

Fine Line

Douwe Bob

They drew a fine line between the good and evil
They drew a fine line between the right and wrong
See one man kills and gets the chair
Another kills and gets a medal
They drew a fine line between the right and wrong

They drew a fine line between the man and people
They drew a fine line between the blacks and whites
See one child is born free
While the other is born in shackles
They drew a fine line between you and me

They drew a fine line between the grave and cradle
They didn't draw no line between the state and church
See one child grows up to command
The other child to listen
They drew big fat lines all across the earth

They run their country on amphetamines
They run us over with their limousines
Waiting in line for the cash machine
Beggin' for my money and my hopes and my dreams

They always seem to find another enemy
'Cause it's the best way to fuel the economy
And when the hat nuts rage in the streets
They just make 'em a promise that isn't meant to keep

They drew fine line [x2]

They drew a fine line between the good and evil
They drew a fine line between the right and wrong
See one man kills and gets the chair
Another kills and gets a medal
They drew a fine line between the right a wrong [x3]