

Buffalo In the Park

Anne Murray

There's a buffalo in the park
We used to go there after dark
Climb his back and pick between his arms
I don't get to go there anymore

Up the left and down the snow
To be taught her
Muddy wrong
Childish thing

Between the darkness and the day
I'd go down to see my children play
Day time worries never cloud my mind
I tried my best
I guess I'm not that kind

And though that safely talking bad
They are still playing
In my head

There's a buffalo there to see
To stay the isle and hose down to the sea
Find my thrill through hand
The meet halls intertwine
To the king and missing God
To see there hill and once again

My shoult spin
Tiny hand
Bails and buckets
In the stand