

## **Sammy Kershaw F/ Lorrie Morgan**

### **"Between the Lines"**

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(What it tis it taint,& What it taint it tis  
Its the theme of ?where we're goin'?)

[Verse 1: Slug]

See the police man, notice the lonely man  
How do you think he keeps his head on straight?  
Can you feel his rhythm? What do you think he visions  
When he squints at the line from behind those shades  
Feel the summer's crest, overdressed  
So much sweat, his skin begins to chafe  
Its the surface wet the nervous mess  
Overbearing and jaded from carrying the weight  
Irritated and constipated  
And its all cup of player hated, funnelin consolidated  
Into the shell of one man with a gun  
Riding that thin line between the program and the sun  
And I don't hate you, for tryin to relate to  
Wishin you could find a trap door to escape through  
But if I see you as a threat to my seedling or my sibling  
I'm dying to pull the plug on your machine

Chorus: Slug(2X)

And I just might just find somebody  
And I just might just love somebody  
And I just might just feel somebody  
And I just might just kill somebody

[Verse 2: Slug]

Can you see her?  
She spends her whole day in a theater  
Livin her time in the life that she would prefer  
& she stirs nothing, comes & goes she wishes  
Surroundings oblivious to her whole existence  
But if they only knew?  
About the thoughts that she can't seem to stop from  
comin through  
Comin' across  
At a loss for dialogue  
Walkin through the fog  
With her eyes closed & her mind gone  
And now she lives in the films that she sees

And dreams that she kills us repeatedly  
I'm impressed with the tolerance she brandishes  
If it was me, I would snapped from the sheer  
overanxiousness  
I'm waitin for the day she strolls through Muddy Waters  
And slaughters sons & daughters and bloodies  
smothers in coffins  
Lovely little case study castaway cutie  
Masturbating in back of that matinee movie  
And someday, oneday, when the credits roll  
She'll hold a pocket full of gunplay for the ignorant  
souls  
Then we'll know to what death awake touch the sleep  
Make me walk the thin line between shallow and deep  
end

Chorus: (2X)

And I just might just find somebody  
And I just might just love somebody  
And I just might just feel somebody  
And I just might just kill somebody(my body)

[Verse 3: Slug]

He used to write his rhymes and recite his lines all the  
time  
Sometimes he'd make them up right off the top of his  
mind  
After doin shows for years, gettin respect from peers  
Killed the ego, lookin at these people like they're weird  
Road trips, truned to head trips  
Became a hunger for sedatives and essentric ettiquetes  
Optimism needs to feed off self-esteem  
But it seems that he doesn't see it or hasn't felt a thing  
Records sell well but still underground  
Travels town to town  
Holdin hands with fans that love his sound  
When it comes to roundance hope he can enjoy it  
Don't slow down momentum, afraid he might destroy it  
When he stops to shake the hand, I doubt they  
understand  
That he outstands only in the shadow of a man  
Havin a hard time with life on a drumroll  
Walkin that high-wire, passin it off is humble  
But theres a thin line,between screams and smiles  
Seen the miles, wishin he can go home & read to his  
child  
But tonight's the last day, put the butt in the ashtray  
Locked the door and slit both wrists backstage

Chorus: (2X)

[Outro: Slug]

Onwards,forwards continuance renaissance

Encore, ignorance wrapped inside of innocence

Onwards,forwards continuance renaissance

Encore, ignorance wrapped inside of innocence

Onwards,forwards continuance renaissance

Encore, ignorance wrapped inside of innocence

Nothing but love for the music and its offspring

Bouncin' off the boxsprings and tryin to make it to the  
crosses

I just might just....

I just might just....

I just might just....(fade out)

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