

James Taylor, Baby Buffalo

Are you there? Can you hear me? Somewhere near me?
In the morning, long ago, had to hold you so close, had to never let go.
Time on the river sliding on by. Hard to believe, wink of an eye.

Where'd you go, Baby Buffalo? What's become of old Cotton Eyed Joe?
Hold up, lying low, long gone come-a summertime snow.

Talk to your doctor, making her rounds. Ninety-six tears, one thousand clowns.
There they are, shining bright. True creation, pure delight.
They go on, so do you. On and on, maybe me too.

Long ago Baby Buffalo, what's become of old Cotton Eyed Joe?
Hold up, lying low, long gone come-a summertime snow.

Hold on to now till you have to let go. Easy through your fingers, ever so.
I'm just guessing, I don't know. Maybe it's a blessing, I sure hope so.