

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

Don't you baby?

You keep running for another place
To find that saving grace

Don't you baby?