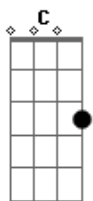


The White Buffalo - Donna

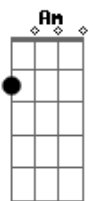
tom:
 Donna
 You are dead to me
 You could never see what I am, what I could become
 Donna
 You took me off life support
 All you ever did report was bad news
 'Cause you're bad news
 I want a blue sky
 One that's filled with cotton clouds and sunshine
 Take me to a warm place where I'll feel fine
 Far away from what my Donna do
 I hope she finds a new guy
 One that fits her like a glove and old shoes
 One that turns all Donna's blues to good news
 Wish you well but don't get confused
 'Cause Donna
 You are dead to me
 You would never be what I thought just may be the one
 Don't you wanna
 Let the past be past
 Now ever love collapsed the way to hold on

Now it's long gone
 There ain't no blue sky
 When you're around
 We wrestled our love to the ground
 We broke our hearts in two
 I want a new love
 One that fits me like a glove and old shoes
 Turn my heart back to red from black and blue
 Float into the arms of someone new
 Find me a winter wife to keep me warm
 And get me through
 You'll be crying in your corn flakes, I'll be howling at the Moon
 Oh, poor you
 I want a blue sky
 One that's filled with cotton clouds and sunshine
 Take me to a warm place where I'll feel fine
 Far away from what my Donna do
 I want a new love
 One that fits me like a glove and old shoes
 Turn my heart back to red from black and blue
 Float into the arms of someone new

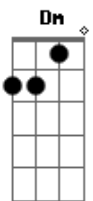
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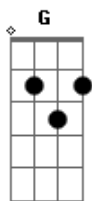
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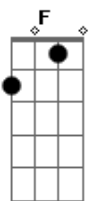
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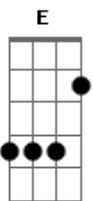
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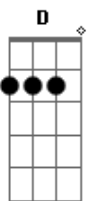
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