

Buffalo Buffalo

Spanish Love Songs

Lost in the South, my thermostat don't work
I'm sweating naked on my bed
It's gonna fade to nasty yellow in the morning
Another blank face staring through me
Like a chalk outline
Of dreams that bled out in the night
A post-mortem portrait of loneliness
Some heavy-handed statement
Like "I've never felt at home"

And some asshole shot up some kids
A week before you left for Portland
I'm thinking about dying again
From the worst outcomes of a world
That I can't slow down
No matter how many times
I throw my hands into the air
And plead with everyone
I know it's wrong
But I'm thinking about buying a gun

Would you meet me in the middle?
Would you meet me north of Buffalo?
We'll escape into the winter
Build a house where no one wants to go
Meet me in the middle
Would you meet me north of Buffalo?
We'll escape into the winter
Build a house where no one wants to go

'Cause that's not an option
When everything looks like an epitaph
Staring back at me
I'll pace this parking lot trying
To squeeze out from this misery
How do I find you
When you're lost out in the sea of green
If the sun won't come back?

Rather be sheep in a snowstorm
Than a lion in the brush
Rather be sheep trapped in a snowstorm
Than a lion in the brush
In the sights of a bastard who can't get it up

Would you meet me in the middle?
Would you meet me north of Buffalo?
We'll escape into the winter
Build a house where no one wants to go
Meet me in the middle
Would you meet me north of Buffalo?
We'll escape into the winter
Build a house where no one
No one wants to ever go