

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