

Voices of Babylon

The Outfield

Hit the message, I can hear you callin'
No one's goin' anywhere tonight
We conceived a modern generation
It was free but now we pay the price We're the victims of our own creation
Chasin' rainbows that are painted black or white
Watch the struggle of our own temptation
Instincts barely keepin' us alive Back to the rhythm that we all came from
Voices of Babylon, streets of London
Back to the people that we know so well
A space in time removed too soon to tell Just a product of imagination
Patiently we wait for our turn to come
A small collection of the population
By the time our numbers are up we could be gone Back to the rhythm that we all came from
Voices of Babylon, streets of London
Back to the people that we know so well
A space in time removed too soon to tell Back to the rhythm that we all came from
Voices of Babylon, streets of London
Back to the people that we know so well
A space in time removed too soon to tell Back to the rhythm that we all came from
Voices of Babylon, streets of London town

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