

Fine Lines

John Martyn

Here a fine line, there a fine line
Oh what a time we had
Here a strange place, and there a strange face
Doesn't it make you sad
I will call up my friends and say
Come on over, make my night or my day
And talk about who's the finest folk in town.

There a day's grace, here a night's space
Oh what a lovely rhyme
Take it from me, there is no disgrace
In having yourself a time
I will call up my friends and say
Come on over and make my day
And talk about the love that I know is in us all.

Making the bread, going mad in the head
I know when I'm going too far
I want to get back, want to take up the slack
Get where the good times are
But I will call up all my friends and will say
I will say: Come on over make my night or my day
And we'll talk about who's the finest folk in town.

Here a fine line, there a fine wine
Oh what a time we had
Here a strange place, there a strange face
Didn't it make me sad
I will call up my friends and say
Now come on over and make my day
And tell me about the love that's in us all.
That's in us all..