

# Drifting

## Sixpence None The Richer

Drifting away from You  
Pinning down to the pinpoint drop of isolation  
In a spell, walking away from the fire  
That keeps my heart from turning to ice  
Golden feet grace the surface of the sea  
Sinking deeper I view them from underneath  
Flailing, kicking as I head for the deep  
I question a hypothetical lead supper  
Oh, God receive my outstretched hand  
Will, I inhale the blue  
Spinning down upon the glass, a ghost towards realization  
Of a cell enclosing the hauntings of a past  
That blind the eyes and rust the heart  
Golden feet grace the surface of the sea  
Sinking deeper I view them from underneath  
Flailing, kicking as I head for the deep  
I question a hypothetical lead supper  
Oh God receive my outstretched hand  
So I fell, I need You to take my hand  
And keep my heart from ice  
Golden feet grace the surface of the sea  
Sinking deeper I view them from underneath  
Golden feet grace the surface of the sea  
Sinking deeper I view them from underneath  
Flailing, kicking as I head for the deep

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