

# Highland Grace

## Hiss Golden Messenger

And then there came a stranger - call her Highland Grace  
A rearranger I'd been searching in the mirror, but seeing my own face didn't make it any clearer  
I'd rage against the hard times while others smiled to say, "Hey, take it easy."  
And lo, this little angel was standing in the rain  
Oh, just what I needed Ain't that just like a Saturday child?  
Bound for Avalon with the birds 'round her head  
She loves with the love of a gentle child  
I was a fool of the rule before I met her Good morning, Matokie  
Tell me about those great expectations  
When I set the river on fire  
You laughed in my face  
When things got dire Yea, and sleep went to slaughter  
I saw you drift away, farther and farther My eyes pinned like diamonds, head of smoke for days  
I loved you  
Little liar Ain't that just like a Saturday child?  
Bound for Avalon with the birds 'round her head  
She loves with the love of a gentle child  
Hey, fool of the rule  
Not everything's for sale And if you can't buy it  
And you stand and deny it And if you can't see it  
And you refuse to believe it  
And if you can't count it  
And you can't help but doubt it But loving her way easy  
The easiest thing in the world  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>