

# Here I Come

## Buffalo Tom

Here I come  
I dive right in  
Here I comeThe children born into the  
Fleeting world with you, lose their view  
The child born at dawn,  
By evening has moved on, grey and gone  
And here they comeHere I comeThere are people living lives  
Out of the light,  
(Out of the spotlight)  
There are babies being born  
To people you don't know  
(But here they come)Here I comeThere are bus rides through the air  
You're blinded by the glare  
It's all there  
The smile awaits your stare

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