

Crossing Lines

Tanner Usrey

I've been pretty good at putting on a face
Singing songs no one will hear and tarnishing my name
Three pills, a wasted drink, and hallucinogen and
Telling friends I don't know when I'll see their face again

But I'm
Pretty good at faking sober and
Pretty good at crossing over
Those lines
Oh those lines

It's not all black and white, no
It's not all cut and dry
There's little bits of gray in between
And I don't know why I am the way I am
But if you stick around a while
Oh maybe you will see

That I'm
Pretty good at faking sober and
Pretty good at crossing over
Those lines
Oh those lines

I'm just a dreamer
Who's getting older
Keep making the same mistakes
Over and over
I'm getting tired of making excuses
While my mother keeps on praying to Jesus
That I make a change from my wicked ways
But I keep on doing all the same damn things

Cause I'm
Pretty good at faking sober and
Pretty good at crossing over
Those lines
Oh those lines