

# Tom Petty, Saving Grace

I'm passing sleeping cities  
Fading by degrees  
Not believing all I see to be so

I'm flyin' over backyards  
Country homes and ranches  
Watching life between the branches below

And it's hard to say  
Who you are these days  
But you run on anyway  
Don't you baby?

You keep running for another place  
To find that saving grace

I'm moving on alone over ground that no one owns  
Past statues that atone for my sins  
There's a guard on every door  
And a drink on every floor  
Overflowing with a thousand amens

And it's hard to say  
Who you are these days  
But you run on anyway  
Don't you baby?

You keep running for another place  
To find that saving grace  
Don't you baby?

You're rolling up the carpet  
Of your father's two-room mansion  
No headroom for expansion no more  
And there's a corner of the floor  
They're telling you is yours  
You're confident but not really sure

And it's hard to say  
Who you are these days  
But you run on anyway  
Don't you baby?

You keep running for another place  
To find that saving grace

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Don't you baby?