

Toe The Line

The Narrative

You make sure you sure look fine
I'll come home and toe the line
I know men are made of dreams
Sometimes dreams are all they see

Paint it black and paint it white
Paint it 'til you feel alright
I see color, I see red
I see space between our bed

And we've got a long road
But we've got a burning coal
Sometimes it feels too hot to hold
I hope it never goes
I hope it never goes cold

Able tongues they come and go
Sneak right by the radio
If I wake up past my prime
Will I feel it every night?

Paint it black and paint it white
Pull the blinds and meet the light
I see heaven up above
But I see you and I see love

And we've got a long road
But we've got a burning coal
Sometimes it feels too hot to hold
I hope it never goes
I hope it never goes cold

If I gave my heart to you
Would it be a lot to lose?
Even in the light of day
I know nothing gold can stay

Even in the light of day
I know nothing gold can stay

And we've got a long road
But we've got a burning coal
Sometimes it feels too hot to hold
I hope it never goes
I hope it never goes cold