On the Line

Graham Nash

Hanging around, is holding me down
I'm starting to frown at everyone I see
I'm taking the calls and playing the halls
But staring at walls is all I ever seeSo is the money I make
Worth the price that I pay?
Can I make it to the end of the line?
Don't the wind blow cold
When you're hanging your soul
On the line?And you're driving to work
You're wearing your shirt
You're dialing the dirt
With everyone you seeYou're taking a loss
You envy the boss
You're counting the cost
Of everything you seeBut is the money you make
Worth the price that you pay?
Can you make it at the end of the line?
Don't the wind blow cold
When you're hanging your soul
On the line?Ooh, and you know that it's true
That I've watched you go far
Playing guitar, being a star
For everyone to seeAnd I'm filming my dreams
From Limousines
And thinking of scenes
For everyone to seeBut is the money you make
Worth the price that you pay?
Can you make it at the end of the line?
Don't the wind blow cold
When you're hanging your soul
On the line?

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