

Iron Maiden, The Fugitive

(Harris)

On a cold October morning
As frost lay on the ground
Waiting to make my move
I made no sound

Waiting for the mist to cover all around
I carefully picked my time then took the wall

I'm sick and tired of running
The hunger and the pain
A stop to look about then off again

Being at the wrong place
And at the wrong time
Suspected of a hit that was my crime

[Chorus:]
I am a fugitive being hunted down like game
I am a fugitive but I've got to clear my name

Always looking 'round me
Forever looking back
I'll always be a target for attack

Every morning onwards
Always on the run
Waiting for a sight of a loaded gun

[Chorus]

Even if I find them
And get to clear my name
I know that things can never be the same

But if I ever prove
My innocence some day
I've got to get them all to make them pay

[Chorus]