

Buffalo Tom "It's You"

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There's no time, a few hours to sleep
Just drive till 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

If I've had just one thing that
Could tranquilize my mind
It's all in a drink of you, of you
Oh, oh, little one it's you, it's you

Are you Joan 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
You

Truth is in your teeth
Because your smile's beyond belief
And all that is true of you, of you
Oh, oh, little one it's you, it's you
You, you, oh

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