

# 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 And 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 free

Through scoundrel days

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