

## Thin White Line

The 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