

# 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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