

# Akeboshi, One Step Behind The Door

I met a boy  
from Israel  
in the western end  
His country was inflamed  
he needed to draw the line  
Either go to war  
or never see his home  
he needed to draw the line  
In the space of seven days  
I dont know  
Black mountain  
why youre where you are  
I hear the wooden pipe  
fade into the night  
A pond full of tears  
dries in the evening sun  
All alone, he said  
Luck of where youre from,  
Luck of the draw, he smiled  
he needed to draw the line  
his words cut me like a knife  
one step behind the door  
one step behind the door...  
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His country was inflamed  
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Either go to war  
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In the space of seven days  
Luck of the draw, he said  
one step behind the door  
one step behind the door...