

Flushing Stars

Buffalo Tom

When she combs her hair she flushes stars down her back
Tiny avalanches crumbling, gliding, falling down
And she's calling us, calling our cause
They're all waiting for her to come down from her stars
When her problems come they come and go like winter time
And I'm pacing with her fitting in just like a rhyme
And she's calling us, calling our cause
They're all waiting for her to come down from her star
But I can't wait forever, I've no time
But I can't wait forever, I've no time
When the sidewalk opens it lets you into better things
She learned that long ago opponents lash with wicked things
And she's calling us, calling all cars
They're all waiting for her to come down from her stars
But I can't wait forever, I've no time
But I can't wait forever, I've no time
But I can't wait forever, I've no time
But I can't wait forever, I've no time
No!