

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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