

Broken White Line

Kris Delmhorst

It's been four years since that day
When the news fell from the sky
You took until we meet again
And turned it to goodbye And I hope that you won't rest in peace
Because that would bore you right to tears
You always made the richest feast
Of the dangers and the fears It was almost fine, you were almost mine
It was you and me and love made three on a broken white line Well, that night was long, there was one more
song
And then we were on our way
Driving slow, no place to go
And nothing more to say And the rain came down around that car
Like we were underneath the sea
In the back seat, almost drowning
Holding on to me It was almost fine, you were almost mine
And from town to town we chased it down on a broken white line Looking in your eyes
Was just like staring at the sun
Always thought that I'd go blind
Or end up all undone And in the end I turned my face away
From where you shone so bright
Now I wake in all this darkness
Crying for a little of your light It's been four years and now I find
I've been living all this time
I built myself a little world
Of rhythm and of rhyme But sometimes I take your picture
And I turn it to the wall
Because you are still a cliff
And baby, I still know how to fall It was almost fine, you were almost mine
But day by day you slipped away down that broken white line
It was you and me and love made three

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