

Tom Buffalo "Late At Night"

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I close my door at night,
But they get in all right,
And she turns on the light.
I held her hands so tight,
'Cause words don't come out right,
And she sees things at night.
Me, I'm closer to the door,
I don't get scared no more,
But I don't know the score.
If I could hold them in my hand,
I'd make them understand.
I'm not a haunted mind,
I'm not a thoughtless kind.
If I could put them in a jar,
I know they wouldn't scar,
I'd do it if I could,
I hope you know I would.
I close my door at night,
But she gets in all right
So I turn on the light.
I held her hand too tight,
Too hard to make it right,
So I could sleep at night.
If I could hold them in my hand,
I'd make them understand.
I'm not a haunted mind,
I'm not a thoughtless kind.
If I could put them in a jar,
I know they wouldn't scar,
I'd do it if I could,
I hope you know I would.
I'd do it if I could,
I hope you know I would.
I'd do it if I could,
I hope you know I would.
I'd do it if I could,
I hope you know I would.
I'd do it if I could,
I hope you know I would.
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