

Line In The Dust

Bruce Hornsby

I'm walking outside and I see you arrive
I say, "Let's go for a ride, and have a good old time"
Whoa, I'm saving up lies, or just stay quiet every time
While you talk in your line, keep everything fine, whoa fine

Between us, I can see, things are not what they used to be
My old friend changed, or maybe it was me
Things get so complicated, jokes made, friendships dissipated
Long silence but I speak now so belated

I say, "Hey, wait a minute, what's that you said?
Not so sure that I heard you right"
Whoa, "Hey, wait a minute, oh say that again
You're in the dust drawing a long straight line"

We'd be playing outside, we'd swing on the swings
Shared most everything, sit there and even sing
Now I sit and wonder, why it's a friendship charade

Looking for fights all day, I don't want to play
Whoa, but I do, here we go, you fire off another lame remark
You're in the dark
No bite, just your bark but it leaves a painful mark

Oh, painful mark on your soul, takes its toll, might as well fold
I've got my courage up, gonna roll, roll
I say, "Hey, wait a minute, what's that you said?
Not so sure that I heard you right"
Whoa, "Hey, wait a minute, oh say that again
You're in the dust drawing a long straight line"

We talk and talk but you never see, unreconstructed defiantly
My old friend changed but maybe it was me
Things get so complicated, jokes made, friendships dissipated
I've stayed quiet so we don't get alienated

Well I say, "Hey, wait a minute, what's that you said?
Not so sure that I heard you right"
Whoa, "Hey, wait a minute, oh say that again
You're in the dust drawing a long straight line"

Wait, wait a minute
Oh say that again
Watch yourself drawing a line in the dust
Wait, wait a minute
Wait, wait, wait, wait a minute
Wait, wait, wait, wait

I'm saving up lies, or just stay quiet every time
While you talk in your line, keep everything fine, whoa fine, yeah
I can see, things are not what they used to be