

Grace

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, oh, time.
Wait in the fire, wait in the fire
Wait in the fire, wait in the 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

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