

Cliff Richard, Throw Down A Line

Throw down a line, help a poor boy
Who's drowning in the stormy sea
Throw down a line, help a poor boy
Who's hanging in a nowhere tree
Have you got a place for me

Men are tied in chains of silence
I look on violence, up, down, left and right
Is there no hope of light
The peaceful hand that once caressed me

Hurts like the rest, because it's turned to stone
Talons of steel have grown

Throw down a line, help a poor boy
Who's drowning in the stormy sea
Throw down a line, help a poor boy
Who's hanging in a nowhere tree
Have you got a place for me

Yeah, oh help me, yeah

Throw down a line, help a poor boy
Who's drowning in the stormy sea
Throw down a line, help a poor boy
Who's hanging in a nowhere tree
Have you got a place for me

See the moon, it's getting nearer
But no more clearer than the earth below
What do we really know
I feel the stab of pain returning
Despair is burning in my heart again
Why don't they see the end, ooooh

Throw down a line, help a poor boy
Who's drowning in the stormy sea
Yeah, throw down a line, help a poor boy
Who's hanging in a nowhere tree
Have you got a place for me

Throw down a line, help a poor boy
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