

# Hall & Oates, Screaming Through December

What a crew we made up there was faustus  
Burnt out from playing too many bars, on a jersey shore  
And sammy, almost bald from ironing her hair too much  
Back in '64  
And me and phazon out of phase, of least my temporary  
Name for the day  
Oh, blown away and screaming  
All blown away and screaming  
All blown away and screaming thru' december  
We crossed state lines we were burning  
Although the cold could freeze your hand, to the steel  
Of the wheel  
Miami, just a cold hearted word  
From a warm smiling man on a sign in a field  
We laughed just o take up some time my (hmmm) job

Was staring to dry, and we went screaming thru' december  
"quasar, quasar", where the first words I heard from faustas  
All day  
And giggling he apologized and then returned to flicking  
His blade  
I sighed bleary-eyed, and tried to remember the way, as we  
Went screaming  
A year does go by what a difference, twelve months can make when you're living a  
Hundred years in one  
And sammy, she went home and now she's living in a room with  
A gun  
Faustas ate glass for an appetizer, and bled all over his synthesizer  
As he went screaming  
As he went screaming  
As he went screaming thru' december