

The Outfield

"Voices of Babylon"

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Hit the message, I can hear you callin'
No one's goin' anywhere tonight
We conceived a modern generation
It was free but now we pay the price

We're the victims of our own creation
Chasin' rainbows that are painted black or white
Watch the struggle of our own temptation
Instincts barely keepin' us alive

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 are up we could be gone

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

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

Back to the rhythm that we all came from
Voices of Babylon, streets of London town

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