

Billy Joel

"Close To The Borderline"

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Blackout, heatwave, .44 caliber homicide
The buns drop dead and dogs go mad
In packs on the West Side
Young girl standing on a ledge looks like another
suicide
She wants to hit those bricks
'Cause the news at six gotta stick to a deadline
While the millionaires hide in Beekman Place
The bag ladies throw their bones in my face
I get attacked by a kid with stereo sound
I don't want to hear it but he won't turn it down
Life is tough but it's just enough
To hold back the tears until it's closing time
I survived, I'm still alive
But I'm getting close to the borderline
Close to the borderline

A buck three eighty
Won't buy you much lately on the street these days
And when you can get gas
You know you can't drive fast anymore on the parkways
Rich man, poor man, either way American
Shoved into the lost and found
The no nuke yell we're gonna all go to hell
With the next big meltdown
I got remote control and a color T.V.
I don't change channels so they must change me
I got real close friends that will get me high

They don't know how to talk and they ain't gonna try
I shouldn't bitch, I shouldn't cry
I'd start a revolution but I don't have time
I don't know why I'm still a nice guy
But I'm getting close to the borderline
Close to the borderline

I thought I'd sacrifice so many things
I thought I'd throw them all away
I didn't think I needed anything
But you can't afford to squander what you're not
prepared to pay

I need a doctor for my pressure pills
I need a lawyer for my medical bills
I need a banker to finance my home
I need security to back my loan
It isn't new what I'm going through
But everybody knows you got to break sometime
Another night I fought the good fight
But I'm getting closer to the borderline
Closer to the borderline.

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