

# Michigan

## Buffalo Son

The clouds move over Pontiac skies  
Their silent thunder matches mine  
I know this feeling from long ago

I wondered was it gone, but now I know  
So when she calls, don't send her my way  
When it hurts, you'll know it's the right thing  
Michigan's in the rear-view now

Keep your hands where I could see 'em  
It took the words right out my mouth  
When you knew that I would need 'em  
What am I supposed to do now,  
Without you

Without you  
It's unannounced like you'd expect it  
I'm on broke down brake lines and mo-town records

And all that's left is a blind reflection

But you know what's coming and you regret it  
So when she calls, don't send her my way  
When it hurts most it's the right thing  
Michigan's in the rear-view now

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It took the words right out my mouth  
When you knew that I would need 'em  
What am I supposed to do now,  
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