

Between The Lines

Chuck Ragan

I see the fire through the trees
Hear the hollers through the breeze
Drowning out the season like there's none
Hold the blue steel in my hands
Moving my feet over land
While I'm thanking God I've got a gun
Nothing like a war at hand
To turn a boy into a man
Learning bout surviving on the run
Dodging whistles in the dark
Walking soft and hiding sparks
Praying bullets find another home

Oh here we go, another stand you know.
Carry on, carry strong, and pray that we don't fall between the
lines.

I was born with a choice
fight for freedom or fight the tours
either way the fighting never ends
stuck in mud in no mans land
or resting easy in the sands smelling that
great ocean in the wind

Oh here we go, another stand you know.
Carry on, carry strong, keep surviving keeping on.
Oh here we go, another stand you know.
What a rush oh what a ride either way I fall between the lines.

Oh please mama here my distant call
This may be my last stand after all

So if the night comes and I fall
somewhere in the dark I ask
know for greater good I gave my all
give the ones I know my love
tell them I was worth the blood
that I shed on grounds far from home

Oh here we go, another stand you know.
Carry on, carry strong, keep surviving keeping on.
Oh here we go, another stand you know.
What a rush oh what a ride either way I fall between the lines.