

Walking In the Underground

Pat Benatar

Cold sweat, sweat it out
In the land of the midnight sun
Walk it off, sort it out, figure out
What you're running from I'm all alone on the outside of town
It's a wild night at the carnival of souls
They're strong armed in neon and out of control
It's late at night and no one's around Walking in the underground Night calls and the sound marks
The start of the masquerade
Sirens flash, stains the glass
As you pass in the street parade Loose change losers are double parked
Faces marked like cards at the bottom of the deck
Readin' the future, no one expects
They don't look up as they shuffle down Walking in the underground
Walking in the underground
Walking in the underground Cold sweat, sweat it out
In the land of the midnight sun
Walk it off, sort it out, figure out
What you're running from Nobody's children, more lost than found
Play in the shadows like beautiful dolls
Backbit in moonlight, steppin' on stars
A silent dance to an empty sound Walking in the underground
Walking in the underground
Ooh, walking in the underground Yeah, walkin', ooh, ooh, ooh
Walk on, ooh, ooh, yeah, yeah

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