

# A-ha, Driftwood

Oh come pity me, a poor mad sailor  
Stranded on this love  
Here I lie like driftwood, honey  
Is this what I've become  
I go high over, down under  
At a lady's will, under you  
At a lady's will  
I'm drifting still  
I'm drifting still  
So I ask in fading innocence  
And all my youthful rage  
Will your hands still touch me  
When my face has fallen in with age  
I go high over, down under  
At a lady's will, under you  
High over, down under  
At a lady's will, under you  
At a lady's will  
I'm drifting still  
I'm drifting still  
High over, down under  
At a lady's will  
High over, down under  
At a lady's will