

A-ha, Less Than Pure

We're going to go downtown
I hear this great new place has opened up
And when we get there
I don't know It's taken ages
Don't you know

How long how long
Will this go on
How long how long
Time drags on
How long I find I
can't go on much longer now

But the place in question's hard to find
Not a cab ride to the door
As you wonder in your doubtful mind
Is it really worth all that and more

We seem to be a little lost or something
I'm not really sure about the choice we're making
The toil it's taking on

How long how long
Will this go on
How long how long
The time drags on
How long
I find I can't go on much longer now

But the place in question's hard to find
Like an illness with no cure
And our heads are getting wearier
And our hearts are less than pure
Less than pure

How long I find
I can't go on much longer now

And the place in question's hard to find
Not a cab ride to the door
And our heads are getting wearier
And our hearts are less than pure