

## John Martyn

### "Fine Lines"

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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..

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