Highwire Days

The Psychedelic Furs

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

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

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 out prettiest face and we wait for the news that we made

That's it.