

The Byrds, Tribal Gathering

She'll hand to you a stick of sandalwood
A little smile and then she'll disappear
Back into a crowd of happy people
Looking like they never came from here
Strange thing, gathering of tribes
Strange thing, gathering of tribes

A Macedonian and a pilot comes
A' laughing at a German jest or joke
A friendly motorcycle angel comes
To sit and talk awhile and share a smoke
Strange thing, gathering of tribes
Strange thing, gathering of tribes

Pretty little whirling butterfly
All the prettiest girls go dancing by
Caught up in the sound of talking drums
Lost herself out in the wheel of sound
Strange thing, gathering of tribes
Strange thing, gathering of tribes