Hang Wire

Frank Black

They're going higher
Wind is whistling on the barbs
Your head's a hammer
Hang wire, hang wire
Hang wire
(Meet you at the)
Hang wire
That man is a liar
The day is like a warm night
Salt rusts the cold line
Hang wire, hang wire

Hang wire
(Meet you at the)
Hang wire
Every morning and every day
I'll bossanova with ya
If there were a fire
Can we scratch beneath this?
Hang wire, hang wire
Hang wire
(Meet you at the)
Hang wire

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