

Grant Lee Buffalo, Armchair

You call me from your armchair with no will to be there
The weight of your armored suit so immense
Caught up in the turnstiles even talk becomes battle
Withdraw your only defense

I've held that emptiness
I've held it and I've made the same wish at times
To lunge headlong and out of reach
So bleak or bare I'll hold you through each

Praying to the saints and now the candle is low
Regrets won't hasten their remedy
Even when it's awkward in the dull loss of words oh
Please don't hide your sorrow from me

'Cause I've held oh that emptiness
I've held it and I've made the same wish at times
To lunge headlong and out of reach
So bleak or bare I'll hold you through each

Hold you through each
Na na na

You call me from your armchair
Everyone's been there once
I'll be at your side when you're needing someone