

Fastball, Drifting Away

Got nowhere to stay
Got nowhere to go
Got no one to blame for lettin' myself get so low
It's right on the tip of my tongue
What's the word I'm thinkin' of
It's right in the middle of good and bad
So how can it be love

My brain is too soft
My money's no good
I tend to get lost just walkin' in the neighborhood
It's right on the tip of my tongue
What's the word I'm thinkin' of

Sometimes I feel like I'm drifting away
And that's all I can say
It's nothing I can't control
But in matters of the heart and soul
I must admit that I just don't know

I don't know what to say
I don't know what to do
I don't know what possessed me
To get together with a girl like you
You're right on the tip of my tongue
Are you the girl I'm thinkin' of
Right in the middle of hate and love
An iron fist in a velvet glove

Sometimes I feel like I'm drifting away
And that's all I can say
Gotta step back
And give each other room to grow
Listen to your heart
It'll tell you where to go
I must admit that I just don't know
Admit that I just don't know

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