

## **Sixpence None The Richer "Drifting"**

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Drifting away from you  
Spinning down to the pinpoint drop of isolation  
In a spell  
Walking away from the fire  
That keeps my heart  
From turning 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 realisation of a cell  
Enclosing the hauntings of a past  
That blind the eyes  
And rust the heart

So I fell  
I need you to take my hand  
And keep my heart from ice...

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