

Drifting

Maverick Sabre

And we're sitting in the car with the cops in the rear
And I'm thinking will they drag me
And we're pushing on the high got the bud in the BM
When we turn around we're drifting now

And I'm sitting at a bar and the bouncer appears
And I'm thinking that he's looking
Got a bottle in my bag no ID in my jeans
But he just asks me how I'm doing

We turn around and now we're drifting
We turn around and now we're drifting
We turn around and now we're drifting

In the city in the dark in the park in the fear
And I'm wishing for another
But there something in sky, feel the sun, can you see it
I don't know why I'm undercover

And I'm looking down the road smoking tunes through the speaker
s
I think my neighbors have been listening
Ain't no banging on the door or complaints through the screams
I think that they just left me sippin'

We turn around and now we're drifting
We turn around and now we're drifting
We turn around and now we're drifting