The Line (Capo 1)
INTRO Am - G D
Am - G D Am - G D
7411 6 6
VERSE 1
Am G D
When I sing these words into an empty room  Am G D
I'm not sure if they will even make a sound Em G
If I burn my paper courage, if I sew it in the ground Am D
Will the ashes yield a seed to work around?
VERSE 2
Am G D
There's a hollow that once held a sense of youth
Am G D
A little patch of light I learned to cut in two
Em G
To cash it in for something wiser, I just want a little truth  Am  D
For every fire and flood that feeds a deeper wound
To every me and need that recas a deeper meand
CHORUS
Bm Em G C D
It used to be like a creek, flowing from a summit I could never see  Bm Em G C G
Now it's frozen dry, carving lines around my eyes, tracing knots along my spine Am C
It's so hard to find the time to let it breathe
Am C
To find the line between the truth and the belief
Em - G D
Am - G D
VERSE 3
Am G D
War is young in terms of time, but it's got teeth
Am G D
Tearing families and futures at the seams

Em	G		
Be it oil or gold or water, we ha	ave always treasured	d greed	
Am	D		
We won't bite the dying hand of	of history		
VERSE 4			
Am (	G	D	
To my friends who think they'll	I save themselves so	me time	
Am 0	G D		
Because your confidence has	withered up and died	t	
Em	G		
You are more than what you c	arry, you are more th D	nan what you hide	
You will never know how much	h you leave behind		
CHORUS			
Bm	Em G	C D	
It used to be like a creek, flowing	ing from a summit I c Em G	ould never see C	G
Now it's frozen dry, carving lin Am	es around my eyes, t	tracing knots along my	spine
It's so hard to find the time to I	•		
_	C Em		
To find the line between the tri			
BRIDGE			
D	С	G	
Every day dies in convulsion,	I have to smile away	my pride	
D	С	G	
But my nerves are buzzing rhy	thms like defective p	ower lines	
D	С	G	
Burning holes into my memory Am	/, streaming smoke ir C	nto the sky	
One day we'll talk about what	stars used to be like		
Am D			
CHORUS			
Bm	Em G	C D	
It used to be like a creek, flowing Bm	ing from a summit I c Em	ould never see C	G
Now it's frozen dry, carving lin	es around my eyes,	tracing knots along my	spine
Am It's so hard to find the time to I	C let it breathe		
	ot it bi outile		

	Am	С			
To find the line between the truth and the belief					
Em - G	D				
•	Am line betwe	G en the truth and th	D ne belief		
Am - G Am - G	D D				