

There But For The Grace Of God Go I

(Richard Lamplough)

*Where are those words of warmth that used to make me smile?
To keep me strong and spur me on throughout the last half mile.
Where are the songs of hope for moments such as these?
With tunes that rise, then fall surprised like golden autumn leaves.
And where was just a sign or two to point the way to why?
And where more a there but for the grace of God go I?*

*Where are the sad and scarred, the friends I could not choose?
For those with strength the journey meant few answers to the clues.
Where are the shining stars to save the lonely souls?
A marching band with dreams in hand for lives they put on hold.
I know that if they catch my gaze they'll still just walk on by,
And where more a there but for the grace of God go I?*

*Sometimes words I use appear to block the way,
They're not a lot, but all I've got to try to say...*

*"Where to find that love of mine? I'm searching high and low."
A stranger's words are fast and blurred, with tears that just don't know.
Where and how are sunsets now through clouds of smoke and dust?
The search it seams, just pain and screams to find her as he must.
That almost happy ending cruelly crushed and left to die,
And where more a there but for the grace of God go I?*