

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