

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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