Phantom Buffalo, Wilamena

Wilamena
You are a bug crawling on my knee
It's not a metaphor
I mean it quite literally
In your black and shiny shell,
I see my portrait like reflections in the wishing well
When your wings flap, it splits in two
I think about the difference between me and you

I think of them all You're so very small Can we still be friends?

Wilamena

Can you look into my eyes at all?
I bet you can't see me
I'm afraid that I'm much too tall
My face could be a planet, oh,
But I'm not made of granite,
Or any other stone
Oh, I'm just made of flesh and bone

But you are so small
If I was that small
Do you think we'd be friends?

Wilamena

Your eyes are so small They're too small to see, Wilamena Can you see me at all? They're too small to see, Wilamena Your eyes are so small They're too small to see, Wilamena Your eyes are so small

If I was that small We'd talk about the craziest things in the world The world If I was that small We'd talk about the craziest things in the world The world If I was that small We'd talk about the craziest things in the world The world Like and besides your letter to Milton was Two days late Like and besides your letter to Milton was Two days late, So he betrayed and killed his brother and buried him In an old ash tray The guilty one was a lonely, misguided luma

With nothing better to do With nothing better to do