

Wait in the fire

Wait in the fire

Wai-wai-wait in the fire

Wait in the fire

Wait in the fire

Wait, ohh

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