

The Bowery

The White Buffalo

I'm down at the Bowery oh Lord oh Lord
I'm gonna tell ya how I got here
First I gotta shoot some dice and win
So I can get my room again

It all started with a love so true and the angels flew
Higher than I'd ever been
With a sparkle in her face and her eyes and the butterfly
It all came rushing in

A buttercup
I lost my wife in '73
She took ill, she done died on me
Now I've got nothing more to live for

So I packed up a bag and went
I just started wanderin'
I hid in the booze and the shadows of the night
I just started crumblin'

A buttercup
I lost my wife in '73
She took ill, she done died on me
Now I've got nothing more to live for

Oh, it just don't seem fair
I met her under a chandelier
And time and space changed from there

A buttercup
I lost my wife in '73
She took ill, she done died on me
Now I've got nothing more to live for