

Patti Scialfa, State Of Grace

Check your time plan station master
and bless the 3:45
she's rolling fast and free
and don't she look just like me
spitting off smoke
and all empty inside
I left my baby down on a city street
our love followed the course of the sun
it rose above the city skyline
and sunk behind the turnpike oil drums' well

Come on now mister conductor
come on and seal my fate
I was raised to find my way
now I'm going to find my state of grace

So I went walking down the edges of the city
to the iron lady and the holy land
with no English my family came
and money left a stain on their foreign hands
I don't know how some people do it
they just walk away and they
don't look back'
under a river in a cold mud tunnel
my grandfather's ghost's still
slamming the jack' well

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Last night I had a dream of forgiveness
we were walking on some sacred ground
and a light fell from heaven with a promise
That all lost things are someday found' well.

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