

Jackie Greene, Gracie

Gracie had a baby, she grew up, she was only seventeen
Something like a stranger and no one can recall
The way she used to smile.

Now in a one-horse town, no one ever seems to
Give a damn. But she could feel the fingers pointing:
Eyes like knives and needles on her back
Oh Grace is gone.

Gracie told the taxi: take me as far as I can go
She said: Im tired of this town and Im sure
This town is tired of me. She bought
A one way ticket with a newborn and a suitcase
But her side. There aint nothing like it:
The Kansas City Mainline moving down the track
Oh Grace is gone.

Gracie found a job, typing for important businessmen
But sometimes all she could do was stare
Out of the windows at the wildflowers.

Gracie cries at night, she looks upon the stars out
In the sky. She sings to herself softly, sitting
In a bathrobe on her windowsill.

Ah grace is gone.

Gracie had a baby, she grew up, she was only seventeen
Something like a stranger and no one can recall the way
she used to smile