

Chris Walla, Everybody On

A chance to breathe
Everyone breathe
The news is hard, the days are long
And still we breathe
Everybody on the border towns
Your radios, your northern sounds
Fly your banners from the line
A thousand miles long
It is uneasy here
But we need everybody on
A band of thieves has ruined the bar
You, crooked barrister, arranged the calls
Your life of service is worthless
If you've ever served at all
Raise up now your lone star
We'll watch the pieces fall
Everybody on the boundary wires
Your telephones, your signal fires
Keep your balance on the line
A thousand miles long
It is not easy here
But we need everybody on board now
Don't fall away
There is no crime if you say
What you mean to say
Everybody on the border ties
Your mission bells, your desert skies
Draw your power from the line
A thousand miles long
It is uneasy here
But we need everybody on