

Walking Wounded

Buffalo Tom

The evening light still pale
I went out to the mail
My movements like a snail

Apologies from a friend
I'm spread out so thin
It's time to start again

Greetings from the walking wounded
Did you just see what the moon did?
Maybe my eyes were playing tricks on me
Went away but I'm not forgetting
Far enough from Armageddon
Maybe, maybe only I can see

So what are you dying for?
The place ain't there no more
It's been gutted to the core

So take your tragedies
And send them off to me
With your apologies

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Did you just see what the moon did?
Maybe my eyes were playing tricks on me
Went away but I'm not forgetting
Far enough from Armageddon
Maybe, maybe only I can see

Maybe its something only I can see
Maybe only I can see
Maybe its something only I can see
Maybe only I can see

Greetings from the walking wounded
Did you just see what the moon did?
Maybe my eyes were playing tricks on me
Went away but I'm not forgetting
Far enough from Armageddon
Maybe, maybe only I can see

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Maybe only I can see, only I can see
Maybe only I can see, only I can see