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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