

Racine

Buffalo Tom

Racine took a trip to Long Island
She got so tired of Times Square
Sometimes she'd look at herself in the mirror
 Sometimes she wouldn't even dare
Racine always dreamed of Long Island
 Things always seemed so clean there
 She took a train out of Penn Station
 Blonde wig covered her day hair
 But as she saw her reflection in the black windowed train
 Sweat poured out and washed her makeup off like wet paint in the rain
 Racine Racine Racine Racine
 Racine sat in a bar on Long Island
 Not knowing anybody there
 Some boys like to have a good time
 Beat her in a parking lot and left her there
 But as Racine stood up in front of the great wall
 The K-Mart lights bled like her heart abandoned as that mall
 Racine Racine Racine Racine

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