

# Buffalo Tom, Suppose

I suppose you've lost your patience  
I'm just too gone to call  
Squint my eyes forget the reason  
But now it don't look so bad at all

Suppose you left home in the morning  
And travelled on a train all day  
Passing nighttime by a greenhouse  
You'd still be a long way

Suppose  
Suppose you're too far gone  
Suppose  
Suppose

Looking out from in the basement  
I watched her walking by outside  
She's the bastard child of reason  
I lost my breath along the ride

Suppose  
Suppose you're basement bound  
Suppose  
Suppose

I love the world and all it's problems  
The pipes run from north to south  
Lots of small and dusty reasons  
Rehearse my part and venture out

Suppose  
Suppose you can't care less  
Suppose  
Suppose  
Suppose  
Suppose  
Suppose