

# Drifting Away

## Fastball

Got nowhere to stay  
Got nowhere to go  
Got no one to blame  
For lettin' myself get so low  
It's right on the tip of my tongue  
What's the word I'm thinkin' of  
It's right in the middle of good and bad  
So how can it be love  
My brain is too soft  
My money's no good  
I tend to get lost just  
Walkin' in the neighborhood  
It's right on the tip of my tongue  
What's the word I'm thinkin' of  
Sometimes I feel like I'm drifting away  
And that's all I can say, it's nothing I can't control  
But in matters of the heart and soul  
I must admit that I just don't know  
I don't know what to say  
I don't know what to do  
I don't know what possessed me  
To get together with a girl like you  
You're right on the tip of my tongue  
Are you the girl, I'm thinkin' of  
Right in the middle of hate and love  
An iron fist in a velvet glove  
Sometimes I feel like I'm drifting away  
And that's all I can say, it's nothing I can't control  
But in matters of the heart and soul  
Sometimes I feel like I'm drifting away  
That's all I can say, gotta step back  
And give each other room to grow  
Listen to your heart, it'll tell you where to go  
I must admit that I just don't know  
Admit that I just don't know  
Sometimes I feel like I'm drifting away  
And that's all I can say, it's nothing I can't control  
But in matters of the heart and soul  
Sometimes I feel like I'm drifting away

That's all I can say, gotta step back  
And give each other room to grow  
Listen to your heart, it'll tell you where to go  
I must admit that I just don't know  
Admit that I just don't know  
Admit that I just don't know

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