

Stones Rolling

"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, whose 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

Jagger/Richards

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