

# 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