One Step Behind The Door

I met a boy from Israel in the western end His country was inflamed he needed to draw the line Either go to war or never see his home he needed to draw the line In the space of seven days

I don't know Black mountain why you're where you are I hear the wooden pipe fade into the night A pond full of tears dries in the evenihg sun "All alone," he said "Luck of where you're from," "Luck of the draw," he smiled he needed to draw the line his words cut me like a knife one step behind the door one step behind the door...

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