

Driftwood

a-ha

Oh come pity me, a poor mad sailor
Stranded on this love
Here I lie like driftwood, honey
Is this what I've become

I go high over, down under
At a lady's will, under you

At a lady's will
I'm drifting still
I'm drifting still

So I ask in fading innocence
And all my full rage
Will your hands still touch me
When my face has fallen in with age

I go high over, down under
At a lady's will, under you

High over, down under
At a lady's will, under you

At a lady's will
I'm drifting still
I'm drifting still

High over, down under
At a lady's will
High over, down under
At a lady's will.