

## A-Ha "Sycamore Leaves"

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Can't stop thinking 'bout it  
It fills me with unease  
Out there by the roadside, something's buried  
Under sycamore leaves  
Hey yeah, under sycamore leaves

Wet grounds, late September  
The foliage of the trees  
I came upon this feeling that someone's lying  
Covered by sycamore leaves  
Hey yeah, under sycamore leaves

And I could never make it  
I could never see  
I could never break out  
And shake its grip on me  
Oh yeah, alright, alright

C'mon [Incomprehensible]  
Sycamore leaves, hey yeah, yeah  
Under sycamore leaves

I could never make it  
I could never see  
I could never break out  
And shake its grip on me  
Yeah

Can't stop thinking 'bout it  
It fills me with unease  
Out there by the roadside, something's buried  
Under sycamore leaves  
Covered by sycamore leaves

Yeah, yeah, sycamore leaves  
I'm covered by them  
Sycamore leaves  
C'mon [Incomprehensible], alright

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