

Imaginary Lines

Julian Lennon

Heaven help the soul that's severed
From the place where it belongs
Caught up in the mindless struggle
Of the weak against the strong
Headlights along the border
Keep the peace, their law and order

Why can't we see it's all a record of lies?
It's their kind of strength, their only defense
An imaginary line

Just a kid and his younger brother
Headed for the wire
Had no rights in the telescopic sights
Of the vigilante's rifle fire
But now he's buried on the border
Where the rivers are blood not water

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It's their kind of truth, it can only be proved
With imaginary lines

In times like these concernin'
Who decides which bridge is burnin'
Don't fall for map readin'
Just make sure that you're still breathin'

After the dreadful lines were drawn
The children would dream of the pearls
And how beautiful they were
Year after year they would dive to the bottom of the lagoon
Hoping that the oysters would come back

They risked everything
Their homes, families and meager possessions
To search for the pearls, to make sure
They were heavy enough to reach the bottom
The children tied stones to their backs, many of them died

Streams of blood and broken bodies
Rose to the surface of the lagoon
And the lagoon cried, cried, cried, cried

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