Lifeline

Citizen Cope

When you're so long gone, you can't help yourself
When you're so dead wrong
Let alone no one else
Well the children still dying in the streets
The babies still living with disease
The cops got guns, the poor folks got sons
Who work for Mr. Franklin every week
If you've come looking for hard times
Hard times ain't hard to find
Cause we've been given that lifeline
Only once in a lifetime
Baby we were born
Maybe we were born
To be sure ... to endure
When the storm comes
Got them sad eyes

Got them cat eyes
Got your angels tired
From saving your life
So you would be best
To contain yourself
Before you end up killed
His bare feet
Touch her bare feet
The air breaths sweet
At the mountains peak
And I forgot
What the wise man said
About that ancient thread
Baby we were born
Maybe we were born
To be sure ... to rejoice
When it succumbs

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