

# 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  
A dog makes a 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  
And with death comes the morning  
Unannounced and new Was it too much to ask for  
To pull a little weight  
They forgive everything but greatness  
These are scoundrel days  
And I'm close to calling out their names  
As pride hits my face And 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 their lies and the hating  
That love goes free  
Through scoundrel days

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

