

Hazel O'Connor, Driftwood

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Sitting on the sunny shoreline, see some driftwood
come to rest
worn out by the tides, born up by its endless rides
never free, just a bit like me.
I've been that piece of wood I've been tossed about
Upon the ocean of illusion, confusion.
Bitter and twisted like waves lashing out at the rock.

Well I now know I just gotta find
that shore line oh yeah, that little peace of mind
and let the sun shine on me

I swam the sea of passion, jealousy and pain,
ignorance pretends to drown, grabs for your hands
again, drags you down again.
Yeah, but my soul cries out just to break those chains,
Well listen you who've travelled all these jungles
concrete and the other kind, you know there's more
you got your own key the door, go on open it open it up

Well I now know I just gotta find
that shore line oh yeah, that little peace of mind
and let the sun shine on me

Been a long time from my home and I want
to get back there,
but most of my memories got washed away with the tide
a friend waits for me at the edge of the sea
my soul is your lover I cry

Oh beloved wipe away these tears from my eyes
of my illusion, my confusion.
Brittle and twisted like waves lashing out at the rock

Well I now know I just gotta find
that shore line oh yeah, that little peace of mind
and let the sun shine on me...