

Drilling

Minus the Bear

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