Imaginary Lines (LP Version)

Julian Lennon

Heaven help the soul that's severed
From the place where it belongs
Caught up in the mindless struggle
Of the weak against the strong
Headlights along the border
Keep the peace; their law and orderWhy can't we see it's all a record of lies?
It's their kind of strength
It's their only defense
An imaginary lineJust a kid and his younger brother
Headed for the wire
Had no rights in the telescopic sights
Of the vigilante's rifle fireAnd now he's buried on the border
Where the rivers are blood not waterWhy can't we see it's all a record of lies?
(Why can't we see?)
It's their kind of truth
It can only be proved
With imaginary linesIn times like these concerning
Who decides which bridge is burning
Don't fall for map reading
Just make sure that you're still breathingAfter the lines were drawn, the children would
Dream of the pearls and how beautiful they were
Year after year they would dive to the bottom of
The lagoon hoping that the oysters would come back
They risked everything - their homes, families
And meager possessions - to search for the pearls
To make sure they were heavy enough to reach the
Bottom, the children tied stones to their backs
Many of them died; streams of blood and broken
Bodies rose to the surface of the lagoon, and
The lagoon criedWhy can't we see it's all a record of lies?
(Why can't we see?)
It's their kind of strength
Their only defense
An imaginary lineWhy can't we see it's all a record of lies?
(Why can't we see?)
It's their kind of truth
It can only be proved
With imaginary lines

Songwriters

CLAYTON, JUSTIN / LENNON, JULIAN / EZRIN, BOB / MOORE, ANTHONYPublished by

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