

# Buffalo Tom, Walking Wounded

The evening light still pale  
I went out to the mail  
My movements like a snail

Apologies from a friend  
I'm spread out so thin  
It's time to start again

Greetings from the walking wounded  
Did you just see what the moon did?  
Maybe my eyes were playing tricks on me  
Went away but I'm not forgetting  
Far enough from Armageddon  
Maybe, maybe only I can see

So what are you dying for?  
The place ain't there no more  
It's been gutted to the core

So take your tragedies  
And send them off to me  
With your apologies

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Did you just see what the moon did?  
Maybe my eyes were playing tricks on me  
Went away but I'm not forgetting  
Far enough from Armageddon  
Maybe, maybe only I can see

Maybe its something only I can see  
Maybe only I can see  
Maybe its something only I can see  
Maybe only I can see

Greetings from the walking wounded  
Did you just see what the moon did?  
Maybe my eyes were playing tricks on me  
Went away but I'm not forgetting  
Far enough from Armageddon  
Maybe, maybe only I can see

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Maybe only I can see, only I can see  
Maybe only I can see, only I can see