

# Everybody On

Chris Walla

A chance to breathe  
Everyone breathe  
The news is hard, the days are long  
And still we breathe Everybody on the border towns  
Your radios, your northern sounds  
Fly your banners from the line  
A thousand miles long It is uneasy here  
But we need everybody on A band of thieves has ruined the bar  
You, crooked barrister, arranged the calls  
Your life of service is worthless  
If you've ever served at all Raise up now your lone star  
We'll watch the pieces fall Everybody on the boundary wires  
Your telephones, your signal fires  
Keep your balance on the line  
A thousand miles long It is not easy here  
But we need everybody on board now  
Don't fall away There is no crime if you say  
What you mean to say Everybody on the border ties  
Your mission bells, your desert skies  
Draw your power from the line  
A thousand miles long It is uneasy here  
But we need everybody on

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