

Poets Smalltown, That Line

Even when it's eggshells
Even when it's broken glass
The prophet follows the path well
And he has feet that last

I saw them carrying crosses
They were forming up that line
There were so many walking before me
Some helped me pick up mine

Right in front and behind
I have all I need as a sign

(Chorus)
I've got to walk that line
I've got to walk that line
I've got to walk that line

No one's thinking for me
In between commitment and the prize
The most you can do is trust
The faith you see with your own eyes
And my feet are still tender
Like skin when it heals

(Chorus)

We remember how you bled
When we all drink the wine
We're looking for Your steps
That started up that line

(Chorus)