

## Avalon

## The White Buffalo

Billy wasn't sober  
He got pulled over in chinatown  
Liquor on his breath  
Stuffs a pistol in the cushion  
Rolls the window down  
Oh well, his heart it races like a hundred-yard dash  
Stone cold on his face  
He's been since then reluctant on his way

Billy wasn't sober  
He was hungover  
It was 10 am  
Another day of work  
Clutching the pillow like his only friend  
Oh well, he's past his prime  
He's a damn sore  
Steadfast in his ways  
Wasted his left but he still has cards to play

And he hopes today he'll swim his way to Avalon  
He's not all the way down

Billy's getting older  
The chip on his shoulder's getting heavier  
Weight of the world  
Spins and skids into oblivion  
This ain't living it's a way to rather die  
There must be another way  
Under his breath he says  
"Things have got to change"

And he hopes today he'll swim his way to Avalon  
He's not all the way down  
And he hopes today he'll swim his way to Avalon  
He's not all the way down

Searching but he got no soul  
Wishing he could flip a switch  
Turn his life around and face the fact  
That life's a bitch

And he hopes today he'll swim his way to Avalon  
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