

## Drifter

### Christine and the Queens

You sent all your teeth to a jeweller  
And broke them whistlers  
They are asunder  
Some of them could say you lost your temper  
In the bloomed colours  
There could be an answer

Callin' Cee Cee Lee Cee Cee Lyles Cee Cee lie lie lie  
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Callin' Cee Cee Lee Cee Cee Lyles Cee Cee lie lie lie

You're a drifter!  
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A volcano died as you shily spoke  
Now follow its smoke  
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What lies ahead is an empty kingdom  
Where there can be no question  
There can be no love

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