

## „End Of The Line“

Well I'm walking this lonely street  
But I'm far from bein' alone  
'Cause everyone I meet  
Has nowhere to call home  
So they move on  
From day to day  
Just to stand in a line

Well my mother she comes to me  
And begs me not to fight  
For the sake of the family  
I have to stay out of sight  
So I move on  
From day to day  
Just to stand in a line

On the road again  
For a job I never find  
People talking...  
As if we're not their kind  
I got a handbill  
Says there's work up here  
Left my homeland...  
And paid a price too dear

I've come to the end of the line  
There's too many men  
Despair in their faces...  
Each one of us hoping to find a life  
A home, a dream...  
Within the line

I ain't helpless --  
I just need a hand  
These are hard times  
For every kind of man

I've come to the end of the line  
There's too many men  
Despair in their faces  
Each one of us hoping to find  
A life, a home, a dream  
A place to be

(repeat)