

Siouxsie And The Banshees

"Sleepwalking"

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You can see her now high as the horizon
Fall into the quicksand and brainstorm my mind
Balancing on tip-toe, sharpened to the glow
In a tangle of thunder calling helplessly below

Sleepwalking
On the Highwire
Sleepwalking
Into the open palm of the empty sky

You can't hear her now you can't reach her at all
Spiral of persuasion twists until freefall
Balancing on tip-toe, angled clutch and flow
An accident at the circus, falling helplessly below

Sleepwalking
On the Highwire
Sleepwalking
Into the open palm of the empty sky

Sleepwalking
On the Highwire
Sleepwalking
Into the open palm of the empty sky

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