

# Buffalo Tom, Soda Jerk

Watch an eyeball  
Take a free fall  
At the mention of a name  
In its socket  
And like a rocket  
Rises just the same

Could my eyelids  
(could my eye)  
Cover what I did  
The shuttin of the door  
And could these ceilings  
Contain my feelings  
Me down on the floor

Jerked my fountain  
Ice cream mountains  
I suppose I'm just too late  
Form a line here  
Think I'll die here  
These people nauseate me

But if my patience  
Were a spaceship  
High up in orbit  
I would rise here  
Hypnotized here  
Risen from where I sit

A solid angle  
My legs do dangle  
Off the counter's edge  
Soft words spoken  
Promises broken  
I Close my eyes instead

But could my eyelids  
Cover what I did  
The shuttin' of the door  
Could these ceilings  
Contain my feelings  
Me down on the floor  
Me down on the floor  
Me down on the floor  
Me down on the floor