

# The Doors, Tightrope Ride

You're on a tightrope ride, nobody by your side  
Well, you're all alone, gotta find a new home

Don't go over the line. You better keep on time  
Or you'll lose your mind on your tightrope ride

Watch out, don't fall! Careful, don't slip!

You better get your balance, you have to feel the way  
There are no more questions, no answers today

There are no reasons, there are no more rhymes  
But if you feel it, you can fly next time  
You can fly next time, or maybe this time

Did you think we were all together?  
Did you think we were all the same?  
Did you think maybe I could help you  
Remember your name, remember the game  
What's the name of the game

It's a very good game, never stays the same  
It's the number one from mud to sun

You're on a tightrope ride, we're all by your side  
But you're all alone, and we're going home  
And we're by your side, but you're all alone  
Like a Rolling Stone, like Brian Jones  
On a tightrope ride