

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
And 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.
This old story:
When we're gone I feel I'd never miss anyone
And you lay in the grass along the edge You know that tomorrow comes like disease, to us.
You know that tomorrow comes... From this cliff's edge
gulls fly below us,
diving into
the sea below us,
below us. And I'm not cold tonight beside you,
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.
This old story:
When we're gone I feel I'd never miss anyone
This old story:
Expatriate, you're coming home.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>