

# 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