

No Fine Lines

Scritti Politti

And there are no fine lines
Or there are more than I can draw
Cut across some here and there
Between each after and before

Tying everything together
So I can't think it anymore

And so it means too much
Please let the possible be still
Let it settle in this place
Along the valley and the hill

To the sea between what maybe
And what won't be and what will

Where do we start?
When do our friends come over?
What matters now though
Is can you reach the windowsill?