

Buffalo Tom, Porchlight

Hey when the need becomes too strong or long
And drawn out for me to take
Like a cigarette burn to the fleshy turbines of my heart
That faded afternoon floats breezily into my memory
Cool shafts of light appear and I'm left here
Standing naked on my own
Your voice is small on my voice mail system
A million miles away
But if I turned it off
I would not hear the little things you say
"The world must chill"
And like a king I ring up old acquaintances
It's like the man says "I ain't here on business"
It's all work anyway
On any other day
They say the light has got no equal
On any other day
The date's irrelevant but she was drunk
In the heat of the June night
The faces in the windows - shouts rang out
Into dawn's early light
The flailing arms and scrambling eggs I fled
On my two shambling legs
"I gotta go" I said - they both looked dead
On any other day
On any other day
They say the light has got no equal
On any other day
On any other day
On any other day
They say the light has got no equal
On any other day
The fire blazed away
The kitchen porch was all that remained
And I'm out here alone - beat up and pissed
Until this very day
That old hotel rang back in fuzzy time
And I was ravaged to the bone
Your voice got smaller 'til I realized
It was gone
On any other day
They'd say the light has got no equal
On any other day
On any other day
I swear the light has got no equal
On any other day
I realize
I realize
It was gone