

Highwire Days

The Psychedelic Furs

They tore up our kisses and ran
on tomorrow's pages
and the lions have eaten the lamb
on tomorrow's pages
There's a day of your life in your hands
full of people you don't understand

In my highwire days
I can see all the way
I see through the games you play
in my highwire days
They pushed all the buttons and things
on tomorrow's pages
and the sirens do nothing but sing
on tomorrow's pages
and you put on your prettiest face
and you wait for the news that we made

Our dreams have all gone up on sale
on tomorrow's pages
and we paid for the cross and the nails
on tomorrow's pages
and we put on our prettiest face
and we wait for the news that we made

That's it.