

# Porchlight

## Buffalo Tom

Hey when the need becomes too strong or long, drawn out for me to take  
Like a cigarette burn to the fleshy turbines of my heart  
That faded afternoon floats breezily into my memory  
Cool shafts of light appear and I'm left here

Standing naked on my ownYour voice is small on my voice mail system, a million miles away  
But if I turned it off I would not hear the little things you say  
The world must chill and like a king I ring up old acquaintances  
It's like the man says, "I ain't here on business  
It's all work anyway"On any other day  
They say the light has got no equal

On any other dayThe date's irrelevant but she was drunk in the heat of the June night  
The faces in the windows shout rang out into dawn's early light  
The flailing arms and scrambling eggs I fled on my two shambling legs  
"I gotta go", I said, they both looked dead, on any other dayOn any other day  
They say the light has got no equal  
On any other day  
On any other day  
They say the light has got no equal

On any other dayThe fire blazed away, the kitchen porch was all that remained  
And I'm out here alone, beat up and pissed until this very day  
That old hotel rang back in fuzzy time and I was ravaged to the bone  
Your voice got smaller 'til I realized that it was goneOn any other day  
They'd say the light has got no equal  
On any other day  
On any other day  
I swear the light has got no equal  
On any other dayI realize, I realize  
It was gone

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