

Buffalo Tom, White Paint Morning

Sixty-eight at twenty-one
The girl has risen with the sun
It's a white paint morning now that the fog is gone

It's a bright, dumbfounded dawn
She lays down out on the lawn
And the new day wakes and turns to confront the clock

And down, the little town
All squared away
Don't it make you want to cry all day?
And gone, washed by the wind
Crushed by the clouds
It's where the land end and the day begins

"Is this normal?" she asks allowed
As she sifted through the crowd
Through her tears and her strong morning perfume

It seems that life's just not correct
From the observation deck
And she sits frozen in her bus seat all the way

And down, the little town
All squared away
Don't it make you want to cry all day?
And gone, washed by the wind
Crushed by the clouds
It's where the land end and the day begins

Statues and flowers
The crestfallen leaves
The minutes and hours
As ours gently leaves

And down, the little town
All squared away
Don't it make you want to cry all day?
And gone, washed by the wind
Crushed by the clouds
It's where the land end and the day begins

And down, the little town
All squared away
Don't it make you want to cry all day?
And gone, yeah gone
Yeah, yeah, yeah gone
Don't it make you wanna cry, cry, cry all day