

# Lisa Stansfield, The Line

(L. Stansfield/I. Devaney/T. Gomwells)

I look at the sky to where my future's lying  
And I almost start to cry  
Blinded by the sun I'm trying to hold onto  
The very last of precious time  
Then I start to thinking what a mess we're making  
And it won't get better by & by  
Well we can paint it up and make it pretty but  
We cannot overstep the line

Chorus:

We cannot overstep  
We cannot overstep the  
We cannot overstep the line  
So many baby's arms with nothing to hold onto  
But just a precious flake of life  
You think you care about them  
They think you care about them  
But thinking's only wasting time  
If we really want to say the things we want to  
It takes a bigger man to try  
Well we can paint it up and make it pretty but  
We cannot overstep the line

Chorus

Well politicians sit and pretend they give a shit while  
Little men go out to die  
The only arms they're hugging are the ones they're running  
Later to be justified  
I say I don't mind  
You say you don't mind  
But what about the babies and what about the sunshine  
Well we can paint it up and make it pretty but  
We cannot overstep the line

Chorus

Say I don't mind  
You say you don't mind  
But what about the babies and what about the sunshine  
Well we can point it up and make it pretty but  
We cannot overstep the line  
Chorus