

# It's You

## Buffalo Tom

There's no time, a few hours to sleep  
Just drive till tomorrow  
Here I go, my drunk tank's on 'Empty'  
I've run low on sorrow One last demon drop is  
All that's left from our last trip  
And that is the taste of you, of you Auld lang syne you're drunk all the time  
Sing happy new year  
Here's my crime, dried up twists of lime  
Is all we have left here If I've had just one thing that  
Could tranquilize my mind  
It's all in a drink of you, of you  
Oh, oh, little one it's you, it's you Are you Joan of Arc or Marie Antoinette?  
Did you come here to remember or to forget?  
As silly as it seems, it only happens when I dream  
All at one time of you, of you  
You Truth is in your teeth  
Because your smile's beyond belief  
And all that is true of you, of you  
Oh, oh, little one it's you, it's you  
You, you, oh

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