

Long Line

Peter Wolf

So here I am, baby
Right back where I'd been
I've been tossed around and twisted up
I'm on the outside lookin' in
Every mountain has its valley
Every valley has its climb
I got the weary blues from tryin'
'Cause it's uphill all the timeIt's been a long, long line...I don't believe in angels
That watch you in the dark
You're born alone, you die alone
You ride lonesome from the start
I've been chasing after fortune
I've been running after fame
It's like trying to paint the sides
Of a fast moving trainIt's a long line...These days are hard to figure
And so damn hard to take
When they're passing on the real thing
And just buying what is fake
Last night I had a dream
And I hope it's no sign
That there was no end
To this long, long lineI remember the old photo
And the letter that you sent
I was so straight back then
Now I'm twisted and I'm bent
Blossoms on the tree
They're so delicate and fine
But when they fall from the branch
They just wither down with timeI can't help myself no matter how I try
Desire has no rest
And anger has no eyes
Some people believe in miracles
They say it happens all the time
But I'm still waiting for the man
Who turns water into wineIt's a long, long line...