

# New Buffalo, It's True

Five o'clock  
There's coffee cups and magazines  
You're breaking up  
I hold the phone right to my ear  
I'm sick of saying I wish you were here  
I got myself into this mess  
I chose to wear this stupid dress  
My memory's no good for me  
There's one place where I want to be

You are you are you are you are  
It's true it's true it's true it's true  
You are you are you are you are  
It's true it's true it's true it's true

One million people with one idea  
To get the hell right out of here  
You've packed your car  
You've packed brain  
With things to lose  
And things to gain  
I see you now you're sitting there  
With crumpled dreams and messed up hair  
It's black and blue  
It's black and white  
It's exactly what I want tonight

You are you are you are you are  
It's true it's true it's true it's true