

# The Fugitive

Iron Maiden

On a cold October morning  
As frost lay on the ground  
Waiting to make my move  
I make no sound

Waiting for the mist to cover all around  
I carefully picked my time  
then took the wall

I'm sick and tired of running  
The hunger and the pain  
A stop to look about then off again

Being at the wrong place  
And the wrong time  
Suspected of a hit that was my crime

I am a fugitive being hunted down  
like game  
I am a fugitive but I've got to clear  
my name

Always looking 'round me  
Forever looking back  
I'll always be a target for attack

Ever moving onwards  
Always on the run  
Waiting for the sight of a loaded gun

I am a fugitive being hunted down  
like game  
I am a fugitive but I've got to clear  
my name

Even if I find them  
And get to clear my name  
I know that things can never  
be the same

But if I ever prove  
My innocence some day  
I've got to get them all to make them pay

I am a fugitive being hunted down  
like game  
I am a fugitive but I've got to clear  
my name