

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