Fine Lines

John Martyn

Here a fine line, there a fine line Oh what a time we had Here a strange place, and there a strange face Doesn't it make you sad I will call up my friends and say Come on over, make my night or my day And talk about who's the finest folk in town.

There a day's grace, here a night's space Oh what a lovely rhyme Take it from me, there is no disgrace In having yourself a time I will call up my friends and say Come on over and make my day And talk about the love that I know is in us all.

Making the bread, going mad in the head I know when I'm going too far I want to get back, want to take up the slack Get where the good times are But I will call up all my friends and will say I will say: Come on over make my night or my day And we'll talk about who's the finest folk in town.

Here a fine line, there a fine wine Oh what a time we had Here a strange place, there a strange face Didn't it make me sad I will call up my friends and say Now come on over and make my day And tell me about the love that's in us all. That's in us all..