

# Continents Drift

Bruce Hornsby

We were new to love when we were young  
Lying in our arms, gravity unwinding  
Not knowing we were too young to love  
And the years passed by in our entwining

And the eastern coast met the western shore  
And the masses of land fit just like a glove  
And the dawn that came up, moved us to explore  
The borders that outlined our love

Continents drift  
Across a moonlit ocean  
Continents divide  
In a glacial measured motion

Continents drift  
As foothills move our mountains  
Our fault lines are accounted  
As our continents divide

We're old hands at love, no longer young  
Lying here alone, invisibly unwinding  
Believing we needed to be young to love  
And the years pass by in our unbinding

And the world presses in and our shorelines change  
And the cycle of tides moves us in the darkness  
Now the light that comes up on your distant range  
From the east casts a shadow between us

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Continents divide  
In glacial measured motion

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