

## Buffalo Country

Cloud Control

This is my old shirt  
a lifetime of your hard work  
It's in the crown, the magic dust  
everything you love is going to rust

Don't turn around, eyes forward  
High, low  
I walk you down our street

It's too far gone  
we're late again  
7:10 and it's on my friend  
you and I embrace the same  
tangled (hoops?)  
but there's still is one to blame

Don't turn around, eyes forward  
High, low  
Carry you down our street

There's no such thing as a morning walk  
it's your excuse to just come and talk  
we're growing old as you're growing dead  
at least we spent these years and tears trying  
and I'm not leaving you behind

High, low  
Bury you under down our street  
High, low  
Bury you under down our street