

# Scoundrel Days

## A-ha

Was that somebody screaming it wasn't me for sure  
I lift my head up from uneasy pillows, put my feet on the floor  
Cut my wrist on a bad thought and head for the door  
Outside on the pavement the dark makes no noise  
I can feel the sweat on my lips leaking into my mouth  
I'm heading out for the steep hills they're leaving me no choice  
And see as our lives are in the making  
We believe through the lies and the hating  
That love goes free  
For want of an option I run the wind 'round  
I dream pictures of houses burning never knowing nothing else to do  
With death comes the morning unannounced and new  
Was it too much to ask for to pull a little weight  
They forgive anything but greatness these are scoundrel days  
And I'm close to calling out their names as pride hits my face  
See as our lives are in the making  
We believe through their lies and the hating  
That love goes free through scoundrel days  
I reach the edge of town, I've got blood in my hair  
Their hands touch my body from everywhere  
But I know that I've made it as I run into the air  
And see as our lives are in the making  
We believe through the lies and the hating  
That love goes through, through scoundrel days

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