

A-Camp "Driftwood"

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OH COME PITY ME, A POOR MAD SAILOR
STRANDED ON THIS LOVE
HERE I LIE LIKE DRIFTWOOD, HONEY
IS THIS WHAT I?VE BECOME

I GO HIGH OVER, DOWN UNDER
AT A LADY?S WILL, UNDER YOU

AT A LADY?S WILL
I?M DRIFTING STILL
I?M DRIFTING STILL

SO I ASK IN FADING INNOCENCE
AND ALL MY YOUTHFUL RAGE
WILL YOUR HANDS STILL TOUCH ME
WHEN MY FACE HAS FALLEN IN WITH AGE

I GO HIGH OVER, DOWN UNDER
AT A LADY?S WILL, UNDER YOU

HIGH OVER, DOWN UNDER
AT A LADY?S WILL, UNDER YOU

AT A LADY?S WILL
I?M DRIFTING STILL
I?M DRIFTING STILL

HIGH OVER, DOWN UNDER
AT A LADY?S WILL
HIGH OVER, DOWN UNDER
AT A LADY?S WILL

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