

Drilling (P.O.S. Redo)

Minus the Bear

this is us on a western atlantic coast
with no place to be
just taking in the seatonight with a constant buzz
we're staring at the ocean crashing on
all the rocks below
in this foreign homethis old story
when we're gone i feel i'll never miss anyone
and you lay on the grass along the edge"is this a dream,"
you ask and i don't say anything
because this may be a dreamand 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 feel i'll never miss anyone
and you lay on the grass along the edgelyou know that tomorrow comes like disease to usfrom this cliff's edge
the gulls fly below us
diving into the sea 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 feel i'll never miss anyone
this old story
expatriot, you're coming home

Songwriters

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