

Bruce Hornsby, Line In The Dust

I'm walking outside
And I see you arrive
I say let's go for a ride
And have a good old time, whoa

I'm saving up lies
Or just stay quiet every time
While you talkin' your line
Keep everything fine, whoa, fine

Between us, I can see
Things are not what they used to be
My old friend changed
Or maybe it was me

Things get so complicated
Jokes made, friendships dissipated
Long silence but I speak
Now so belated

I say, hey, wait a minute
What's that you said?
Not so sure that I heard you right
Whoa, oh, hey, wait a minute
Oh, say that again
You're in the dust
Drawing a long straight line

We'd be playing outside
We'd swing on the swings
Shared most everything
Sit there and even sing

Now I sit and wonder
Why it's a friendship charade
Looking for fights all day
I don't want to play, whoa

But I do, here we go
I fire off another lame remark
You're in the dark
No bite, just your bark
But it leaves a painful mark

Oh, painful mark on your soul
Takes its toll
I might as well fold
I've got my courage up
Gonna roll low

I say, hey, wait a minute
What's that you said?
I'm not so sure that
I heard you right
Whoa, oh, wait a minute
Say that again
You're in the dust
drawing a long straight line

We talk and talk
But you never see
Unreconstructed defiantly
My old friend changed
Or maybe it was me

Things get so complicated
Jokes made, friendships dissipated
I've stayed quiet
So we don't get alienated

I say, hey, wait a minute
What's that you said?
I'm not so sure that
I heard you right
Whoa, oh, hey, wait a minute
Oh, say that again
You're in the dust
drawing a long straight line

Wait, wait a minute
Oh, say that again
Watch yourself drawing
A line in the dust