

Julian Lennon

"Imaginary Lines"

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Heaven help the soul that's severed
From the place where it belongs
Caught up in the mindless struggle
Of the weak against the strong
Headlights along the border
Keep the peace, their law and order

Why can't we see it's all a record of lies
It's their kind of strength
It's their only defense
An imaginary line

Just a kid and his younger brother
Headed for the wire
Had no rights in the telescopic sights
Of the vigilante's rifle fire

And now he's buried on the border
Where the rivers are blood not water

Why can't we see it's all a record of lies
(why can't we see)
It's their kind of truth
It can only be proved
With imaginary lines

In times like these concerning
Who decides which bridge is burning
Don't fall for-map reading
Just make sure that you're still breathing

After the lines were drawn, the children would
Dream of the pearls and how beautiful they were.
Year after year they would dive to the bottom of
The lagoon hoping that the oysters would come
Back. they risked everything-their homes, families
And meager possessions-to search for the pearls.
To make sure they were heavy enough to reach the
Bottom, the children tied stones to their backs.
Many of them died, streams of blood and broken
Bodies rose to the surface of the lagoon...and
The lagoon cried.

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