

Rifled Through

Buffalo Tom

I went down
Into the basement
I didn't see anyone
Looked around
At the [?] table
And I could feel everyone

Rifled through
The [?] and the memory games
I wish I [?]
With lifetimes and family chains

I went down
Down to the grocery
I couldn't bear anyone
I'm surrounded
By their presence
The tears had just begun

Rifled through
The [?] and the memory games
I wish I [?]
With lifetimes and family chains

I went down
I go down
I went down
I go down

Driving home
Just as the sun set
Around the [?] bend
Passed them by
It's so sad
When it all has to end

Rifled through
The neighborhoods and the memory games
I wish I [?]
With lifetimes and family chains