Where Is The Line?

Billy Talent

Urban Hipster, the new gangster frontin' by the club
A new wave mannequins packin' haircuts, instead of packin' guns
Magazines form overseas, won't teach you how to feel
They trade in their hearts for Indie rock charts to tell them what is realWhen did they assume putting on a costume?
Gave them a right to ostracize
Out of the woodwork, art aficionados
Answer one questionWhere is the line? Where is the line?
Between your fashion and your mind
Where is the line? Where is the line?
'Cause some of us aren't blindWhere is the line? Where is the line?
To be your self is not a crime
Where is the Line? Where is the line?
'Cause some of us aren't blindShe sells street cred with no smile, at the local record store
She's acting the role and dressing the part, pretending to be bored
The truth about conformity is it bites without a sting
Trends come and go but when you're alone it doesn't mean a thingWhen did they assume putting on a costume?
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To be your self is not a crime
Where is the Line? Where is the line?
'Cause some of us aren't blindHere today but forgotten tomorrow
Here today but forgotten tomorrow
Here today but forgotten tomorrowHere today but forgotten tomorrow
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Here today but forgotten tomorrow

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