The Buffalos

Spectorbullets

Dropped the postcard to your mother
Dropped the world out of your hands
Such a pitiful Icarus playing hang the man in the sand

See, the deserts are quite different around here
It ain?t no wind that makes you frail
There?s laws to show you your heart is a mute
sirens make damn sure you don?t wail

But the sky is the colour of an ice lolly I?d love to try
And you, who the traffic cops steered into hell tonight
If you take a break from your business in the parking lot
We can compare the longing in our eyes all night

And I will see those Buffalos
I made a home out of distance and dreams
I will see that guiding light
Even if it makes me blind
I will see those Buffalos
Who are the pigs that told you anything else, huh?

It ain?t lack of aviation
That keeps you nailed to the streets
And it ain?t lack of something liquid in you
Check those levels in your eyes

I see dad in a smoke ring and scan the place
Our parting words are here but void of other memories
But as the saying goes
Memories come and go
Yes I?m broke, but I don?t need cheap sentimentality

Cause I will see those Buffalos
Can?t they see me coming round?

You see, all that I was wishing for came true
Came round, knocked on my door, while I was out looking for you
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Lyrics submitted by Spectorbullets.

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