

Dave Martyn

"Across The Fence"

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He holds her tight in his arms yet another night she
cries
She can't see the point of it all it's the hate that she
despises
Lovers trapped in uncertainty the tragedy of secrecy
The pain of their devotion makes the strength of their
emotion

Across the fence
Like two young kids with string and old tin cans
Playing games they know are all too real
Stealing kisses across the killing fields

From opposite sides of the line their bonds will never
break
To run and hide to catch a smile
A chance for them to take
Curious eyes ask questions a smile will ease their
doubt
Torn between anger and love it's the lies they can do
without

Across the fence
Like two young kids with string and old tin cans
Playing games they know are all too real
Stealing kisses across the killing fields

The radio's dipped in tragedy sad stories and old folk
songs
From ashes to ashes dust to dust yet another life is
gone
Every day they pass on the street they don't dare raise
their heads
To give a clue to let it slip would only push it over the
edge

Across the fence
Like two young kids with string and old tin cans
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Thanks to davemartyn01

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