

# Highwire

The Rolling Stones

We sell 'em missiles, We sell 'em tanks  
We give 'em credit, You can call up the bank  
It's just a business, You can pay us in crude  
You'll love these toys, just go play out your feuds  
We got no pride, don't know whose boots to lick  
We act so greedy, makes me sick sick sick

So get up, stand up, out of my way  
I wanna talk to the boss right away  
Get up, stand up, who's gonna pay  
I wanna talk to the man right away

We walk the highwire  
Sending men to the front line  
And hoping they don't catch the hell-fire  
Of hot guns and cold, cold lies

We walk the highwire  
Send the men to the front lines  
And tell 'em to hotbed the sunshine  
With hot guns and cold, cold lies

Our lives are threatened, our jobs at risk  
Sometimes dictators need a slap on the wrist  
Another Munich we just can't afford  
We're gonna send in the 82nd Airborne

Get up, stand up, who's gonna pay  
I wanna talk to the boss right away  
Get up, stand up, outta my way  
I wanna talk to the man right away

We walk the highwire  
Putting the world out on a dead lie  
And hoping they don't taste the shell-fire  
Of hot guns and cold, cold lies

We walk the highwire  
Putting the world out on a dead lie  
Catching the fight on the primetime  
With hot guns and cold, cold lies

Get up! Stand up!  
Dealer! Stealer!  
Hey!

We walk the highwire  
Sending men to the front line  
And hoping that we backed the right side  
With hot guns and cold, cold lies

We walk the highwire  
Sending men to the front line  
And hoping they don't catch the hell-fire  
With hot guns and cold, cold, cold, cold, cold lies

We walk the highwire

We walk the highwire  
With hot guns and cold, cold, cold lies.