

# Rusted Root, People Of My Village

Good morning I see you  
There on the phone  
Good morning I see you  
Dead on the throne

Like a dragonfly  
With stone wings  
Stone wings I sing  
I tell you the ones I love  
The people of my village  
That I was drowned in a  
Scotland sea  
By pagans in ecstasy  
Mother; Father you never  
Heard from me

Good morning I see you  
There on the phone  
Good morning I see you  
Dead on the throne

Here I sit  
Stone wings  
Stone wings I sing  
I tell you, the ones I love  
The people of my village  
That I was drowned in a  
Scotland sea  
By pagans in ecstasy  
Mother; Father you never  
Heard from me

( Tell me why )  
Good morning I see you  
There on the phone  
Good morning I see you  
Dead on the throne

I was lifted  
For the gift  
For the gift I bring  
Held down,  
I drunk the town  
For the people of my village  
(c) 2002 Island Def Jam Music Group