

Highwire

Argent

I'm on a highwire, moving far above the ground
I'm on a highwire baby, watch me death-defying
It's getting dangerous, mm I'm feeling the juices start to rise
I'm on a highwire and I'm alive.

I'm on a wheel of fire, spilling my breath into the ground
I'm on a bareback cannonball, chasing the speed of sound
It's getting dangerous, I'm feeling the crowd begin to rise
On a cannonball, cannonball and I'm alive
And I'm alive.

Sharp the dawn, the morning light descending from the highwire
See the pair who bear the flame, prepare to take it to the fire
flier
Looking down down down.

Fair and warm the sounds that drift the morning from the live w
ire
Have to yawn, the horn begins to mingle with the sweet lyre
Going down down.

Celebration swells the nation singing to the highwire
With amazing grace and sweet sensation captured by the high fli
er
Looking down down.

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