Thin Line Between Love and Hate

The Lost Generation

It's a thin line between love and hate
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It's five o'clock in the morning
And you're just getting in
You knock on the front door
And a voice sweet and low says
"who is it?"
She opens up the door and lets you in
Never once asks where have you been
She says "are you hungry?
Did you eat yet?
Let me hang up your coat
Pass me your hat"
All the time she's smiling
Never once raises her voice
It's five o'clock in the morning
You don't give it a second thought

It's a thin line between love and hate
(repeat)

The sweetest woman in the world
Could be the meanest woman in the world
If you make her that way
You keep hurting her
She'll keep being quiet
She might be holding something inside
That'll really, really hurt you one day

I see you're in the hospital
Bandaged from foot to head
In a state of shock
Just that much from being dead
You couldn't believe the girl
Would do something like this, ha
You didn't think the girl had the nerve
But here you are
I guess action speaks louder than words

It's a thin line between love and hate
(repeat)

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