Drilling

Rearranged

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 homeThis old story
When we're gone I'll feel I've never missed anyone
You lay in the grass along the edgeIs 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 stayThis old story
When we're gone I'll feel I've never missed anyone
You lay in the grass along the edgeFrom 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 tonightThis old story
When we're gone I'll feel I've never missed anyone
This old story
Expatriate, you're coming homeThis old story
When we're gone I'll feel I've never missed anyone
This old story
Expatriate, you're coming homeYou're coming home
You're coming home
You're coming home
You're coming home
You're coming

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