

Palace Brothers, All Is Grace

The blessed grace of waking up
Of breathing in the sheets
And hello to you, at the window
Hello to you

Down the hill I'd like to take you
To where I shot a little deer,
My little dear
I'd like to take you down there

Rinsing out the iron cup
To have a glass of wine
To have an iron cup of wine
Dear, to drink it down there

A drunken pair
Goodbye, despair
One night is 'til one morning
And one sad night
he held me by
and held me until it was morning

And once the temperature did fall
Goodnight to Father, Mother
My bambina was all in for a while

All is grace tonight to you
And tomorrow we will be,
And tomorrow we shall see,
And tomorrow, too