Trash Can Sinatras, Orange Fell

Drifting, drifting, stickleback waters. Drifting, drifting
(Shouldn't let go) I know but I swear
I heard the Jordanaires
All our love was made on sheets we'd left unmade
As street lamp-post light haze orange fell
When moments just take you, an instinct betrays you
I think I fell in love
Kindle, kindle. Beachcombers found no kindle, kindle
Pull against the tide and you pull against the gradient
Woven with era, we belong to the ages
All our plans were made on streets the winter paved
As streetlamp lucozade orange fell
When someone mistakes you, I fell for all the same old things
I think I fell in love
Here pin and needle rain fell and cut to the quick
I think I had enough
Shivering, shivering look what I've done to us
Kindle, rekindle
Drifting, drifting, beachcombers found us drifting