

# Grace Jones, Inside Story

No one really knew him like I did,  
He taught me everything I know  
No one really knew him like I did,  
While he starts playing the piano,  
(?) was a preacher,  
Every night at church we had to go,  
Mother always playing on the organ,  
(?) so low,  
(?) are complaining,  
(?)

Oh lord my God  
Some times I wander  
Oh lord my God  
Consider what you will  
Inside story (x3)  
Last years glory  
Inside story (x4)  
How great thought art?  
How great the art?  
How great his art  
His art  
Oh lord my God  
Some times I wander  
Oh lord my God  
Consider what you will  
His art  
Your art  
My art  
His art  
Your art  
My art.