

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

You're a drifter!
You're a drifter!
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A volcano died as you shily spoke
Now follow its smoke
Now follow its smoke

What lies ahead is an empty kingdom
Where there can be no question
There can be no love

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