

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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