

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Buffalo

as long as the moon shall rise
as long as the rivers flow
as long as the sun shall shine
and the grass will grow
let me listen

I will learn to speak the old language
yes I yearn to bathe in blue skies and fall apart
from the world of machines, regain my feet and my pounding heart

no do not be fooled we dont need these things
dont be slaves to the hardtack, sugar or the coffee or the bacon fat
wont give our hearts away
not for that
not today

wont trade my pony for the iron rail
no freeway stack for the game trail
spring strong sweet tall green grass grow
buffalo!

I will take my brush from the warpaint, my foot from the warpath
when you understand it is sadness that drives the wrath
trust no more the forked tongues of the great chiefs in Washington

chorus

sticks and stones and runaway roans
this thing from your heart
crawled into my bones

I see blue skies bleeding
colors screaming some invisible thing is the enemy now
and if I knew its name I would call it out loud
come out and come clean

wont trade my pony
for the iron rail
bare-back fresh track
down the game trail
spring strong sweet tall green grass
free wide run wild river flow
clear sky moonrise long ride home
buffalo!
buffalo!
buffalo!