

Grace

Emma Louise

(Power gone [?])
With the moon inside her head
She's my source of grace
And grace is everywhere
She's cooking a meal for me
Making sure I'm well

And I'm sure that when we're in heaven
I'll find
That she was actually an angel
She was actually an angel
She was actually an angel, in disguise

[?] photobooth
Capturing our youth
With our red wine lips
Such broken-hearted fools
And she, laid on the floor with me
Waited while I wept

And I'm sure that when we're in heaven
I'll find
That she was actually an angel
She was actually an angel
She was actually an angel

And onto the next life we fly
Onto the next life we fly, ooh
Onto the next life we fly