

Phideaux, They Hunt You Down

Behind the old and creaking wooden door
They take them down They take them down

Some had seen but now they all were gone
Into the hours that take us to the dawn
They took them down They took them down
They took them down

The next thing that I had to say was more
We found them stumbling through the corridor
He does not know he has to go

Please I had my friend to tea today
Nothing then had fallen by the way
To bring me down You bring me down

Eyes that send their greetings from afar
They're taking from tomorrow maybe more
They turn you down They turned you down
They turned you down

Greedy eyes are bringing you the law
Greedy hands extending from the claw
They hunt you down They hunt you down
They hunt you down

The time has come when it will surely be
It is not me It is not me It is not me