

Where Do We Draw the Line

Poets of the Fall

On your palm an endless wonder
Lines that speak the truth without a sound
In your eyes awaits the tireless hunger
Already looks for prey to run down
So why do we keep up this charade
How do we tell apart the time to leave from the time to wait
What does tomorrow want from me
What does it matter what I see
If it can't be my design
Tell me where do we draw the line
Tell me where do we draw the line
The dance of flames and shadows in the street
Make poetry nobody's ever heard
The weight of loneliness stands on your feet
The cage already there around the bird
So why don't we join the masquerade
Before it all falls apart before our love becomes insatiate
What does tomorrow want from me
What does it matter what I see
If I can't choose my own design
Tell me where do we draw the line
What does tomorrow want from me
What does it matter what I see
If we all walk behind the blind
Tell me where do we draw the line
Tell me where do we draw the line
Where's the cooling wind
Where's the evergreen field
Where's my mother's open arms
Where's my father lionheart
S'like the sun's gone down
Sleeps in the hallowed ground now
With the autumn's browns leaves
With the one who never grieves
So why do we keep up this charade
How do we tell apart the time to leave from the time to wait
What does tomorrow want from me
What does it matter what I see
If I can't be my own design
Tell me where do we draw the line
Whatever tomorrow wants from me
At least I'm here, at least I'm free
Free to choose to see the signs
This is my line

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