

# Highwire

## The Tourists

My head wouldn't give a second thought  
About telling me what to do  
My feet wouldn't give another inch  
If they were giving it up to you  
I'm on the highwire, yelling burn fire

My heart wouldn't have another chance  
After all that I've been through  
My hands wouldn't give enough away  
I've given it all to you  
I'm on the highwire, yelling burn fire

My heart is in a shroud, sun goes up and down  
I've been here all afternoon  
My head is in the clouds, faith goes up and down  
I could use a talking to:about you, about you

Oh baby give me one more chance  
My soul wouldn't give another year  
I'm almost thirty-two  
My eyes wouldn't give another tear  
I've given them all to you  
And I'm on the highwire, yelling burn fire

My heart is in a shroud, sun goes up and down  
I've been sleeping way past noon  
My head is in the clouds, faith goes up and down  
I could use a talking to:about you, about you

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