

# 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