

Sycamore Leaves (NRK Live)

[a-ha](#)

Can't stop thinking 'bout it
It fills me with unease
Out there by the roadside something's buried
Under sycamore leaves
Wet grounds, late September
The foliage of the trees
I came upon this feeling that someone's lying
Covered by sycamore leaves
And I could never face it
And take a look and see
And I could never break out
And shake it's grip on me

Songwriters

WAAKTAAR, PALPublished by

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