

# A-ha, Apanish steps

Must have been walking  
don't know this place  
somebody stopped talking  
is it written in my face  
thought i'd never leave you  
thought i'd never dare  
but i watched your going under  
that's a thought i could not bear  
five thousand miles `m away from you  
drifting by the spanish steps tonight  
guess you've got my number  
guess you got my line  
guess you've got my number  
should i be on your mind  
late at night your footsteps  
barefoot on the floor  
tender eyes from sleeping  
in the darkened corridor  
i come up stairway  
my naked enemy  
comes stumbling towards me  
wish i could set you free