

Compromised

Buffalo Tom

I'm alone and the radio's on
I can see just where you aren't
You can not hide from me
In the shadows of the sea
We're ambassadors and hosts
Where we made such beautiful ghosts
At night with the TV on
At night with the TV on

And it's all a compromise
It's all a compromise

We're retired and we're tied to the rails
It can feel like we're sometimes in jail
I can feel you in the [?]
I can hear you in the wind

Well the [?] are all getting far
And I feel every mile I've loved
And the leather seats recline
But it's only a matter of time
It's only a matter of time

I can lead you 'round the room
See the sun, or moon
But it's a compromise
It's a compromise

It's a New York City goodbye
It's a tear that you [?]
When the cobweb's on the clear
And the hidden then appears
Well the [?] are all getting far
And I feel every mile I've loved
And the leather seats recline
But it's only a matter of time
It's only a matter of time

I can lead you 'round the room
See the sun, or moon
But it's a compromise
It's all a compromise
It's a compromise, it's a compromise