

Sweet Hereafter

The White Buffalo

Oh, when I left my mamas home
Left her for dead when I left her all alone
The whores they won't let me be at night
They can't replace the warmth I need tonight
Because I'm cold, cold as hell
The lord, He don't wait for me at night
He knows what I've done is wrong and it ain't right
The devil await me with open arms
And he sways me with his wiles and with his charms
I'm holding on when there's nothing left to hold onto
Hold on to the sweet hereafter
The fountain from where I
drank from as a child
When I was young I was bored and I was wild
Since then I have grown into a man
And I know that I can always stand
But I'm wrong, I'm still a child
Hold on to the sweet hereafter
Hold on to the sweet hereafter

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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