

The Maine, Saving Grace

I walk the tight rope,
On my way home,
You're my backbone.
I know you're somewhere close behind me.

I walk the fault line,
In a dirty field in the springtime.
I feel the wind start to remind me

Of you (you)
And the sweet talk
On the sidewalk
It's true (true)
All know is...

All we have is what's left today.
Hearts so pure in this broken place.

'Cause we are, we are, we are
Who we are, we are, we are.
Lovers lost in space,
We're searching for our saving grace.

And I still remember
How your lips taste
On holidays.
You leave in December,
What can I do to make you stay?

'Cause we won't fade away
We'll find peace while other change
And I know you're somewhere close behind me

And it's true (true)
Oh, the sweet sound in the background
It's you (you)
All I know is

All we have is what's left today.
Hearts so pure in this broken place.

'Cause we are, we are, we are
Who we are, we are, we are.
Lovers lost in space,
We're searching for our saving grace.

Oh yeah...
We're searching for our saving grace.
Oh yeah...

Keep on searching
Keep on searching
Keep, keep, keep, keep

Keep on searching
Keep on searching
Keep, keep, keep, keep

I walk the tightrope,
You're my way home,
You're my backbone.
You'll always be here right beside me.

All we have is what's left today.

Hearts so pure in this broken place.

'Cause we are, we are, we are
Who we are, we are, we are.
Lovers lost in space,
We're searching for our saving grace.