

Live Line

Graham Coxon

Waiting for a late train full of hate
Just track and city beyond the gate
The breath of an ugly stranger in my face
Just wanting to get the hell out of this place
If in a week's time you're not mine
I'm gonna touch that live line
Oh that live line
Oh that live line

I was your heaven I was your hell
I was at the scene when our true love fell
A murderer sweeping up its broken shell
Pocketing the dust and the dirt from my fragile spell

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Into the morning this train is jerking on
I'm not sure of what I'm running from
Its so hard to love you when your love is gone
Let go of the hold that I've had for so long

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