

Phantom Buffalo "Wilamena"

Visit "[Wilamena](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Wilamena

You are a bug crawling on my knee
It's not a metaphor
I mean it quite literally
In your black and shiny shell,
I see my portrait like reflections in the wishing well
When your wings flap, it splits in two
I think about the difference between me and you

I think of them all
You're so very small
Can we still be friends?

Wilamena
Can you look into my eyes at all?
I bet you can't see me
I'm afraid that I'm much too tall
My face could be a planet, oh,
But I'm not made of granite,
Or any other stone
Oh, I'm just made of flesh and bone

But you are so small
If I was that small
Do you think we'd be friends?

Wilamena
Your eyes are so small
They're too small to see, Wilamena
Can you see me at all?
They're too small to see, Wilamena
Your eyes are so small
They're too small to see, Wilamena
Your eyes are so small

If I was that small
We'd talk about the craziest things in the world
The world
If I was that small
We'd talk about the craziest things in the world
The world
If I was that small

We'd talk about the craziest things in the world
The world
Like and besides your letter to Milton was
Two days late
Like and besides your letter to Milton was
Two days late,
So he betrayed and killed his brother and buried him
In an old ash tray
The guilty one was a lonely, misguided "luma" [?]

With nothing better to do
With nothing better to do
With nothing better to do
With nothing better to do
With nothing better to do

Visit [Phantom Buffalo](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.