

The Fine Line

Wayne Watson

There's a fine line
Between contentment and greed
Between the things that I want
And the things that I need

Between "enough is enough"
And where desires feed
It's a fine line
How do I live with so much

Here with the spoil of the blessed
And not abandon this boat
For the sea of excess
To aspire to great things

Yet be filled with humbleness
It's a fine line--Oh yes, it's a fine line

So where do I walk, Where is my place
The straight and the narrow
The road of grace
Holdin' fast to You, Walkin' at Your pace
Walkin' on the fine line
Walkin' on the fine line
Walkin' on the fine line
There's a fine line

Between taking bread with a lost man
And being consumed by his way
While reaching out in love
Temptation's right at your door

Guard what you're thinkin' of
It's a fine line
When I hide my eyes
From the darkest of our life's insanity

From the worst of the world's profanity
I've gotta be careful
I don't miss anyone in need of me
It's a fine line--Oh yes, it's a fine line

And can I embrace the world's sorrow
And not be carried away by life's rain
Know the power of the resurrection
And still know the fellowship of His pain

Not talkin' 'bout walkin' fences
Not talkin' 'bout compromise
But living and breathing as pleasing in His eyes
If I've said it once, I've said it a million, no a billion times,

"There's a fine line between so and so."

The black and white
Doesn't give so much trouble. At least when I choose black or
White, I KNOW I'VE DONE IT! The faith, on-the-edge walk,

Requires a surer foot that I have...it requires leading.