

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