

## **Pete Bernhard**

### **"Straight Line"**

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Smooth stones have fallen once more out a sky night  
like rain  
I'm outside on the front lawn, getting beaten black and  
blue again  
Lookin' back now I always preferred child my enemies  
to my friends  
It always just seemed logical, like something constant,  
upon which you can depend  
If my father was an earthquake, now then my mother  
was a hurricane  
Me I've kinda got my hands full, just walkin' in a  
straight line, remembering my own name

(Chorus)

I was born in the trees around my home  
Bled fire out into the eyes of the sky  
The world snapped, beneath your feet and every thing  
that was alive that died  
I was born to a cold wind, take the color right out of  
your eyes  
I just keep what I can carry now, and leave the rest  
behind

I heard stories of those city lights as I head out among  
them trees  
Bows bendin' like a spider web, and no light in for the  
eye to see  
Five flies in the summer skies with the downward  
pressure of the heat  
I sneak down that gravel at night till your black eye's  
hotter than the Tennessee concrete

(Chorus)

I was born in the trees around my home  
Bled fire out into the eyes of the sky  
The world snapped, beneath your feet and every thing  
that was alive that died  
I was born to a cold wind, take the word out of your  
mouth and color right out of your eyes  
I just keep what I can carry now, and leave the rest  
behind  
I just keep what I can carry now, and leave the rest

behind

Clear to go there's a heavy load, watch the human car  
castle fall apart  
Ill tell you right now it's more about the stomach out  
here than it is about the heart  
See a man now playing in a dark café with  
everybody's back turned  
Sometimes we've just gotta put our hands into the fire,  
make sure that it still burns  
Red light in that downtown Bart pulls out and puddles  
on his feet  
I know that some of you out there are starving, but it  
ain't for lack of something to eat

(Chorus)

I was born in the trees around my home  
Bled fire out into the eyes of the sky  
The world snapped, beneath your feet and every thing  
that was alive that died  
I was born to a cold wind, take the color right out of  
your eyes  
Just keep what you can carry now, and leave the rest  
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