

Pendleton

Buffalo Tom

Well she ain't got no pictures
She aint got no shoes
But she's a mona lisa
We painted black and blue

Crushing acorn footpaths
Under pavement leafs
The stones mark the fields where
We walked so aimlessly

All of my life in this lonely town
All of my life in this lonely town

All of my life, all of my days
All come running around to me [x2]

Winter kisses springtime
Our clothes dry in the sun
It's not the only reason
Folks come to Pendleton

All of my life in this lonely town
All of my life in this lonely town

All of my life, all of my days
All come running around to me [x7]