

# Paul McCartney, II. Gratia

(Paul McCartney)

We may find a trace  
Of a state of grace  
In the saddest face  
Something is there

How the rivers flow  
We may never know  
But it goes to show  
Something is there

This guiding light  
Will burn so bright  
So much wonder around us  
All the love in the air  
Let the good that surrounds us  
Help us to always care

Then the seeds we sow  
Will survive and grow  
And we all will know  
Something is there

This guiding light  
Will burn so bright  
So much wonder around us  
All the love in the air  
Let the good that surrounds us  
Help us to always care

In this world where ever present dangers  
Circle round our family heart  
Like a throng of hostile strangers eager for a war to start  
There appears a friend's familiar face  
Oh sweet relief, the heart goes to a warmer place

And this we prize  
And this we hold so dear  
This humble state of grace

And this we prize  
For this we hold so dear  
This state of grace

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Life aboard this fast revolver still remains a magic mystery  
Loud reports of anger fill the pages of our history  
Those of us with love can now embrace

With sweet relief a life lived at a gentler pace

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In the night a daffodil  
Is battered by the father of all storms  
Daybreak sees it stand alone  
Amongst a field of lifeless forms  
Rays of light illuminate  
Where sweet relief presents a shining yellow face

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