

# The Church, Buffalo

Snow came up Friday, I gotta go  
Spending winter up in Buffalo  
Someone I met there is calling me so  
Got to escape the blues man, don't you know

Days of sinking summer packed up and gone  
Nothing helps me, there's nothing wrong  
It was so pleasant, incandescent, it's over now  
We should get going

Lady I know there, name of Christina  
Six lonely lifetimes since I've seen her  
She takes you places your heart cannot go  
During the winter up in Buffalo

Days by her fire, dazed in the glow  
Winter surrounds us up in Buffalo

Days of drowsy pleasure in the afternoon dark  
We drift together, we drift apart  
She's got the wherewithal, she's got the knowledge  
It's wonderful  
I should be going

Out there the Snow Queen is kidnapping boys  
Her block-of-ice heart tunes out the noise  
And soft in the bedroom her eyes indigo  
Sleeping in the winter in Buffalo

Down in Buffalo