

Grant Lee Buffalo, We're Coming Down

Take a rush laugh
Was the world this fuzzy last year
Take a walk run past
The old machines that sleep in pastures
It's the well that draws you back
When the gate you open latches
Overgrown with leaves and phone lines
Now I can't remember who I was before
Changed my name changed my face

We're coming down
We're coming down
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We're coming down

Take a rush relax
Does the rock believe you're happy
Take a drive to crash
Into the bike you once pedaled madly
Quite content among the mint
Now I can't remember who I was before
Changed our coats cleared our throats to say

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