

A Fine Line

Words & music by Steve Givens

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*It's a fine between life at home and life on the street.
It's a fine line between having a job and having enough to eat.
It's a fine line, it's a fine line...
That separates you from me.*

I saw your face reflected in the window
Of the downtown store on my way to work.
You came to me and asked me for a dollar
As I turned away I could hear you say:

As I walked away, your words came to haunt me,
Like an unknown ghost or a spirit cursed.
I shut my eyes but the darkness held me.
I held my ears but the silence screamed:

Oh we do not see people without houses
We do not hear their cries of pain.
We do not know any of the reasons.
We cannot feel, 'cause it's a world away.

I turned around and you stood before me.
Eyes to the ground so I could not see
In another time, in another city,
I could not see that you could be me.