Story 5

clipping.

On the day when Grace was born
There was a war across the sea
She'd grown lovely, bright, and tall
Fight and die for us all
Oh Grace, won't you come back home?Come home Grace, come home
Oh Grace, won't you come back home?On that fateful day at work
When her comrade lost an arm
Grace stayed with her til the end
And she vowed not again
Would her friend ever come back home?On the nights when Grace would speak
As the drunkards cursed and roared
She'd tell tales of battles won
And how she'd just begun
Grace would help keep us safe at homeCome home Grace, come home
Oh Grace, won't you come back home?Grace hid photographs and notes
From the foreman's watchful eyes
When she told what she had found
It would all come crashing down
Grace smiled as she rode back homeNo one witnessed Grace's end
She was severed limbs and blood
Once her taxi hit the curb
She'd not speak another word
Oh Grace, what have they done?Come home Grace, come home
Oh Grace, won't you come back home?
Come home Grace, come home
Oh Grace, won't you come back home?

Songwriters
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