

Catwalk

Bobby Caldwell

Standing on a catwalk, baby
I'm about to come undone
And things are hard to change
With this empty gun

Out here on the catwalk, baby
Can't you see my hands are tied
To make a stupid move
Could mean suicide

They were rolling the dice
But I never thought twice
Of the ace I would hide
But when I tried to leave
It fell from my sleeve
Now I'm trapped on this catwalk outside

Now I'm on this catwalk, baby
Keeps me in a rotten mood
But who could catch their breath
At this altitude

Standing on a catwalk, baby
I'm about to come undone
And things are hard to get changed
With this empty gun

They were rolling the dice
But I didn't think twice
Of the ace I would hide
But when I tried to leave
It fell from my sleeve
Now I'm trapped on this catwalk outside