

Pixies, Hang Wire

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 you

If there were a fire
Can we scratch beneath this

Hang wire, hang wire, hang wire
(Meet you at the) hang wire?