

Lines

The Walker Brothers

Bus line down the centre line
Took me from the dotted lines
That bore my name
Rolling 'cross the border lines
Looking for a peace of mind
That never came
And now I must stand free
But there's nobody here
But me to fill my bed
I wish that I had read
Between the lines
Bread lines the cheap wines
They're the only life lines
That I have left
No more debts to pay back
Because I can't find the way back
To save myself

And now I must stand free
But there's nobody here
But me, oh Lord, I'm strung out
Soaking wet and hung out on the line
And now I must stand free
But there's nobody here
But me to fill my bed
I wish that I had read
Between the lines