

A-ha, Sycamore Leaves

Can't stop thinking 'bout it
It fills me with unease
Out there by the roadside something's buried
Under sycamore leaves

Wet grounds, late September
The foliage of the trees
I came upon this feeling that someone's lying
Covered by sycamore leaves

And I could never make it
And I could never see
And I could never break out
And shake it's grip on me