

# Sarah Blasko, Always On This Line

As the day turns to night  
Under these suburban skies  
Think of all willing lies, of cutting ties,  
The emptiness,

At first light, first sight,  
The world seems like a miracle,  
But try to hold it in your hands  
And watch it get away,  
Oh the ugliness of fate,

When you&#039;re always on this line,  
When you&#039;re always on this line,  
You could&#039;ve crossed a million times,  
But you&#039;re always on this line,  
Oh, put your hands up,  
Claim your crime,  
&#039;cause you never had the time,  
You still get to work just fine,  
When you&#039;re always on this line

But it&#039;s alright, it&#039;s okay,  
When there&#039;s excuses in your way,  
You can try, just make it up,  
Settle down but don&#039;t look up,

At first bite, first lie,  
The world seems like it serves you well,  
But try to catch it in your hands,  
Treating it like a slave of the emptiness you crave,

When you&#039;re always on this line,  
When you&#039;re always on this line,  
You could&#039;ve crossed a million times,  
But you&#039;re always on this line,  
Oh, put your hands up,  
Claim your crime,  
&#039;cause you never had the time,  
You still get to work just fine,  
When you&#039;re always on this line,

Oh, it might be unkind of me to make you feel bad,  
It might be a shame of me to treat you like that,  
When there&#039;s everything you&#039;ve worked for in your life,  
On this line,

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You could&#039;ve crossed a million times,  
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