

Late At Night

Buffalo Tom

I close my door at night
But they get in all right
And she turns on the light

I held her hands so tight
'Cause words don't come out right
And she sees things at night

Me, I'm closer to the door
I don't get scared no more
But I don't know the score

If I could hold them in my hand
I'd make them understand
I'm not a haunted mind
I'm not a thoughtless kind

If I could put them in a jar
I know they wouldn't scar
I'd do it if I could
I hope you know I would

I close my door at night
But she gets in all right
So I turn on the light

I held her hand too tight
Too hard to make it right
So I could sleep at night

If I could hold them in my hand
I'd make them understand
I'm not a haunted mind
I'm not a thoughtless kind

If I could put them in a jar
I know they wouldn't scar
I'd do it if I could
I hope you know I would

I'd do it if I could
I hope you know I would
I'd do it if I could
I hope you know I would
I'd do it if I could
I hope you know I would
I'd do it if I could
I hope you know I would