

Iron Maiden

"Fugitive"

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

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

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

Being at the wrong place
And at 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 Ive 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 proof
My innocence some day
Ive got to get them all to make them pay

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