

Buffalo Tom, See To Me

It's a cold northern rain
Two degrees above freezing day
I'm standing outside the chinese
With a glow lamp to light my way

See to me now
There's no manual to show you how
But there's reams of scrapbooks in my basement
And a spiral staircase down

So pour it out
It's just a fairytale
You can't even trust yourself
You've got to mark your trail

Yeah, people from our past
Their appeal just don't last
Write them off for dead and then
You've realized they've died too fast

I'm supposed to be a rock
But I could not bear the shock
All a wreck at the airport
My nerves are all I got

So pour it out
It's just a fairytale
You can't convince yourself
That you're on the right trail

You see through
My eyes
But you'll never see through me

But I wish you all the best
That I must confess
I did not think I passed or failed
But it should not be a test

So pour it out
It's just a fairytale
You don't even hear yourself
You're just whistling down the trail

You can see through me
You can see through me