

John Hiatt, Buffalo River Home

I've been taking off and landing
But this airport's closed
And how much thicker this fog is gonna get
God only knows
Just when you think that you've got a grip
Reality sneaks off, it gives you the slip
As if you ever knew what it was
Takin' you down the lime

Tearing through the cotton fields and bus shelters
Of the South runnin' helter skelter
Down through the Mississippi Delta
With no place to call your own
Mixing up drinks with mixed feeling
All along the paint was peeling
Down to an Indian blanket on a pony
With no rider in the flesh and bone
Lookin' for his buffalo river home

I've been circling the wagons
Down at Time Square
Trying to fill up this hole in my soul
But nothing fits there
Just when you think you can let it rip
You're pounding the pavement in your daddy's wingtips
As if you had someplace else to go
Or a better way to get there

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Now there's only two things in life
But I forget what they are
It seems we're either hangin' on a moonbeam's coattails
Or wishing on stars
Just when you think that you've been gyped
The bearded lady comes and does a double back flip
And you run off and join the circus
Yeah you just let that pony ride

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