

## **Citizen Cope** **"Lifeline"**

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When you're so long gone, you can't help yourself  
When you're so dead wrong  
Let alone no one else

Well the children still dying in the streets  
The babies still living with disease  
The cops got guns, the poor folks got sons  
Who work for Mr. Franklin every week

If you've come looking for hard times  
Hard times ain't hard to find  
Cause we've been given that lifeline  
Only once in a lifetime

Baby we were born  
Maybe we were born  
To be sure ... to endure

When the storm comes

Got them sad eyes  
Got them cat eyes  
Got your angels tired  
From saving your life

So you would be best  
To contain yourself  
Before you end up killed

His bare feet  
Touch her bare feet  
The air breaths sweet  
At the mountains peak

And I forgot  
What the wise man said  
About that ancient thread

Baby we were born  
Maybe we were born  
To be sure ... to rejoice  
When it succumbs

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