Talking with the old folks by the wall Dreaming 'bout New Orleans in the Fall And grateful for the time that God allows And doing my best to keep it hid Hanging by a gossamer thread

Roll on up it's feeding time again
A kiss to suck the lightning from the pain
I'm hatching us a plan for busting out
And free of what that bastard did
Hanging by a gossamer thread

All lit up like the National Grid And hanging by a gossamer thread You're choking on your daily bread Hanging by a gossamer thread

Dog in the doorway Dyed in the wool Dog in the doorway Dyed in the wool Dog in the doorway Dyed in the wool Away!

I hope that I'm wrong
Hope that I'm wrong
I hope that I'm wrong
Yeah
I hope that I'm wrong
Hope that I'm wrong
I hope that I'm wrong
Yeah