

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.