

Reba McEntire, State Of Grace

Grace worked down at Wal-Mart
For thirteen years she punched that clock
Been two weeks without a day off
She never gave it much thought
'Til one morning in the mirror
Two new lines opened her eyes
And suddenly it hit her
She still had the wings to fly
Attention late night shoppers
A two for one on broken chains

Chorus:

That's the state of grace
It's the weak made strong
It's finding what you're missing
Was right there all along
It's an open road to a better place
It's a life worth living
In the state of grace

Grace cleaned out her bank account
Bought a beat up camper truck
Turned her pink slip into personnel
Then tore her time card up
As she drove away she wondered
What New York City would be like
And would the stars really keep you up

On a clear desert night
With a front seat full of road maps
To help her lose her way
Grace knew when she looked up
There wouldn't be a sky
If the dreams we've been given
Weren't supposed to fly