

Buffalo Tom, Darl

I'm not cryin' for ya
I'll let the angels bore ya
I'm just tryin' to understand
1,2,3,4,5 I'm callin'
Julie you just keep on walkin'
I can't laugh at all that matters
I can't sleep at night without a stare
But I'm not cryin' for ya
Is that a big box for ya
I'm just tryin' to make some change
Make some change
I am sick of your goldfish manners
I am sick of being in my head
No one talks about my problem
No one really cares if I'm not here
But I ain't cryin' for ya
My greenest eyes are for ya
I'll get up and fly some...
Someday
Hold my hand and hold my temper
Hold my ticket while I go away
Cause all the earth and all the angels
All the crystal crosses are the same
They're the same
But I ain't dying for ya
Built that big box for ya
Ma I'm tryin' to pre..., to pretend
Mom, oh ... MOMMA
1,2,3,4,5 I'm calling
Julie keep on walkin'
Keep on walkin'