

# Buffalo Tom, Knot In It

I'm not looking for the shell-shocked signs of life  
Your shadow still looms larger in the night  
There's a nickel on the sill for good luck's sake  
I left it out for only you to take.

But there's pine resin green on your crimson heart  
Just steel yourself for when the fallout starts  
Your thousand secrets all scratched out in red  
You're smuggling your secrets out of bed

You know you can just turn the day around  
Turn around and I'm not in it for  
And I got out of it for life a long time ago  
It's just a bit, you know  
The person through the fog you can just barely see

They're the casualties of your point of view  
And all your little wishes will come true  
So you better watch what you are wishing for  
or you'll wish your wishes won't come true no more

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