

# A-ha, The Bandstand

You stand in the doorway  
A block up the street  
Ringing the doorbell  
Theres tapping of feet  
High yellow hair  
And a worn brown suit...  
Enter, and break the news  
Now tell me the story  
I give it the time  
No need to worry  
Everythings fine  
Ill take you away  
From the name-calling scene  
Sure... you can bring your magazine  
Cold and windblown on the old bandstand  
You and I walking hand in hand  
A neon-glow shining  
Down on us  
Dont wait up for us  
Dont wait up for us  
Now tell me the story  
Ill give it the time  
When you stop looking  
Then you will find  
Ill take you away  
From this name-calling scene  
Just bring your magazine  
Cold and windblown on the old bandstand  
You and I walking hand in hand  
A neon-glow shining  
Down on us  
Dont wait up for us  
Dont wait up for us