

# Vertical Horizon, Lines Upon Your Face

A small group of boys walks down the street  
Throwing a ball in the air  
One says to another  
Hey I'll always be your brother  
I'll always be your friend

Chorus  
Do you remember  
When we thought we were immortal  
And the games we played always had a happy end  
But in the game of life all the roses wither  
And time writes its lines upon your face

Summer's here and three young men  
Drive through the town in the night air  
When fall comes they'll part again  
One turns to another and he says

Chorus

It's three A.M. and he's been feeling lonely  
Work's been hard and the city's hard too  
He picks up the phone and halfway across the country  
A brother listens to his blues he says

Chorus

Lift your voices loud and clearly  
Sing for brotherhood right now  
Lift your voices loud and clearly  
Sing for sisterhood right now

Sometimes I wish  
That we all were immortal  
And the game of life always had a happy end  
But I know it's not true oh time keeps passing  
But I'm just glad to spend my time  
With you

Lift your voices loud and clearly  
Sing for brotherhood right now  
Lift your voices loud and clearly  
Sing for sisterhood right now