

Voices Of Babylon

The Outfield

Hit the message, I can hear you calling
No one's going anywhere tonight
We conceived a modern generation
It was free but now we pay the price

We're the victims of our own creation
Chasing rainbows that are painted black or white
Watch the struggle of our temptation
Instincts barely keeping 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
Space and 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 number's 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
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Back to the rhythm that we all came from
Voices of Babylon, streets of London-town