

# The Explosion, Grace

We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives  
We all lie in a pile singing songs in straight lines  
We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives  
We all lie in a pile singing songs all the while

I could pass away  
Pass away and not much would be left  
Ashes ashes on the ground  
I guess I never left the ground  
Murder murder on the walls  
Late night curtain calls are heard by skeletons in closets  
Man they'll reach out and grab your hands

'cause you've got grace on a bad day  
'cause you've got grace on a bad day  
'cause you've got grace throw everybody's face under the falling eyes

We hold onto this moment all our lives  
We all stand in a circle what's yours it was mine  
We all lie in a pile as the dead driver drives  
We all lie in a pile singing songs all the while

I could pass away  
It still wouldn't feel real to me  
This illusive walk of death  
Holding hands with skeletons  
Learners, teachers will provide  
Their own sweet style of elegant lies  
But I won't stop trying,  
No I won't stop trying

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