

# 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  
With nothing better to do  
With nothing better to do  
With nothing better to do