End Of The Line

Cassie

Well I'm walking this lonely street
but I'm far from bein' alone
'Cause everyone I meet,
has nowhere to call home.
So they move on
from day to day,
just to stand in a line.
Well my mother she comes to me
and begs me not to fight.
For the sake of the family,
I have to stay out of sight.
So I move on
from day to day,
just to stand in a line.
On the road again
for a job I never find.
People talking...
as if we're not their kind.
I got a handbill,
says there's work up here.
Left my homeland...

and paid a price too dear.
I've come to the end of the line
there's too many men,
despair in their faces...
Each one of us hoping to find a life,
a home, a dream...
within the line.
I ain't helpless --
I just need a hand.
These are hard times,
for every kind of man.
I've come to the end of the line
there's too many men,
despair in their faces.
Each one of us hoping to find
a life, a home, a dream
a place to be.

(repeat)

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