

## Buffalo

### Made Out Of Babies

He'll never tell you anything  
Not even a joke  
He used to have faces  
For all of his places  
Now he walks with a limp

You can find her down a dusty road  
she keeps a stutter polished for company  
And pretends to be deaf in one ear  
And she's been watching the same road  
For fifteen years  
Waiting

The sun will rise and fall  
They just want to lay down now  
So long through all these years  
No words said and no bells sound it out  
Just one thought through all time  
To make his way back to her side