

# Imaginary Lines

## Julian Lennon

Heaven help the soul that's severed  
From the place where it belongs  
Caught up in the mindless struggle  
Of the weak against the strong  
Headlights along the border  
Keep the peace, their law and order  
Why can't we see it's all a record of lies?  
It's their kind of strength, their only defense  
An imaginary line  
Just a kid and his younger brother  
Headed for the wire  
Had no rights in the telescopic sights  
Of the vigilante's rifle fire  
But now he's buried on the border  
Where the rivers are blood not water  
Why can't we see it's all a record of lies?  
It's their kind of truth, it can only be proved  
With imaginary lines  
In times like these concernin'  
Who decides which bridge is burnin'  
Don't fall for map readin'  
Just make sure that you're still breathin'  
After the dreadful lines were drawn  
The children would dream of the pearls  
And how beautiful they were  
Year after year they would dive to the bottom of the lagoon  
Hoping that the oysters would come back  
They risked everything  
Their homes, families and meager possessions  
To search for the pearls, to make sure  
They were heavy enough to reach the bottom  
The children tied stones to their backs, many of them died  
Streams of blood and broken bodies  
Rose to the surface of the lagoon  
And the lagoon cried, cried, cried  
Why can't we see it's all a record of lies?  
It's their kind of strength, their only defense  
An imaginary line  
Why can't we see it's all a record of lies?  
It's their kind of truth, it can only be proved  
With imaginary lines  
Why can't we see it's all a record of lies?  
It's their kind of strength, their only defense  
An imaginary line

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