

## RUNNING WITH THE BUFFALO

tuning: dadgad

His kin came from across the sea  
He's as tame as he can be  
Born of the western mind  
A child of the left-brained kind  
A metal car on a concrete road  
Is how he gets everywhere he goes  
An automated and a mechanized mode  
Is all he's ever known

In his sober land  
He does the dance of a modern man  
But sometimes, when he's sleeping, his soul  
Is running with the buffalo

His mind calculates another fact  
But his memory is searching back  
To something he can't quite recall  
Or doesn't remember at all  
Something like a spiritual trance  
Round and round in a circle dance  
Round the light of a midnight fire  
Freeing him as it grows higher

In his sober land  
He does the dance of a modern man  
But sometimes, when he's sleeping, his soul  
Is running with the buffalo

Great Spirit of this broken land  
Have mercy on the modern man  
Teach him how, body and soul  
To go running with buffalo

Buffalo  
Prairie below your feet  
The hunter's bow  
Keeping your senses keen  
The milky way  
Over your traveling  
And the plain  
Is like an endless sea