

Continental Drift

OZMA

i'm bored, you're boarding the 504 out of town
it's late, so look straight, don't pull your eyes off the ground
you sit and wait across the gate, the minutes stretch themselves so long
you'll never be my destiny, because my destination's wrongright coast, left coast
drifting round and round
i'm lost, always, and i know i can't be foundwho made these customs i can't seem to get past?
it's no use, since you've been born into a higher class
when i want you, and only you, somehow your baggage comes along
and it never stops, no, it never stops, until i'm back where i belongright coast, wrong coast
drifting round and round
i'm lost, always, and i know i can't be foundyou can't see me across this great divide
i'm lost, always, if i'm not right by your sideback where i belong
back where i belong

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