

# James Taylor

## "Baby Buffalo"

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Are you there?  
Can you hear me?  
Somewhere near me  
In the morning long ago  
Had to hold you so close  
Had to never let go  
Time on the river  
Sliding on by  
Hard to believe  
Wink of an eye

Where'd you go baby buffalo?  
What's become of old cotton eyed joe?  
Hold up, lying low  
Long gone come a summertime snow

Talk to your doctor  
Making her rounds  
Ninety-six tear  
One thousand clowns  
There they are  
Shining bright  
True creation

Pure delight  
They go on  
So do you  
On and on  
Maybe me too

Long ago baby buffalo  
What's become of old cotton eyed joe?  
Hole up, lying low  
Long gone come a summertime snow

Hold on to now  
Till you have to let go  
Easy through your fingers  
Ever so  
I'm just guessing  
I don't know  
Maybe it's a blessing

I sure hope so

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