

Scoundrel Days (Demo Made In Norway Late 1984)

[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 free
Through scoundrel days

Songwriters

WAAKTAAR, PAL / FURUHOLMEN, MAGNE (MAGS) Published by

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