

Pulling On A Line

Great Lake Swimmers

The line runs through like a train in a book
Or meters underwater, ending with a hook
Sways in the air when there's wind enough to lift
The fine ones are boundaries when there is a rift

I'm just pulling on a line, on a line
Oh I'm just pulling on a line
I'm just pulling on a line, on a line
But sometimes it pulls on me

The line, it inks across the freshly fallen snow
Where only those embracing coldness would go
In whistles and in whispers and sometimes in howls
It sings to me sweetly from trees and in vowels

I'm just pulling on a line, on a line
Oh I'm just pulling on a line
I'm just pulling on a line, on a line
But sometimes it pulls on me

The line, it writes itself across the dark sky
In the air, electric flashes ending with a sigh
It weaves itself into a fabric so true
And flows just like the river, graceful and blue

I'm just pulling on a line, on a line
Oh I'm just pulling on a line
I'm just pulling on a line, on a line
But sometimes it pulls on me