

49th Parallel

[Steve Harley](#)

Chorus: think I'll have lines on my face
When I get out of this place
So I guess I'll be ever so carefull
It wouldn't help to deny
I'm well advised to comply
By the rules or be ever so tearfull caught a vulture, he came up behind me
I put a chain on his claws
I caught another - been trying to find me
I slit a vein in his jaws
Tied the two of them up with guitar-strings (only fed them a bone)
Grinned and put my hands in my pockets
To drift away to a land of my own
Chorus: think I'll have lines on my face
When I get out of this place
So I guess I'll be ever so carefull
It wouldn't help to deny
I'm well advised to comply
By the rules or be ever so tearful
We played a game of cowards and heroes
We lay the rules on the floor
But then we spoke of flowers and quiros
It ended up in a draw
But all the time they were bound and belittled
I wouldn't let them go . go, go !
I only want to use them for skittles
And drift away to a land of my own

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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