

Christopher 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 form 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 you 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 form the line, a thousand miles long. It is uneasy here, but we need everybody on.