

Kathleen Edwards "Buffalo"

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The summer months left me alone
But the fall rolled in on the back of a storm
In the night you and I drove
Have you ever seen lightning and snow?

All these weeks without a note
It's like a ticking clock
Every time that you phone
I've run aground truth be told
And when it comes to me
I'll let you know

Don't be like that

Just my luck an Irish rose

In a drinking hole
I'd played a thousand one shows
What you need is to just go home
And when it comes to you
Don't leave it alone

Don't be like that

Up ahead the roads were closed
And the Gennys ran most of Buffalo
The customs man at border control
Said yes you can go
But you won't make it home

Don't be like that

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