Your Saving Grace

Steve Miller Band

Winter's people watching
As I sail from season's four
To join some crazy ladies
In a game upon the shore
None of them with broken wings
But still refuse to fly
So with sweetness on my lips
I smile a last goodbyeAnd now I spend my life
On the velvet side of hell
Aimlessly here searching
For what I cannot tell
The quietness is terrible
It's more than I can stand
But thousands now stand cheering
As my blood flows in the sandSpoken: You're not the child
You thought you were
You wake up in the night
And know you're blind
And yet they keep on pushing
Trying the insides of your mind
Forever, forever arresting to control
Until the emptiness of heaven welcomes your weary soulRise up with the new dawn's early morning
Feel the sunshine warm upon your face
Tomorrow's come a long, long way to help you
Yes, it's your saving grace

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