

Sixpence None the Richer, Drifting

Drifting

Music & Lyrics by : Matt Slocum

drifting away from you

spinning down to the pinpoint drop of isolation

in a spell

walking away from the fire

that keeps my heart

from turning ice

golden feet grace the surface of the sea

sinking deeper I view them from underneath

flailing, kicking as I head for the deep

I question a hypothetical lead supper

oh God receive my outstretched hand

will I inhale the blue

spinning down upon the glass

a ghost towards realisation of a cell

enclosing the hauntings of a past

that blind the eyes

and rust the heart

so I fell

I need you to take my hand

and keep my heart from ice...