

# Grace

## Jeff Buckley

There's the moon asking to stay  
Long enough for the clouds to fly me away  
Oh, it's my time coming, I'm not afraid, afraid to dieMy fading voice sings of love  
But she cries to the clicking of time  
Of timeWait in the fire  
Wait in the fireWait in the fire  
Wait in the fire  
FireAnd 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 loveAnd the rain is falling and I believe  
My time has come  
It reminds me of the pain I might leave  
Leave behindWait in the fire  
Wait in the fireWait in the fire  
Wait in the fire  
FireIt reminds me of the pain I might leave  
Leave behindAnd I feel them drown my name  
So easy to know and forget with this kiss  
I'm not afraid to go but it goes so slow, ohhWait in the fire  
Wait in the fireWait in the fire  
Wait in the fire  
Wa-wa-wait in the fire  
...

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