

Ocean Colour Scene, North Atlantic Drift

Meanwhile Rome burns
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Its a cultural shift its the North Atlantic Drift
Americana and a rule Britannia
And the moon yes we own that to
And where the Euphrates meets the other rivers
Is now the home of the devil and the liar
And the pyre we plan to make
Is just the drift leaving its wake, home

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And the films you want to watch
And the films you want to make
And the kids like lost angels
Dressed in black sensations
And the shift won't shake
And the drift won't brake
With billions of Diamonds growing like olives
And the drift holds the coffers

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