

Buffalo Tom, It's You

There's no time - a few hours to sleep
Just drive 'til tomorrow
Here I go - my drunk tank's on empty
I've run low on sorrow
One last lemon drop is all that's left from our last trip
And that is the taste of you, of you

Auld Lang Syne you're drunk all the time
Sing happy new year
Here's my crime: dried up twists of lime
Is all we have left here
If I've had just one thing that
Could tranquilize my mind - it's all in a drink
Of you, of you
Oh little one it's you, it's you

Are you Joan of Arc or Marie Antoinette?
Did you come here to remember or to forget
As silly as it seems it only happens when I dream
All at one time of you, of you

The truth is in your teeth
Because your smile's beyond belief
All that is true of you, of you
Oh little one it's you, it's you