

# A-ha, Less Than Pure

We're going to go downtown  
I hear this great new place has opened up  
And when we get there  
I don't know It's taken ages  
Don't you know

How long how long  
Will this go on  
How long how long  
Time drags on  
How long I find I  
can't go on much longer now

But the place in question's hard to find  
Not a cab ride to the door  
As you wonder in your doubtful mind  
Is it really worth all that and more

We seem to be a little lost or something  
I'm not really sure about the choice we're making  
The toil it's taking on

How long how long  
Will this go on  
How long how long  
The time drags on  
How long  
I find I can't go on much longer now

But the place in question's hard to find  
Like an illness with no cure  
And our heads are getting wearier  
And our hearts are less than pure  
Less than pure

How long I find  
I can't go on much longer now

And the place in question's hard to find  
Not a cab ride to the door  
And our heads are getting wearier  
And our hearts are less than pure