

DRIFTING THROUGH PLACES

some people are at home, wherever they may land (Em, C)
it is a quality, i wish i could understand (D, Am, Em)
these folks who are at ease, with familiar faces
i'm only at peace, when i'm drifting through places

i drift through places, i must, you see
well i hope, and i pray, you'll remember me

i don't want anyone, to get too near
i'll laugh with you, over a mug of beer
but by the morning's light, i'm usually hard to find
alone in my car, i can finally unwind

i envy those, who have found their homes, who unlike me
have no need to roam, and while there is some irony
because at times they envy me
i'm never at rest, inside my skin
i don't drift through places
because i can