

Sycamore Leaves

A-ha

Can't stop thinking 'bout it
It fills me with unease
Out there by the roadside, something's buried
Under sycamore leaves
Hey yeah, 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
Hey yeah, under sycamore leaves And I could never make it
I could never see
I could never break out
And shake its grip on me
Oh yeah, alright, alright C'mon [Incomprehensible]
Sycamore leaves, hey yeah, yeah
Under sycamore leaves I could never make it
I could never see
I could never break out
And shake its grip on me
Yeah Can't stop thinking 'bout it
It fills me with unease
Out there by the roadside, something's buried
Under sycamore leaves
Covered by sycamore leaves Yeah, yeah, sycamore leaves
I'm covered by them
Sycamore leaves
C'mon [Incomprehensible], alright

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