

Rolling Stones, The

"Highwire"

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We sell 'em missiles, We sell 'em tanks
We give 'em credit, You can call the bank

It's just a business, You can pay us in crude
You love these toys, just go play out your feuds

Got no pride, don't know whose boots to lick
We act so greedy, makes me sick sick sick

So get up, stand up, out of my way
I want to talk to the boss right away
Get up, stand up, who's gonna pay
I want to talk to the man right away

We walk the highwire
Sending the men up to the front line
Hoping they don't catch the hell fire
With hot guns and cold, cold nights

We walk the highwire
Sending the men up to the front line
And tell 'em to hotbed the sunshine
With hot guns and cold, cold nights

Our lives are threatened, our jobs at risk
Sometimes dictators need a slap on the wrist

Another Munich we just can't afford
We're gonna send in the eighty-second airborne

Get up, stand up, who's gonna pay
I wanna talk to the boss right away
Get up, stand up, outta my way
I wanna talk to the man right away

We walk the highwire
Putting the world out on a deadline
And hoping they don't catch the shellfire
With hot guns and cold, cold nights

We walk the highwire

Putting the world out on a deadline
Catching the bite on primetime
With hot guns and cold, cold nights

Get up! Stand up!
Dealer! Stealer!
Hey!

We walk the highwire
We send all our men into the front lines
We're hoping that we backed the right side
With hot guns and cold, cold nights

We walk the highwire
We send all the men up to the front lines
And hoping they don't catch the hellfire
With hot guns and cold cold, cold, cold,
cold nights

We walk the highwire
We walk the highwire
With hot guns and cold, cold, cold nights

With hot guns and cold, cold nights

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