

## Tom Buffalo "Torch Singer"

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These things crawl across my floor  
I can't use them anymore  
There's a heaven in her band  
Alleluias in my hand  
All my patience love's inside  
She just climbed the stage and died  
Lights that rose and fell again  
Songs that thinned out near the end  
Oh, her voice trailed off in the end  
Though your miles are more than mine  
The things I've taken in a bind  
It's for certain it's for sure  
I've no use for them no more  
Making room within one's self  
For another's songs to help  
And it all comes back to me  
As I walk hungover down the street  
Oh, and it all comes back to me  
And it all comes back to me  
And it all comes back to me  
And it all comes back to me  
As I walk hungover down the street  
She's a mother in disguise  
I look different in her skies  
But it's morning so I say  
It's a big red letter day  
Her skin's like whitewash like skim milk  
Her words sing softly just like silk  
There are some things I've got to say  
She won't understand anyway  
There are miles between our hearts  
There's salvation in false starts  
I'm forsaken in the end  
I'm forsaken in the end  
I'm forsaken in the end  
I'm forsaken in the end

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