Say Grace

Sam Baker

She was almost out of high school
When she left home
Got a job in an office
She answered the phone
Her boss was a creep
He wouldn't leave her alone
She had to goMiddle of that mess
She met a fine young man
They rolled into houston
In a chevrolet van
Louisiana tags
A beautiful band of gold
They carried each other
So long
But they drifted apart
Never really went wrong
Just married too young
Both moved along
C'est la vie
She starts every day
Just fine
Then she hears that voice
Same place same time
Her mother is in the mirror
With the same old lines to sayShe says
You know better baby
Say grace
Don't even try
You can't take your brother's place
Don't even try
Don't give me that face any more
So where does the time go
Now there's gray in her hair
She sits at her dressing table
In a wrought iron chair
Wears a terrycloth robe
With a tear
When she is alone
The tv says war in the holy land

She looks at the wrinkles on the
Back of her hand
Rubs her finger where she wore a wedding band
She looks away
Precious savior
She remembers a hymn
It is a hymn
She never liked
She goes to the gym
Goes to work
Dinner with a friend
Falls asleep
With the tv on
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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