

## Drifting

Harry Connick, Jr.

I see your eyes drifting, drifting  
I'm really not that naive  
You wear a smile but it's drifting, drifting  
While I wear my heart on my sleeve  
I feel your coldness against my skin  
I know what follows the autumn wind  
And though you say your heart isn't drifting, drifting  
The words simply don't ring true  
You're drifting and I'm losing you