

# Highwire

Argent

I'm on a highwire, moving far above the ground  
I'm on a highwire baby, watch me death-defying  
It's getting dangerous, mm I'm feeling the juices start to rise  
I'm on a highwire and I'm alive.

I'm on a wheel of fire, spilling my breath into the ground  
I'm on a bareback cannonball, chasing the speed of sound  
It's getting dangerous, I'm feeling the crowd begin to rise  
On a cannonball, cannonball and I'm alive  
And I'm alive.

Sharp the dawn, the morning light descending from the highwire  
See the pair who bear the flame, prepare to take it to the fire  
flier  
Looking down down down.

Fair and warm the sounds that drift the morning from the live wire  
Have to yawn, the horn begins to mingle with the sweet lyre  
Going down down.

Celebration swells the nation singing to the highwire  
With amazing grace and sweet sensation captured by the high flier  
Looking down down.

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