

Ricky Nelson, Big Chief Buffalo Nickel (Desert Blues)

A way out on the wind swept desert
Where nature favours no man
A buffalo found his brother
Lying baked on the sun baked sand
He said: My brother what ails you
Has sickness made you this way
His brother never said
'Cause his brother was dead
He'd been dead since way last May

Big chief buffalo nickel
was a mighty man in his day
He never used a syckle
To clear the bushes away
He roamed around from tent to tent
Heed everything in sight
He loved his squaw, everyone he saw
He loved a new one every night

A way out on the wind swept desert
I heard a big indian moan
I left my tent, 'cause I knew what it meant
I swore I never more would roam
It was dawn when I reached Saint Pete
My legs were certainly sore
I must have lost fifty pounds
On that hot desert ground
And I'd lose that many more

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