

Daryl Hall & John Oates, Screaming Through Dec

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