

Drifting

Harry Connick, Jr.

I see your eyes drifting, drifting
I'm really not that naive
You wear a smile but it's drifting, drifting
While I wear my heart on my sleeve
I feel your coldness against my skin
I know what follows the autumn wind
And though you say your heart isn't drifting, drifting
The words simply don't ring true
You're drifting and I'm losing you

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