

Drifting

Tyrone Wells

Out of time, out of place
I don't want you to see my face
Scarred and bruised
Tired and used
Sometimes when I think of you

Choking on memories
Wishing we were still at ease
I'm not running, I'm not hiding
I'm not trying to escape

I'm drifting away
Drifting away
Drifting away

You say these are changing times
You don't know what we will find
Maybe love, maybe death
I keep running out of breath

I'm drifting away
Drifting away
Drifting away

I cannot see the shore
I don't know where I am anymore
I am not leaving

I'm just drifting away
Drifting away
Drifting away
I'm only drifting (x3)
I'm only drifting away