

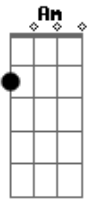
Rebecca Sugar - Drift Away

tom:
Am

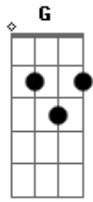
Here in the garden, let's play a game. I'll show you how it's done.
 Here in the garden, stand very still. This'll be so much fun!
 And then she smiled! That's what I'm after! The smile in her eyes, the sound of her laughter.
 Happy to listen, happy to play, happily watching her drift away.
 Happily waiting, all on my own, under the endless sky.
 Counting the seconds, standing alone, as thousands of years go by.
 Happily wond'ring, night after night: ?Is this how it works? I doing it right??

Happy to listen, happy to stay, happily watching her drift away.
 You keep on turning pages, for people who don't care, people who don't care, about you.
 And, still, it takes you ages to see that no one's there, see that no one's there,
 see that no one's there, everyone's gone on without you.
 Finally something. Finally news about how the story ends.
 She doesn't exist now, survived by her son and all of her brand new friends.
 Isn't that lovely? And isn't that cool? And isn't that cruel? And aren't I a fool to have
 Happily waited, happy to stay, happily watching her drift, dri-ift, dri-ift away.

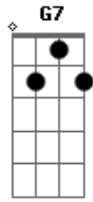
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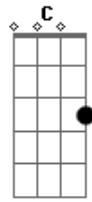
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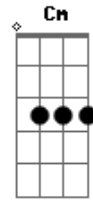
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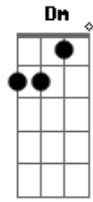
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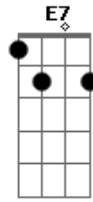
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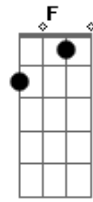
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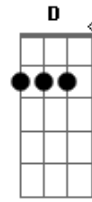
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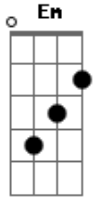
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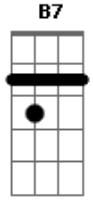
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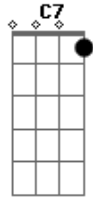
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