

Elbow

"Buffalo Ghosts"

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Deadlines pass, year on year.
Whisper grass, falling tears.
Whisper grass, wish you were here.

Your tall tales still resound,
Your tall tales found you out.
Your tall tales won't lie down,
In case you were thinking they were stained.

Buffalo Ghosts, hurtle slow on blue.
The journey makes me taller,
The journey brings me you.
Buffalo Ghosts, hurtle slow on blue.
The journey makes me taller,
The journey brings me you.

(Great big sky down to the ground,
Great big sky down to the ground)
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