

Phideaux

"They Hunt You Down"

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Behind the old and creaking wooden door
They take them down
They take them down
Some had seen but now they all were gone
Into the hours that take us to the dawn
They took them down
They took them down
They took them down

The next thing that I had to say was "more"
We found them stumbling through the corridor
He does not know
He does not know
He has to go
Please I had my friend to tea today
Nothing then had fallen by the way
To bring me down
You bring me down
You bring me down

Eyes that send their greetings from afar
They're taking from tomorrow maybe more
They turn you down
They turned you down
They turned you down

Greedy eyes are bringing you the law
Greedy hands extending from the claw
They hunt you down
They hunt you down
They hunt you down
The time has come when it will surely be
It is not me
It is not me
It is not me

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