

Paul McCartney, Gratia

We may find a trace
Of a state of grace
In the saddest face
Something is there
How the rivers flow
We may never know
But it goes to show
Something is there
This guiding light
Will burn so bright
So much wonder around us
All the love in the air
Let the good that surrounds us
Help us to always care
Then the seeds we sow
Will survive and grow
And we will all know
Something is there
This guiding light
Will burn so bright
So much wonder around us
All the love in the air
Let the good that surrounds us
Help us to always care
In this world where ever present dangers
Circle round our family heart
Like a throng of hostile strangers eager for a war to start
There appears a friends familiar face
Oh sweet relief, the heart goes to a warmer place
And this we prize
And this we hold so dear
This humble state of grace
And this we prize
For this we hold so dear
This state of grace
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But it goes to show
Something is there
This guiding light
Will burn so bright
So much wonder around us
All the love in the air
Let the good that surrounds us
Help us to always care
Life aboard this fast revolver still remains a magic mystery
Loud reports of anger fill the pages of our history
Those of us with love can now embrace
With sweet relief a life lived at a gentler pace
And this we prize
And this we hold so dear
This humble state of grace
And this we prize
For this we hold so dear
This humble state of grace
In the night a daffodil
Is battered by the father of all storms
Daybreak sees it stand alone
Amongst a field of lifeless forms
Rays of light illuminate

Where sweet relief presents a shining yellow face
And this we prize
And this we hold so dear
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