

# Lind Espen, The Buffalo Tapes (My So-Called Fri

Theres a place by the river in the back of my mind  
Daddy you showed me but back then I was blind  
Just give me directions I promise Ill go  
Please let me see cos Im too young to know  
Let me see cos Im too young to know  
I found what I searched for a warm august night  
In a dream in a desert I was high as a kite  
When I finally learned how to manage my states  
I pured out my heart on the buffalo tapes  
Oh those beautiful buffalo tapes  
So give me one by land  
Give me two if the sea  
Give me three if my cool friends are asking for me  
Tell them I have gone fishing  
And that no one knows where  
cos daddy they hate me when I am not there  
Oh they hate me when I am not there  
Oh the tip of my pen has run totally dry  
From hundreds of letters to you asking why  
They sent invitatons then hated my stay  
Theyre shooting my wings while Im flying away  
Theyre shooting my wings away  
Now Im happy that Ive broken free  
Daddy is it all that I hope it will be  
Please let me see cos Im too young to know  
Let me see cos Im to young to know