

# The Bandstand

[a-ha](#)

You stand in the doorway  
A block up the street  
Ringing the doorbell  
There's tapping of feet  
High yellow hair  
And a worn brown suit,  
Enter, and break the news Now tell me the story  
I give it the time  
No need to worry  
Everything's fine  
I'll take you away  
From the name-calling scene  
Sure, you can bring your magazine Cold and windblown on the old bandstand  
You and I walking hand in hand  
A neon-glow shining  
Down on us  
Don't wait up for us  
Don't wait up for us Now tell me the story  
I'll give it the time  
When you stop looking  
Then you will find  
I'll take you away  
From this name-calling scene  
Just bring your magazine

Songwriters

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