

Screaming Through December

Hall & Oates

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