

The Fugitive (1998 Remastered Version)

Iron Maiden

On a cold October morning
As frost lay on the ground
Waiting to make my move
I make no sound
Waiting for the mist to cover all around
I carefully picked my time
Then took the wall
I'm sick and tired of running
The hunger and the pain
A stop to look about then off again
Being at the wrong place
And the wrong time
Suspected of a hit that was my crime
I am a fugitive being hunted down
Like game
I am a fugitive but I've got to clear
My name
Always looking 'round me
Forever looking back
I'll always be a target for attack
Ever moving onwards
Always on the run
Waiting for the sight of a loaded gun
I am a fugitive being hunted down
Like game
I am a fugitive but I've got to clear
My name
Even if I find them
And get to clear my name
I know that things can never
Be the same
But if I ever prove
My innocence some day
I've got to get them all to make them pay
I am a fugitive being hunted down
Like game
I am a fugitive but I've got to clear
My name

Songwriters

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