

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 own Your 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 day The 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 day On 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 day The 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 gone On 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 day I realize, I realize
It was gone

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