

## The Drift

Running Wild

Pavement's all wet - there's fog in the streets  
Despite that, a weathered shield just appears  
Mysterious search is finally done now  
That mystical place you heard of for years

Foggy nights and outrageous stories  
Sailors yarn right all the way

Rascals and seamen and loose girls drop by  
The smokescreen is reaching its high  
Legends of raids - hidden treasures and fate  
At a sinister dive called "The Drift" - called "The Drift"

One Legged Sam knows what you've been through  
A journey of madness 'till the "The Drift" found you too

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Tobacco and pipes and the dark candle lights  
So outlaws are taking their hide  
Draught beer and rum and dark shanties are sung  
At a sinister dive called "The Drift" - called "The Drift"