

# 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 home Come 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 home No 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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