

## Across the Line

Robert Cray

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

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