

Thin White Line

AVENGERS

I'm riding on a thin white line
Standing in the doorway of cloud nine
And you see me in the window
Of a chauffeured limousine
You see me on the TV
Radio and the magazine
Don't ask me how I feel
Or if I'm coming home
You say, "Don't go, don't go
Don't go to Babylon"
Well, hey Joe, I'm already there
You can hear me for a million miles
I'm surrounded by a thousand dials
And what I want to see
Is a million more of me
Black plastic discs going round
And round and round and round
Don't ask me why I changed
I never did
You say "Don't go, don't go
Don't go to Babylon"
Well, hey Joe, I'm already there
I'm flying on a thin white line
Standing in the doorway of what's mine
Please, don't you try and stop me from going in
Don't talk about the blood
Running down my chin
Don't ask me how I feel
'Cause I feel fine
You say "Don't go, don't go
Don't go to Babylon"
Well, hey Joe, I'm already there

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