

# Aerosmith, Draw The Line

Checkmate honey, beat ya at your own damn game  
no dice honey, I'm livin' on the astral plane  
feet's on the ground, and your head's goin' down the drain  
oh, heads I win, tails you lose, to the never mind  
where to draw the line

an Indian summer, Carrie was all over the floor  
she was a wet net winner, and rarely ever left the store  
she'd sing and dance all night, and wrong all the right out of me  
oh, pass me the vile and cross your fingers, it don't take time  
nowhere to draw the line

hi ho silver, we were singin' all your cowboy songs  
oh, you told Carrie, and promised her you wouldn't be long  
heads I win, tails you lose, lord it's such a crime  
no dice honey, you're the salt, you're the queen of the brine  
checkmate honey, you're the only one who's got to choose  
where to draw the line

checkmate, don't be late  
take another pull  
that's right  
impossible  
when you got to be yourself  
you're the boss, the toss  
the price, the dice  
grab yourself a slice  
nowhere to draw the line