

# Ocean Colour Scene, North Atlantic Drift

Meanwhile Rome burns  
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Its a cultural shift its the North Atlantic Drift  
Americana and a rule Britannia  
And the moon yes we own that to  
And where the Euphrates meets the other rivers  
Is now the home of the devil and the liar  
And the pyre we plan to make  
Is just the drift leaving its wake, home

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And the films you want to watch  
And the films you want to make  
And the kids like lost angels  
Dressed in black sensations  
And the shift won't shake  
And the drift won't brake  
With billions of Diamonds growing like olives  
And the drift holds the coffers

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