

Steve Winwood, Split Decision

Sometimes I think he knows too much
His confidence never needs a crutch
One man is a real one, the other wants to hide
One man has his mind made up, the other can't decide
By the time there's nothing left to choose
One man puts the fire out, the other lights the fuse
Sometimes I think I know too much
'Bout what goes on in the real world and such
Half of me is certain, the other isn't sure
One half has the symptom, the other has the cure
By the time there's nothing left to choose
One half has the answer, the other looks for clues
It's a fine line, a very fine line
Split decision
It's a fine line, a very fine line
Sometimes I think we've come too far
If we're lost and if not where we are
Half of us is easy, the other half is hard
Even though we do our best, we end up being scarred
By the time there's nothin' left to choose
One man puts the fire out, the other lights the fuse
It's a fine line, a very fine line
It's a fine line, a very fine line
Split decision
It's a fine line, a very fine line
It's a fine line, a very fine line
A very fine line
Sometimes I think I know too much
When confidence never needs a crutch
One man is a real one, the other wants to hide
One man has his mind made up while the other can't decide
By the time there's nothing left to choose
One of us sees red, while the other sings the blues
It's a fine line, a very fine line
It's a fine line, a very fine line
Split decision
It's a fine line, a very fine line
It's a fine line, a very fine line
A very fine line