

Furs Psychedelic

"Highwire Days"

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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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

That's it

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