

## Wayd "Scoundrel Days"

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Was thet somebody screaming...  
It wasn't me for sure  
I lift my head up from uneasy pillows  
Put my feet on the floor  
Cut my wrist on a bad thought  
And head for the door  
Outside on the pavement  
The dark makes noise  
I can feel the sweat on my lips  
Leaking into my mouth  
I'm heading out for the steep hills  
They're leaving me no choice...

And see... as our lives are in the making  
We believe through the lies and hating  
That love goes free through scoundrel days  
And see...

For what of an option I run the wind round  
I dream picture of houses burning never knowing  
Nothing else to do  
With death comes the morning unannounced and new  
With death comes the morning unannounced and new  
Scoundrel days...

Was it too much to ask for  
To pull a little weight  
They forgive anything but greatness  
These are scoundrel days...

And see... as our lives are in the making  
We believe through the lies and hating  
That love goes free through scoundrel days

And I'm close to calling out their names  
As pride hits my face  
I reached the edge of town  
I've got blood in my hair  
Their hands touch my body  
From everywhere  
But I know that I've made it  
As I run into air

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