Offline

Abhi the Nomad

Don't it feel like there's a world inside the tip of your palm
That you can hold
If you put your mind at ease and push it off till it's gone
Then you're gettin' old

I'm walking on the line
Always too busy
When I'm on the ride
It don't look too pretty
But I like to like it
Ooo I do not mind it
When I'm out of touch
I gotta get it

I put myself on the line
People with no faces
Look at how they chase ya
You cannot escape it
They don't know you
Wanna Die
Suicidal nature
Inhumane erasure
You cannot escape it

I'm walking on the line
Always too busy
When I'm on the ride
It don't look too pretty
But I like to like it
Ooo I do not mind it
When I'm out of touch
I gotta get it

Don't it feel like everybody's tryna fend for their own
In these spaces
Well I'm not the type to lie, I got some secrets
That won't ever see the sun
I bet you know

Ain't no mob comin' for me
Oh it's pretty lonely
Where I'm sat like a phony
Clown with the sad eyes
I'm walking on the line
I'm on the line walking
If it's not a telephone call
I ain't talking

I put myself on the line
People with no faces
Look at how they chase ya
You cannot escape it
They don't know you
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Today I woke up, and I uh - I felt alive. Because I picked up the call of th e wild, and I stopped waiting for it to come pick me up. See, if it rings yo ur name, at a phone booth in London or bumped shoulders with you at a crowde d museum hallway in Shanghai, well maybe that's a sign.

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