

# Buffalo Tom, Register Side

Well, I compare you two  
You've got the same toothy grin  
And a penchant for dramatic ends  
See the harbor lights  
His five brothers down there  
From the salty bay back home again

He went from one ball and chain  
His whole life down the drain  
With a widow in his wake  
When he got back home  
He took the first job he found  
How much can one man take?

And he measured his breath  
As he pocketed his pride  
And he quietly watched life go by  
From the register side

Well, he drove down to the shore  
But he can't see her no more  
He bought a bottle of red wine  
He wasn't guilty then  
And he's not guilty now  
Of killing anything but time

And he measured his breath  
As he pocketed his pride  
And he quietly watched life go by  
From the register side

Yeah you can waste your whole life  
From the register side

It's about the in between and all the grief that you get  
It's about the in between and you're not dead yet  
It's about the in between and you can lie to yourself  
It's about the in between

It's about the in between and all the grief that you get  
It's about the in between and you're not dead yet  
It's about the in between and you can lie to yourself  
It's about the in between

And he measured his breath  
As he pocketed his pride  
And he quietly watched life go by  
From the register side

And he quietly watched life go by  
From the register side

And he quietly watched his life