

Buffalo by James Taylor

"Baby Buffalo"

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(James Taylor)

Are you there?
Can you hear me?
Somewhere near me
In the morning long ago
Had to hold you so close
Had to never let go
Time on the river
Sliding on by
Hard to believe
Wink of an eye

Where'd you go Baby Buffalo?
What's become of old Cotton Eyed Joe?
Hold up, lying low
Long gone come a summertime snow

Talk to your doctor
Making her rounds
Ninety-six tear
One thousand clowns
There they are
Shining bright
True creation
Pure delight
They go on
So do you
On and on
Maybe me too

Long ago Baby Buffalo
What's become of old Cotton Eyed Joe?
Hole up, lying low
Long gone come a summertime snow

Hold on to now
Till you have to let go
Easy through your fingers
Ever so
I'm just guessing

I don't know
Maybe it's a blessing
I sure hope so

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