

Elton John, Indian Maiden

Got an Indian maiden
I've got a photograph of you
And I'm hanging on to every little clue about you

I've got a prepaid reservation
I've got my regulation
And this child is on his way to Indian land
My Indian maiden

Got an Indian maiden
I've got my Hopi charms in hand
And I'm tracking down her footprints in the sand of Indian lands

My Indian maiden

Shake it loose, I have no use for city living
Turn my back on the back-slap jacks
And the madcap women, women

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