

Ten Hands, The Buffalo Club

(Slavens)

I don't belong to the Buffalo Club
but I sure would like to wake up in the morning
and find out it's all been a terrible dream
does anybody see it as a warning
have you been out there on the street
pretty lights above your head
pretty bricks beneath your feet
clean off the spray paint on the walls
clean the kids and clean their minds
until there's nothing left to clean except the sky
have you been checking out the changes
I hear so many names
I see so many different faces
all the suffering from the same disease
did you find out young that life is short
and try to take the easy way out
there's no easy way out
how I wish that I could be naive
I long to be taken in
tricked into believing again