

## Tom Buffalo "It's You"

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There's no time - a few hours to sleep  
Just drive 'til 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  
But if I've had just one thing that  
Could tranquilize my mind - it's all in a drink  
Of you, of you  
Oh little one it's you, it's you  
Are you Jean 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  
The truth is in your teeth  
Because your smile's beyond belief  
And all that is true of you, of you  
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