

# Drilling

## Edgeist

This is us on a western Atlantic coast  
With no place to be, just taking in the sea  
Tonight with a constant buzz, we're staring at the ocean crashing on  
All the rocks below cold in this foreign home  
When we're gone I'll feel I've never missed anyone  
You lay in the grass along the edge  
Is this a dream?", you ask and I don't say anything  
'Cause this 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'll have our stay  
When we're gone I'll feel I've never missed anyone  
You lay in the grass along the edge  
From this cliff's edge the 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  
When we're gone I'll feel I've never missed anyone  
This old story  
Expatriate, you're coming home  
When we're gone I'll feel I've never missed anyone  
This old story  
Expatriate, you're coming home  
You're coming home  
You're coming home  
You're coming home  
You're coming

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