

Story

The White Buffalo

I'll tell you a story
Of how the past it lies, it dies
All of your regrets and all of your glory
Oh, how the time it flies, flies bye
She said, "I leave at two
Memories of old fade with the new
Good times and bad we've had a few"
Help me to understand what can I do

Bye, she said, "We are through,
we once stuck together but we lost the glue,
we became one but now add up to two
it was never up to me or to you"

She don't need me no more
Time will forget her I'm sure

I'll shut it down but there they go,
thoughts of her fleeting.
I wish that I could keep them
repeating