

The Line

Lisa Stansfield

I look at the sky to where my future's lying
And I almost start to cry
Blinded by the sun I'm trying to hold onto
The very last of precious time

Then I start to thinking what a mess we're making
And it won't get better by & by
Well we can paint it up and make it pretty but
We cannot overstep the line

We cannot overstep
We cannot overstep the
We cannot overstep the line

So many baby's arms with nothing to hold onto
But just a precious flake of life
You think you care about them
They think you care about them
But thinking's only wasting time

If we really want to say the things we want to
It takes a bigger man to try
Well we can paint it up and make it pretty but
We cannot overstep the line

We cannot overstep
We cannot overstep the
We cannot overstep the line

Well politicians sit and pretend they give a shit while
Little men go out to die
The only arms they're hugging are the ones they're running
Later to be justified

I say I don't mind
You say you don't mind
But what about the babies and what about the sunshine
Well we can paint it up and make it pretty but
We cannot overstep the line

We cannot overstep
We cannot overstep the
We cannot overstep the line

Say I don't mind
You say you don't mind
But what about the babies and what about the sunshine
Well we can point it up and make it pretty but
We cannot overstep the line