

Captain Jim (Follow The Line)

It was a bitter cold wind blowing that night,
From the Maumee River to the dim city lights.
With a thunderous blast from the grain dust bin,
The fate of Toledo was hanging in the wind.

Oceans of flames that hissed and growled,
The furies of hell, they laughed and they howled.
Like a frenzied fiend with fiery breath,
They crackled and danced, kaleidoscope of death.

Brave and Fearless, always in the lead,
He never said 'go', just 'follow me'.
Captain Jim always said, if you ever lose your way,
Hold tight to the line, you'll see another day.

The axe hit the door. Then a deafening roar.
The darkness exploded, I was slammed to the floor.
"Where are you, Fred?", the last words he spoke.
I saw him turn around and fade into smoke.

In a freezing raing, in steaming debris,
They sifted through the ashes for days on their knees.
Not a trace of Jim, not a shard of bone.
Dust to dust, I guess God took him home.

I still think of Jim, I can't stop the tears.
I miss my chum, after all these years.
Beneath Promenade, his ashes remain.
I hope he found the line. I hope he found his way.

Chorus:

*Follow the line, follow the line.
C'mon Jim, you're runnin' out of time.
You'll find you're way, if you just hold on tight.
For God's sake, Jim, follow the line.*

