

Robert Cray, Across The Line

There's so many reasons
A man will commit a crime
Frustration's gnawin' at him
Twisting up his mind

He's tickin' like a bomb
That may go off at any time

I'm not here to make excuses
I didn't walk into it blind

It was plain old greed
Took something that wasn't mine

It was the weakness for a woman
That made me step across the line

What made it so bad
Was that I had a woman of my own

And she never did wrong to me
Almost did her best to make our home

From these cheatin' seeds I planted
Some big-time grief has grown

There's never been a man who's lived a perfect life
I cut three hearts to pieces
Didn't even use a knife
I didn't have the common decency
To lay off my brother's wife

(Saxophone solo)

(Guitar solo)

No they won't put me in prison
I'll be doing some hard time

Child supporting alimony
Taking my very last dime

I didn't think about the damage
When I stepped across the line