

Racine

Buffalo Tom

Racine took a trip to Long Island
She got so tired of Times Square
Sometimes she'd look at herself in the mirror
Sometimes she wouldn't even dare
Racine always dreamed of Long Island
Things always seemed so clean there
She took a train out of Penn Station
Blonde wig covered her day hair
But as she saw her reflection in the black windowed train
Sweat poured out and washed her makeup off like wet paint in the
rain
Racine Racine Racine Racine
Racine sat in a bar on Long Island
Not knowing anybody there
Some boys like to have a good time
Beat her in a parking lot and left her there
But as Racine stood up in front of the great wall
The K-Mart lights bled like her heart abandoned as that mall
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