

# Big Drift Away

## British Lions

(john fiddler) Thinkin' about my past, and I can't help myself  
Feelin' like an unwritten book sitting on the author's shelf  
Let the printer set the type, 'n even roll the press  
Writer, write your story and get me outta this mess! All of the prophecies written in the fortune stars  
Race through my mind in anarchy like railroads of colliding cars  
I live like a mirage, and I live like a dream  
Many people think that they know me, but they're only outside lookin' in 'n I've been travelling, travelling for  
so long  
I've been travelling, travelling for so long  
I've been travelling, travelling for so long  
I've been travelling, travelling for so long So you can't turn my pages or read between my lines  
Till the birds have fled their cages 'n there ain't no more gold to find  
Let the fiddler play until the break o' day  
Hand me that bottle boys and let me drift away Big drift away!!! I've been travelling, travelling for so long  
I've been travelling, travelling for so long  
I've been travelling, travelling for so long  
I've been travelling, travelling for so long  
I've been travelling, travelling for so long  
I've been travelling, travelling for so long  
I've been travelling, travelling for so long  
I've been travelling, travelling for so long Big drift away!!!

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