

# Smalltown Poets, 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)