

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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