

Sisters Of Mercy "On The Wire"

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Now the ground comes up too fast
Too fast to meet you
And the clouds of dust erupting
Thick around your feet be careful
And the rubble and shrouds and waiting
Wall to wall to where you tread
And the quick and the dead
And the same old fates
Come calling cards away.

How do you think it came to pass you by
The hard way, by desire
How do you think it came to pass you by
On the wire!
I don't sleep
So I don't dream
So I don't wake up frightened
Everything is what it seems
If you look deep enough to night and
See.

On the wire,
on the wire
On the wire,
I will not fall

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