

Drilling

Trus'me

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 This old story
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 This old story
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 This old story
When we're gone I'll feel I've never missed anyone
This old story
Expatriate, you're coming home This old story
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 home
You're coming

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