Scoundrel Days

WAYD

was thet somebody screaming...
it wasn´t me for sure
i lift my head up from uneasy pillows
put my feet on the floor
cut my wirst on a bad thought
and head for the door
outside on the pavement
the dark makes noise
i can feel the sweet on my lips
leaking into my mouth
i´m heading out for the steep hills
they´re leaving me no choise...

and see...as our lives are in the making
we believe through the lies and hating
that love goes free through scoundrel days
and see...

for what of an option i run the wind round
i dream picture of houses burning never knowing
nothing else to do
with death comes the morning unannounced and new
with death comes the morning unannounced and new
scoundrel days...

was it too much to ask for
to pull a little weight
they forgive anything but greatness
these are scoundrel days...

and see...as our lives are in the making
we believe through the lies and hating
that love goes free through scoundrel days

and i´m close to calling out their names
as pride hits my face
i reached 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 air

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