

## Graham Nash "On The Line"

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Hanging around is holding me down  
I'm starting to frown at everyone I see,  
I'm taking the calls and playing the halls,  
But staring at walls is all I ever see.  
So is the money I make  
Worth the price that I pay?  
Can I make it to the end of the line?  
Don't the wind blow cold  
When you're hanging your soul  
On the line?

And you're driving to work  
You're wearing your shirt  
You're dialing the dirt  
With everyone you see.  
You're taking a loss,  
You envy the boss,  
You're counting the cost  
Of everything you see.

But is the money you make

Worth the price that you pay?  
Can you make it at the end of the line?  
Don't the wind blow cold  
When you're hanging your soul  
On the line?

Ooh, and you know that it's true  
That I've watched you go far  
Playing guitar  
Being a star  
For everyone to see.  
And I'm filming my dreams  
From limousines  
And thinking of scenes  
For everyone to see.

But is the money you make  
Worth the price that you pay?  
Can you make it at the end of the line?  
Don't the wind blow cold

When you're hanging your soul  
On the line?

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