

Outfield "Voices Of Babylon"

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J. spinks

Hit the message I can hear you calling
No one's going anywhere tonight
We conceived a modern generation
It was free but now we pay the price
We're the victims of our own creation
Chasing rainbows that are painted black or white
Watch the struggle of our temptation
Instincts barely keeping us alive

(chorus)

Back to the rhythm that we all came from
Voices of babylon streets of london
Back to the people that we know so well
A space in time removed too soon to tell

Just a product of imagination
Patiently we wait for our turn to come
A small collection of the population
By the time our numbers up we could be gone

(chorus)

Back to the rhythm that we all came from
Voices of babylon streets of london - town

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