

# Driftwood

Cody Simpson

Hey Bruce,  
Untie my noose  
Open up a bottle of  
Whatever you choose  
You see the naked truth  
It's only truth sometimes  
'Coz if you're looking for lies  
That's what you gonna find

I gotta free my soul from the troubles of lately  
Follow my heart wherever it takes me  
Let it flow on by like a piece of driftwood

Just a piece of driftwood (yeah)  
A piece of driftwood

You win some, you lose some  
And some that you win, you really lose  
You get some, you give some  
You trade a little piece of your youth (oh)  
It's nothing makes me happier than singing the blues  
Set my big brown hat to my black pointed shoes  
(I'm thinking about it)

Like a piece of driftwood  
A piece of driftwood  
Ooh, like a piece of driftwood

Ain't no mind to these troubles on the telephone lines  
The sun still shines, we got board and grind  
It's time to start baking, got no time to decline  
The earth awakes you, yes, the simple pleasures of mine  
Yours if you want them, you got the day  
Find wealth in the living and you'll never be grave  
A piece is missing from your puzzle  
It's the piece that you need  
It's place of mind you gonna find meditate by the sea  
Be free with all trees in all the air that you breath (yeah)  
They can't take away your soul but they can take all your pride  
Slow ride, gonna sleep in the forest tonight

You gonna, you gonna sleep in the forest tonight  
Are you gonna sleep in the forest?  
'Coz

Ooh, la-like a piece of driftwood  
La-la-la-like a piece of driftwood (yeah, oh)

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