

Kris Delmhorst, Broken White Line

It's been four years since that day when the news fell from the sky
You took 'until we meet again' and turned it to 'goodbye'
And I hope that you won't rest in peace because that would bore you right to tears
You always made the richest feast of the dangers and the fears

It was almost fine, you were almost mine
It was you and me and love made three on a broken white line

Well that night was long, there was one more song and then we were on our way
Driving slow, no place to go and nothing more to say
And the rain came down around that car like we were underneath the sea
In the back seat, almost drowning, holding on to me

It was almost fine, you were almost mine
And from town to town we chased it down on a broken white line
Looking in your eyes was just like staring at the sun
Always thought that I'd go blind or end up all undone
And in the end I turned my face away from where you shone so bright
Now I wake in all this darkness crying for a little of your light

It's been four years and now I find I've been living all this time
I built myself a little world of rhythm and of rhyme
But sometimes I take your picture and I turn it to the wall
Because you are still a cliff and baby I still know how to fall

It was almost fine, you were almost mine
But day by day you slipped away down that broken white line

It was you and me and love made three