

## Down the Line

Cliff Richard

Throw down a line, help a poor boy  
Who's drowning in the stormy sea  
Throw down a line, help a poor boy  
Who's hanging in a nowhere tree  
Have you got a place for me

Men are tied in chains of silence  
I look on violence, up, down, left and right  
Is there no hope of light  
The peaceful hand that once caressed me

Hurts like the rest, because it's turned to stone  
Talons of steel have grown

Throw down a line, help a poor boy  
Who's drowning in the stormy sea  
Throw down a line, help a poor boy  
Who's hanging in a nowhere tree  
Have you got a place for me

Yeah, oh help me, yeah

Throw down a line, help a poor boy  
Who's drowning in the stormy sea  
Throw down a line, help a poor boy  
Who's hanging in a nowhere tree  
Have you got a place for me

See the moon, it's getting nearer  
But no more clearer than the earth below  
What do we really know  
I feel the stab of pain returning  
Despair is burning in my heart again  
Why don't they see the end, ooooh

Throw down a line, help a poor boy  
Who's drowning in the stormy sea  
Yeah, throw down a line, help a poor boy  
Who's hanging in a nowhere tree  
Have you got a place for me

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