

# Fish, Circle Line

Just another day on the circle line, losing myself as I follow signs,  
Beneath the surface underground I keep my feelings deep inside.

Just another face in another crowd, taking my place without a sound,  
I follow strangers blindly through towards the so familiar doors.

Just another day.

I always depart but I never arrive, never a moment passes by when I feel  
I'm not treading water in a sea of drifting souls

No way out, there's no escape, running blind and running scared  
And the CCTV cameras track my movements in the maze,

9 to 5's the only time I try to kid myself that I'm still alive,  
That I'm living out the dream to earn my freedom from this rat race  
Where all I do's survive, I live the lie, I serve my time.

The circle line.

Just another day, just another day, just another day,  
Just another day, just another day, just another day on the circle line.

The circle line, on the circle line.

"Navigator, need a navigator, a navigator, need a navigator"

The circle line.