

Fastball

"Drifting Away"

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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

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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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