

Line Of Fire

The Neville Brothers

Put down that gun, boy, you're in the line of fire
Get off that corner, you're in the line of fire

War, the order of city life
Where street signs are markers of battle lines
Here children disappear without a trace
The thrills of the treasure are poison-laced

Scream, oh, scream, mama you better run
Dream, oh, dream, brother gave up that gun

Put down that gun, boy, you're in the line of fire
Get off that corner, you're in the line of fire

Lines are drawn down every street
Where neighbors are strangers who never meet
Guns aren't friends to anyone
You don't know where the next shot is coming from

Tears, oh, tears, better not make her cry, boy
Fears, oh, fears, you're never too young to die, boy

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Dreams, oh, dreams, never too young to die, boy

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