

Least That We Can Do

Buffalo Tom

Leaves fall around us
We come kick a few
It's the least that we can do
Signs are upon us
We were another [?]
Once it only makes you new

Warm and welcoming
You are helping me come through

Northeastern climate
Knees by the fireplace
There goes dim light shining through
Sunset like rough cold
Up to the mob we go
It's the least that we can do

There's a traffic jam ahead
All the taillights glowing red
Out on over passers
We are the last of them

Please just keep moving
Continue to drive home
There is nothing left to see
Follow the yellow
Follow the white lines too
It's wide open there for you

Warm and welcoming
You are helping me come through
There's a traffic jam ahead
All the taillights glowing red
Out on over passers
We are the last of them