

# Siouxsie and The Banshees, Sleepwalking (On T

You can see her now high as the horizon  
Fall into the quicksand and brainstorm my mind  
Balancing on tip-toe, sharpened to the glow  
In a tangle of thunder calling helplessly below

Sleepwalking  
On the Highwire  
Sleepwalking  
Into the open palm of the empty sky

You can't hear her now you can't reach her at all  
Spiral of persuasion twists until freefall  
Balancing on tip-toe, angled clutch and flow  
An accident at the circus, falling helplessly below

Sleepwalking  
On the Highwire  
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Into the open palm of the empty sky

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