

## Pulling On A Line

Great Lake Swimmers

The line runs through like a train in a book  
Or meters underwater, ending with a hook  
Sways in the air when there's wind enough to lift  
The fine ones are boundaries when there is a rift

I'm just pulling on a line, on a line  
Oh I'm just pulling on a line  
I'm just pulling on a line, on a line  
But sometimes it pulls on me

The line, it inks across the freshly fallen snow  
Where only those embracing coldness would go  
In whistles and in whispers and sometimes in howls  
It sings to me sweetly from trees and in vowels

I'm just pulling on a line, on a line  
Oh I'm just pulling on a line  
I'm just pulling on a line, on a line  
But sometimes it pulls on me

The line, it writes itself across the dark sky  
In the air, electric flashes ending with a sigh  
It weaves itself into a fabric so true  
And flows just like the river, graceful and blue

I'm just pulling on a line, on a line  
Oh I'm just pulling on a line  
I'm just pulling on a line, on a line  
But sometimes it pulls on me