

Buffalo River Home

John Hiatt

I've been taking off and landing but this airport's closed
And how much thicker this fog is gonna get, well, God only knows
Just when you think that you've got a grip
Reality sneaks off, it gives you the slip
As if you ever knew what it was taking you down the line
Tearing through the cotton fields and bus shelters
Of the south, running helter skelter
Down through the Mississippi Delta
With no place to call your own
Mixing up drinks with mixed feelings
All along the paint was peeling
Down to an Indian blanket on a pony
With no rider in the flesh and bone
Looking for his buffalo river home
I've been circling the wagons down at Times Square
Trying to fill up this hole in my soul but nothing fits there
Just when you think you can let it rip
You're pounding the pavement in your daddy's wingtips
As if you had some place else to go or a better way to get there
Tearing through the cotton fields and bus shelters
Of the south, running helter skelter
Down through the Mississippi Delta
With no place to call your own
Mixing up drinks with mixed feelings
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Down to an Indian blanket on a pony
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Now, there's only two things in life but I forget what they are
It seems we're either hanging on a moonbeam's coat tails
Or wishing on stars
Just when you think that you've been gypped
The bearded lady comes and does a double back flip
You run off and join the circus, ya, you just let that pony ride
Tearing through the cotton fields and bus shelters
Of the south, running helter skelter
Down through the Mississippi Delta
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Mixing up drinks with mixed feelings
All along the paint was peeling
Down to an Indian blanket on a pony
With no rider in the flesh and bone
Looking for his buffalo river home
Let that pony ride
Looking for his buffalo river home
Let that pony ride
Let that pony ride

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