

The Doors, Tightrope Ride

You're on a tightrope ride, nobody by your side
Well, you're all alone, gotta find a new home

Don't go over the line. You better keep on time
Or you'll lose your mind on your tightrope ride

Watch out, don't fall! Careful, don't slip!

You better get your balance, you have to feel the way
There are no more questions, no answers today

There are no reasons, there are no more rhymes
But if you feel it, you can fly next time
You can fly next time, or maybe this time

Did you think we were all together?
Did you think we were all the same?
Did you think maybe I could help you
Remember your name, remember the game
What's the name of the game

It's a very good game, never stays the same
It's the number one from mud to sun

You're on a tightrope ride, we're all by your side
But you're all alone, and we're going home
And we're by your side, but you're all alone
Like a Rolling Stone, like Brian Jones
On a tightrope ride