

# Buffalo Tom, Flushing Stars

When she combs her hair she flushes stars down her back  
Tiny avalanches crumbling, gliding, falling down  
And she's calling us, calling our cause  
They're all waiting for her to come down from her stars  
When her problems come they come and go like winter time  
And I'm pacing with her fitting in just like a rhyme  
And she's calling us, calling our cause  
They're all waiting for her to come down from her star  
But I can't wait forever, I've no time  
But I can't wait forever, I've no time  
When the sidewalk opens it lets you into better things  
She learned that long ago opponents lash with wicked things  
And she's calling us, calling all cars  
They're all waiting for her to come down from her stars  
But I can't wait forever, I've no time  
But I can't wait forever, I've no time  
But I can't wait forever, I've no time  
But I can't wait forever, I've no time  
No!