

Grace

Richard McGraw

Thanks to the merchant class
you taught me how to sell my ass.

Thanks to the working class
you taught me how to bust my ass. Alone in this apartment
thanking our good president
for teaching me how to lose
and still save face.

I need Grace. Holy sister what went wrong?

You used to be in all my songs.

Now you're just a working girl
loving someone else's world.

But thanks for the time we spent,
the body and the sacraments.

A better man might have found a better way
but I need grace. Dearest friends the time is near.

We meet again just once a year.

The hometown air the birth of Christ,
the tucked in shirts the house looks nice.

Thank you for the warm embrace,
for accepting me in my old age.

I used to be so fun now I'm just out of place.

I need grace.

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