

Driftwood

[a-ha](#)

OH COME PITY ME, A POOR MAD SAILOR
STRANDED ON THIS LOVE
HERE I LIE LIKE DRIFTWOOD, HONEY
IS THIS WHAT I?VE BECOME I GO HIGH OVER, DOWN UNDER
AT A LADY?S WILL, UNDER YOU AT A LADY?S WILL
I?M DRIFTING STILL
I?M DRIFTING STILL SO I ASK IN FADING INNOCENCE
AND ALL MY YOUTHFUL RAGE
WILL YOUR HANDS STILL TOUCH ME
WHEN MY FACE HAS FALLEN IN WITH AGE I GO HIGH OVER, DOWN UNDER
AT A LADY?S WILL, UNDER YOU HIGH OVER, DOWN UNDER
AT A LADY?S WILL, UNDER YOU AT A LADY?S WILL
I?M DRIFTING STILL
I?M DRIFTING STILL HIGH OVER, DOWN UNDER
AT A LADY?S WILL
HIGH OVER, DOWN UNDER
AT A LADY?S WILL

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