

Espen Lind, The Buffalo Tapes (My So-Called Friends)

There's a place by the river in the back of my mind
Daddy you showed me but back then I was blind
Just give me directions I promise I'll go
Please let me see `cos I'm too young to know
Let me see `cos I'm too young to know
I found what I searched for a warm August night
In a dream in a desert I was high as a kite
When I finally learned how to manage my states
I poured out my heart on the Buffalo Tapes
On those beautiful Buffalo Tapes
Give me one if by land
Give me two if by sea
Give me three if my cool friends are asking for me
Tell them I have gone fishing
And that no one knows where
'Cos daddy they hate me when I am not there
Oh they hate me when I am not there
Oh the tip of my pen has run totally dry
From hundreds of letters to you asking why
They sent invitations they hated my stay
They're shooting my wings while I'm flying away
They're shooting my wings away
And now I'm so happy that I've broken free
Daddy is it all that I hoped it would be
Will the rain make my river grow into a flow
Please let me see `cos I'm too young to know
Let me see `cos I'm too young to know