

Drifting

Sixpence None The Richer

Drifting away from you
Spinning down to the pinpoint drop of isolation
In a spell
Walking away from the fire
That keeps my heart
From turning ice

Golden feet grace the surface of the sea
Sinking deeper I view them from underneath
Flailing, kicking as I head for the deep
I question a hypothetical lead supper
Oh God receive my outstretched hand

Will I inhale the blue
Spinning down upon the glass
A ghost towards realisation of a cell
Enclosing the hauntings of a past
That blind the eyes
And rust the heart

So I fell
I need you to take my hand
And keep my heart from ice...