

Sodajerker (acoustic)

Buffalo Tom

Watch an eyeball
Take a free fall
At the mention of a name
In its socket
And like a rocket
Rises just the same But could my eyelids
Cover what I did
The shuttin of the door
And could these ceilings
Contain my feelings
Me down on the floor Jerked my fountain
Ice cream mountains
I suppose I'm just too late
Form a line here
I think I'll die here
These people naseate me But if my patience
Were a spaceship
High up in orbit
Then I would rise here
Hypnotized here
Risen from where I sit A solid angle
My legs do dangle
Off the counter's edge
Soft words spoken
Promises broken
Close my eyes instead But could my eyelids
Cover what I did
The shuttin of the door
And could these ceilings
Contain my feelings
Me down on the floor
Me down on the floor
Me down on the floor
Me down on the floor

Songwriters

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