

## Buffalo Springfield

### "White Paint Morning"

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Sixty-eight at twenty-one  
The girl has risen with the sun  
It's a white paint morning now that the fog is gone

It's a bright, dumbfounded dawn  
She lays down out on the lawn  
And the new day wakes and turns to confront the clock

And down, the little town  
All squared away  
Don't it make you want to cry all day?  
And gone, washed by the wind  
Crushed by the clouds  
It's where the land end and the day begins

"Is this normal?" she asks allowed  
As she sifted through the crowd  
Through her tears and her strong morning perfume

It seems that life's just not correct  
From the observation deck  
And she sits frozen in her bus seat all the way

And down, the little town  
All squared away  
Don't it make you want to cry all day?  
And gone, washed by the wind  
Crushed by the clouds  
It's where the land end and the day begins

Statues and flowers  
The crestfallen leaves  
The minutes and hours  
As ours gently leaves

And down, the little town  
All squared away  
Don't it make you want to cry all day?  
And gone, washed by the wind  
Crushed by the clouds  
It's where the land end and the day begins

And down, the little town  
All squared away  
Don't it make you want to cry all day?  
And gone, yeah gone  
Yeah, yeah, yeah gone  
Don't it make you wanna cry, cry, cry all day

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