

# Buffalo Tom, Late At Night

i close my door at night  
but they get in all right  
and she turns on the light

i held her hands so tight  
'cause words don't come out right  
and she sees things at night

me, i'm closer to the door  
i don't get scared no more  
but i don't know the score

if i could hold them in my hand  
i'd make them understand  
i'm not a haunted mind  
i'm not a thoughtless kind

if i could put them in a jar  
i know they wouldn't scar  
i'd do it if i could  
i hope you know i would

i close my door at night  
but she gets in all right  
so i turn on the light

i held her hand too tight  
too hard to make it right  
so i could sleep at night

if i could hold them in my hand  
i'd make them understand  
i'm not a haunted mind  
i'm not a thoughtless kind

if i could put them in a jar  
i know they wouldn't scar  
i'd do it if i could  
i hope you know i would

i'd do it if i could  
i hope you know i would  
i'd do it if i could  
i hope you know i would  
i'd do it if i could  
i hope you know i would  
i'd do it if i could  
i hope you know i would