

## Into the Sun

The White Buffalo

The city street, the desert heat  
Burns my mind and forces my feet to keep moving  
Three in the afternoon  
Wasted, feel my father disapproving  
There's a desperation in this town  
Vultures flank the fools and clowns are crying  
Shell-shocked and landlocked  
Don't know if I can leave but I feel like trying

And I'd better run into the sun  
Until I hit the ocean

Words and tears have long dried up with my emotions

Just 'cause you don't see the way I feel  
Please don't question my devotion  
Blistered and broken  
This hearts for sale but no one's a buying  
Something still burns inside of me  
But I can feel it dying

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