

# Reba McEntire, State Of Grace

Grace worked down at Wal-Mart  
For thirteen years she punched that clock  
Been two weeks without a day off  
She never gave it much thought  
'Til one morning in the mirror  
Two new lines opened her eyes  
And suddenly it hit her  
She still had the wings to fly  
Attention late night shoppers  
A two for one on broken chains

Chorus:

That's the state of grace  
It's the weak made strong  
It's finding what you're missing  
Was right there all along  
It's an open road to a better place  
It's a life worth living  
In the state of grace

Grace cleaned out her bank account  
Bought a beat up camper truck  
Turned her pink slip into personnel  
Then tore her time card up  
As she drove away she wondered  
What New York City would be like  
And would the stars really keep you up

On a clear desert night  
With a front seat full of road maps  
To help her lose her way  
Grace knew when she looked up  
There wouldn't be a sky  
If the dreams we've been given  
Weren't supposed to fly