

This is us on a western Atlantic coast:  
With no place to be, just taking in the sea  
Tonight with a constant buzz  
Staring at the ocean crashing  
On all the rocks below  
In this foreign home

This old story:  
When we're gone I feel I'd never miss anyone  
You lay in the grass along the edge

"Is this a dream?"  
You ask, and I don't say anything  
Because it may be a dream

And we come to this place  
Like two convicts that have escaped  
From the prison of everyday  
And for the moment we have our stay

You tomorrow comes like disease to us

From the cliff's edge, gulls fly below us  
Diving into the sea below us

And I'm not cold tonight beside you  
And we're not cold tonight

This old story:  
When we're gone I feel I'd never miss anyone  
This old story:  
Expatriate, you're coming home