

## 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.