

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 order Why can't we see it's all a record of lies?

It's their kind of strength
It's their only defense

An imaginary line Just a kid and his younger brother
Headed for the wire

Had no rights in the telescopic sights

Of the vigilante's rifle fire And now he's buried on the border

Where the rivers are blood not water Why 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 In times like these concerning
Who decides which bridge is burning
Don't fall for map reading

Just make sure that you're still breathing After 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 cried Why 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 line Why 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

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