

# 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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