# Lines

## Waylon Jennings

I want to be free from the noise of the grind
So I live on the outskirts of the back of my mind
With a strong hand, a song man and God on my side
I'm writing that freedom a line at a time
On the highway to nowhere that runs through my mind
A yellow line stretches out into the night
Broken in places, it's my guiding light
So I'm writing that freedom a line at a time
I'm walking a fine line between wrong and right
I can live with the problems of this day and time
Consider me lucky 'cause I'll be all right
In my mind I'm having a beautiful life
I'm lost in the feelings of this heart of mine
In search of the border of infinite time
And I find peace of mind in the songs and their rhymes
So I'm writing my freedom a line at a time

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