

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