

# Jump Little Children, Ocean Grace

The southwestern wind  
it soon will blow again  
blowin' steady at its pace.

And I'm traveling at the measure  
of a lonely man's lecher  
Sailing across the Ocean Grace

A heavy, heavy burden  
on the last of my two dollars  
hidden in the neck of my guitar case

and I'm trying to make a pastime  
out of living off the last dime  
sailing across the Ocean Grace

And you can count the goodbyes  
With the tears in my eyes  
rolling down this weathered face

with the pocket of a poor man  
and the love of a woman  
I'm sailing across the Ocean Grace

There's a cradle in the valley  
of the Appalachian mountains  
where the wood is split to crack in the fireplace

and the winter is a shepard  
and she calls me with a soft word  
sailing across the Ocean Grace

And the candle in the window  
it flickers a reminder  
the morning a sun will show its face

and a pally of the traveler  
as in passing what he's after  
sailing across the Ocean Grace

And the name is in the paper  
and it reads across the pages  
a sailor lost at sea without a trace

and I'm itching away the hot hand  
as I'm stepping off the dry land  
sailing across the Ocean Grace