White Paint Morning

Buffalo Tom

Pa, parara, papa, pararara
Pa, parara, papa, pararara
Papa, parara, papa, pararaSixty eight at twenty one
The girl has risen with the sun
It's a white paint mornin' now
That the fog is goneIt's a bright, dumb founded dawn
(Hey)
She lays down out on the lawn
And the new day wakes
And turns to confront the clockAnd down, the little town
All squared away
Don't it make you want to cry all day?
And gone, washed by the wind
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
Crushed by the clouds
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
It's where the land end and the day begins"Is this normal?" She asks allowed
As she sifted through the crowd
Through her tears
And her strong morning perfumeIt seems that life's just not correct
(Hey)
From the observation deck
And she sits frozen in her bus seat
All the wayAnd down, the little town
All locked away
Don't it make you want to cry all day?
And gone, washed by the wind
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
Crushed by the clouds
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
It's where the land end and the day begins
OohStatues and flowers
The crest fallen leaves
(Hey)
The minutes and hours yea
As ours gently leavesAnd down, the little town
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)

(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
All squared away
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
Don't it make you want to cry all day?
And gone, washed by the wind
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
Crushed by the clouds
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
It's where the land end and the day beginsAnd down, the little town
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
All squared away
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
Don't it make you want to cry all day?
And gone, yea gone
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
Yea, yea, yea gone
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
(Pa, parara, papa, pararara)
Don't it make you, cry, cry, cry all day
Ooh

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