

Carry Me Ohio

"Crossing The Line"

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I am oak and iron bound
There must be some common ground
Between all the things I wanted and all the things I've
found
Lying in wait
Enough and some to spare

I may be a now and then type
A waiter at the stoplight
Squint my eyes and I'm crossing the line
Crossing the line

Shut my eyes and open my mouth ticking like a motor
running out

And all these lines of love that fall from my lips
Descending like smoke to the ground in dramatic
movie clips
Well there's no harm done
Da da da da

There was a time I wouldn't let this get so close to
drowning
I was a descriptor and you were my noun
But now I feel like my picture's taken and I've been
framed down

Shut my eyes and open my mouth ticking like a motor
running out

And as the bikes fly up Nelson street
It startles me

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