

Minus "Drilling"

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This is a sauna, Western Atlantic coast
With no place to be, just takin' to the sea
Tonight with a constant buzz
Staring at the ocean crashing on
All the rocks below in this foreign home

(CHORUS):

This soft story
When we're gone, I feel I'll never miss anyone
And you lay in the grass along the edge

Is this a dream
You ask and I don't say anything
'Cause this may be a dream
And we come to this place
Like two convicts that have escaped
From the prison of every day
And for the moment we'll have our say

(CHORUS)

You know that tomorrow comes like disease to us
You know that tomorrow comes

From this cliff's edge
The gulls fly below us
Diving into the sea below us
And I'm not cold tonight
Beside you, beside you
And we're not cold tonight

This soft story
When we're gone, I feel I'll never miss anyone
This soft story
Ex-patriot, you're comin' home

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