

Akeboshi, One Step Behind The Door

I met a boy
from Israel
in the western end
His country was inflamed
he needed to draw the line
Either go to war
or never see his home
he needed to draw the line
In the space of seven days
I dont know
Black mountain
why youre where you are
I hear the wooden pipe
fade into the night
A pond full of tears
dries in the evening sun
All alone, he said
Luck of where youre from,
Luck of the draw, he smiled
he needed to draw the line
his words cut me like a knife
one step behind the door
one step behind the door...
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from Israel
in the western end
His country was inflamed
he needed to draw the line
Either go to war
or never see his home
he needed to draw the line
In the space of seven days
Luck of the draw, he said
one step behind the door
one step behind the door...