

Chris Bathgate "Buffalo Girl"

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You saw the sank in a fiery fault
'Tween your nose and the wind on the bridge that night
Oh it's a cold one
Quiet
Waiting for starlight

A fog rolled in and choked my eyes
And you and every other thing in sight
Was a pleasant
Convent
To find

So Buffalo Girl, put on your dress,
I know how you hate to see my like this

In the tail pop tale of an evening past
Where the headlights fell
And the shadows cast
In the kind of
Crash
That never lasts

In the silence left from nothing told

There's four eyes fixed on the gravel road
And tender sorrow
And
Lots to go

So Buffalo Girl, put on your dress
I know how you hate to see my like this

Well the one thing was
That nothing said
These two hearts howling like they're going mad
And I know
I can't
Handle that

'Cause I'm a fumblin' fake and a fuckin' fool
And that's why I can't fall in love with you
And why to

And fro
Are all I do

So Buffalo Girl, put on your dress
I know how you hate to see my like this

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