Continental Drift

Ozma

i'm bored, you're boarding the 504 out of town
it's late, so look straight, don't pull your eyes off the ground
you sit and wait across the gate, the minutes stretch themselves so long
you'll never be my destiny, because my destination's wrong
right coast, left coast
drifting round and round
i'm lost, always, and i know i can't be found
who made these customs i can't seem to get past?
it's no use, since you've been born into a higher class
when i want you, and only you, somehow your baggage comes along

and it never stops, no, it never stops, until i'm back where i belong
right coast, wrong coast
drifting round and round
i'm lost, always, and i know i can't be found
you can't see me across this great divide
i'm lost, always, if i'm not right by your side
back where i belong
back where i belong

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