

Grant Lee Buffalo, I Will Take Him

A flat-footed traveler came in off the street
And opened up his carpet bag of Persian at my feet
And gathering up the remnant trampled 'neath his heels
I've come for your brother he said pointin' to the fields

Blazing now flames of blue
Brace yourself I will take him from you

His face was not angelical saintly in the least
And I could tell from his accent he was from the East
And I took him for a cripple he walked with a cane
I've come for your brother he said pointin' to the plains

Blazing now flames of blue
Brace yourself I will take him from you
Take him from you

Ooh ooh ooh

Now the New World flags are flyin' ships are on alert
The orders sent out overseas mustn't be overheard
While information flickers in her war machines
Me I have my orders and lamps of kerosene

Blazing now flames of blue
Brace yourself I will take him from you
I will take him from you
Ooh ooh ooh
I will take him from you
I will take him from you
I will take him
Ooh ooh ooh