

Scottish Windows

Buffalo Tom

Gone, advice from a side road
And a dying breath and yellow oak
Big tall weeds and leaves of gold
Now; a wasted clock hollow
And I'm not the drowning man you think
Though I flail my arms, I refuse to sink

All I ever wanted was to see
Scottish windows opening for me
It's all I ever needed in the end

I saw you in a store window
Dress the orange window glow
I'm walking down a winding close
The gray evening fell over me
And I saw your face, though fleetingly
As the bus pulled away from me

All I ever wanted was to see
This glimmer in your eyes as they closed on me
It's all I ever needed in the end

You need different boots in this country
I see you through the screen door
Abandoned below in the birch's bough
You left me on the church floor

All I ever wanted was to see
Scottish windows closing as I leave
It's all I ever needed in the end

In the end, in the end
In the end, in the end