

## Doves

### "The Drifter"

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The last time that I saw you, you were walking out the door  
Taking the stairs three at a time, you were laughing as you walked  
But now you're not so civilized, you steal your daily bread  
But I have to hand it to you, you were always a step ahead

Whoa, what are they gonna say?  
Whoa, they won't let any of us anywhere near

Hustling and thieving, just to get ahead  
You would calculate your next move with no thought for no-one else  
It's hard not to imagine, if you once had a friend  
The two of you ain't talkin', because one of you is dead

No, "he's a bad kid," they screamed  
Whoa, "he won't make it out of this change"  
Hey, was it I was waiting with you?  
Yeah, was it I was waiting with you?

Tried your best to please them, but just seemed in the way  
You were left to your own devices, no guidance or restraints  
The ones who throws the stones forget complacency is stained  
But the one who's hit remembers, 'til the end of their days

No, "he's a bad kid," they screamed  
Whoa, "he won't make it out of this change"

The assassins in white coats, will glue your eyelids closed again  
And the assassins all should know,  
and they should hang their heads in shame

What're you gonna do about it?

What're-what're-what're-what're you gonna do about it?

Was it I was waiting with you?

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