

## Clock Hands Strangle "Lines"

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I'm a democrat  
I'm a republican  
I'm a liberal,  
I am conservative  
I'm a catholic, or an atheist, no I'm a Baptist  
A Buddhist I'm Jewish I'm Hindu  
We can't undo all these lines that we drew

and this democracy  
its dying like a quarter fed meter  
and our voices  
they've got nothing to feed her  
and our choices  
are to speak or leave her  
for death and call up a new leader

I've got power  
you've got trailer park living  
I am wealthy  
but I'm not keen on giving  
I'm so selfish  
don't you dare steal my breath  
"give your own blood"  
while I'm bleeding to death  
yeah we're dying  
and we can't even see it  
cause these lines  
they are thick and repeating  
and as time goes  
we'll only draw more  
until life looks  
like a giant chess board  
I'm diagonal  
I am straight up and down  
we are all pawns  
in the hand of the crown

I am white  
I am black  
I am blue  
collar

I count scars while you  
count up your dollars  
I am lower class,  
I'm middle class, upper class  
made of glass. and I shatter like peace  
I'm gone in a flash  
I am gone

I'm a singer  
and I play the guitar  
that's one more line  
drawn between us  
but I'm thinking  
if you all sing along  
we're the same way  
and the lines are all gone  
and I know that,  
you're afraid to sing out  
cause they'll come in,  
and silence the crowd  
but imagine  
if we all sang as one  
we could rock this old earth  
we could shake up the sun.  
just imagine  
if we all sang as one  
we could rock this old earth  
we could shake up the sun.

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