

The Fugitive

Iron Maiden

On a cold October morning
As frost lay on the ground
Waiting to make my move
I make no sound

Waiting for the mist to cover all around
I carefully picked my time
then took the wall

I'm sick and tired of running
The hunger and the pain
A stop to look about then off again

Being at the wrong place
And the wrong time
Suspected of a hit that was my crime

I am a fugitive being hunted down
like game
I am a fugitive but I've got to clear
my name

Always looking 'round me
Forever looking back
I'll always be a target for attack

Ever moving onwards
Always on the run
Waiting for the sight of a loaded gun

I am a fugitive being hunted down
like game
I am a fugitive but I've got to clear
my name

Even if I find them
And get to clear my name
I know that things can never
be the same

But if I ever prove
My innocence some day
I've got to get them all to make them pay

I am a fugitive being hunted down
like game
I am a fugitive but I've got to clear
my name