

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 sorrowOne last demon drop is
All that's left from our last trip
And that is the taste of you, of youAuld 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 hereIf 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 youAre 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
YouTruth 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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>