

Braid, Grace Car Part 1

i saw your picture today on a card
i tried so hard
to remember that smiling face you placed
on my princess pillow in that broken down car
last summer
you sang to me so beautifully
you were promised to me like a ring to a tree
but you cut it all off and
that's what kills me

pilot of lies
who sat at the bat while i sat home and cried
your hands were not tied
you knew exactly where to hide
and hitch a ride
to
one two three
cali FOR nia

"now honey i'm so sorry
if i whistle hollywood happy
look where it gets me."

you show so painfully long
but i sat and stared as if nothing was wrong
as for the songs
the beauty is there
but the grace car's gone
(gone, take me down)

and i don't want to be a part
of music vs. the heart.
we all stay in tune
we all swear it's true

we all stay in tune
we all swear it's true
(without going overhead or upperhanded jests just fly by
more time to get to know you, and less of me
you can't buy my time)

with your (we have?) pretty faces
to be replaced
in unsafe places
at least our car will go down with some grace
(grace, take me down)