

Where Is The Line

Billy Talent

Urban Hipster, the new gangster frontin' by the club
A new wave mannequins packin' haircuts, instead of packin' guns
Magazines form overseas, won't teach you how to feel
They trade in their hearts for Indie rock charts to tell them what is real
When did they assume putting on a costume?
Gave them a right to ostracize
Out of the woodwork, art aficionados
Answer one question
Where is the line? Where is the line?
Between your fashion and your mind
Where is the line? Where is the line?
'Cause some of us aren't blind
Where is the line? Where is the line?
To be your self is not a crime
Where is the Line? Where is the line?
'Cause some of us aren't blind
She sells street cred with no smile, at the local record store
She's acting the role and dressing the part, pretending to be bored
The truth about conformity is it bites without a sting
Trends come and go but when you're alone it doesn't mean a thing
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'Cause some of us aren't blind
Here today but forgotten tomorrow
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