

Pat Benatar, 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
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
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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
Backlit 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.....
Written by: Neil Geraldo & Myron Grombacher