

Between the Lines

John Fogerty

Between the lines, that's wond'rin' what to say, when you ain't
sayin' nothin',
Between the lines, that's thinkin' about the silence that hides
behind your smile,
Between the lines, that's walkin' on eggshells that whisper kee
p your footing,
Between the lines, that's watchin' what you're doin', pretendin
' to be blind.

The truth is just a shadow, you can never pin it down,
And the words are always hollow, never yes or no, they're in th
e middle ground.

Between the lines! between the lines!
Between the lines! between the lines!
Between the lines. between the lines.

Between the lines, that's tryin' to guess the meanin', when the
re ain't none to begin with,
Between the lines, that's waitin' for the warlord to drop the o
ther shoe,
Between the lines, that's wond'rin' why the answer is just anot
her question,
Between the lines, that's thinkin' about the shotgun that's loo
kin' straight at you.

I was just a shadow, and I never made a sound.
But how can you be livin', when you're just standin' there on t
he middle ground.

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