

Buffalo

Carver

The summer months left me alone
But the fall rolled in on the back of a storm
 In the night, you and I drove
Have you ever seen lightning and snow?
 All these weeks without a note
It's like a ticking clock every time that you phone
 I've run aground, truth be told
And when it comes to me, I'll let you know
 Don't be like that
 Just my luck an Irish rose
In a drinking hole, I'd played a thousand one shows
 What you need is to just go home
And when it comes to you don't leave it alone
 Don't be like that
 Up ahead the roads were closed
And the Genny's ran most of Buffalo
 The customs man at border control
Said yes, you can go but you won't make it home
 Don't be like that

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