

## **Sprung Monkey** **"Lines"**

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To the left you have  
A young man whose never really cared about nothing  
To the right you have  
A man who spilt his blood to make a difference  
I said a difference  
Well these are the lines by which we play  
These are the lines that we have made  
And now you have  
One who embraces life with adoration  
Not expectations  
And too bad you have one who'll take a life without a  
reason  
I said no reason  
Well these are the lines by which we play  
Well these are the lines that we have made  
Well these are the lines drawn everyday  
These are the lines by which we all are made  
Floating, falling, drowning in the grey  
Oh I wish I could serve up a solution  
By these extremes we all are victims  
Just floating, falling, drowning in the grey  
Is where you don't believe  
A patterned life accordingly  
A cry for help is just a silent scream  
And now you have a man who's lost control  
To all his vices and devices  
And still we have one who resonates  
All the beauty one can encompass  
Well try and take it  
Well these are the lines by which we play  
Well these are the lines that we have made  
Well these are the lines drawn everyday  
Well these are the lines that we have made  
These are  
These are  
These are  
Well these are

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