

Fine Line

Will Young

You're walking a fine line
You're walking a fine line
You're living on borrowed time
You're walking a fine line

Don't pretend you don't see
What's in front of your eyes
We're scraping the gutter
Or we're touching the skies
There's times when I feel
I'm in the eye of a storm
But there's times when I feel
That we could fly up to the moon
To the moon

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I know you agree that
We should try to work it out
It's too good to throw away
I never had a doubt
We're so good together
And there's nothing to prove
Seems we gotta learn
To take the rough times with the smooth
With the smooth

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