

# Buffalo Bill

Sara Storer

I'm going to sing a song about a man who I've met  
He lives alone in a quiet town, his face I'll never forget  
And every line that marks his face is not from age I'm sure  
It's from aiming through a .308 as in his saddle he sits tall

And will the real Buffalo Bill please stand  
Holding a beer and a gun in each hand  
Those bright blue eyes give away more than he knows  
When they sparkle as his story tells of chasin' buffalo  
And if I were born fifty years ago

He'll laugh and grin with his mates but do they really understand?

About the days back then those buffalo and catchin' them by hand

That life of his a wife and kids and too much rum don't go  
For a man, a father, a ringer, a charmer and life with buffalo

And will the real Buffalo Bill please stand  
He was holding a beer and a gun in each hand  
Those bright blue eyes give away more than he knows  
When they sparkle as his story tells of chasin' buffalo  
And If I were born fifty years ago

Well the breaker he now no longer rides or risks so I'll stand  
clean

He just dreams about those days long gone and life of danger he  
is free

And I'm glad I met the man who lives in Camooweal today  
To sing this song and carry on his life of yesterday

And the real Buffalo Bill here stand  
He was holding a beer and a gun in each hand  
And in fifty years just look up high and catch a glimpse of horse

Face to face with those buffalo saying she'll be right of course

And if I were born fifty years ago  
I wouldn't like to be a buffalo no, no  
And if I were born fifty years ago