

Suppose

Buffalo Tom

I suppose you've lost your patience
I'm just too gone to call
Squint my eyes forget the reason
But now it don't look so bad at all

Suppose you left home in the morning
And travelled on a train all day
Passing nightttime by a greenhouse
You'd still be a long way

Suppose
Suppose you're too far gone
Suppose
Suppose

Looking out from in the basement
I watched her walking by outside
She's the bastard child of reason
I lost my breath along the ride

Suppose
Suppose you're basement bound
Suppose
Suppose

I love the world and all it's problems
The pipes run from north to south
Lots of small and dusty reasons
Rehearse my part and venture out

Suppose
Suppose you can't care less
Suppose
Suppose
Suppose
Suppose
Suppose