

Buffalo Springfield

"It's You"

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There's no time - a few hours to sleep
Just drive 'til tomorrow
Here I go - my drunk tank's on empty
I've run low on sorrow
One last demon drop is all that's left from our last trip
And that is the taste of you, of you
Auld 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 here
But if I've had just one thing that
Could tranquilize my mind - it's all in a drink
Of you, of you
Oh little one it's you, it's you
Are you Jean 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
The truth is in your teeth
Because your smile's beyond belief
And all that is true of you, of you

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