

Buffalo Tom, Late At Night

i close my door at night
but they get in all right
and she turns on the light

i held her hands so tight
'cause words don't come out right
and she sees things at night

me, i'm closer to the door
i don't get scared no more
but i don't know the score

if i could hold them in my hand
i'd make them understand
i'm not a haunted mind
i'm not a thoughtless kind

if i could put them in a jar
i know they wouldn't scar
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would

i close my door at night
but she gets in all right
so i turn on the light

i held her hand too tight
too hard to make it right
so i could sleep at night

if i could hold them in my hand
i'd make them understand
i'm not a haunted mind
i'm not a thoughtless kind

if i could put them in a jar
i know they wouldn't scar
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would

i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would
i'd do it if i could
i hope you know i would