

Indian Bones

Dead Meadow

Up the mountain we go
Don't ask why, I don't know.
The North Star dances above,
the white dove
The stairway that never ends,
ends around the bend
through the door of the sun
the buffalo run to be chased
through the sky
Higher and higher we climb
I'm not having a good time
the North Star dances above
the white dove...
Out on the plains, I had a
vision of iron and steel
Isn't it strange, that my
vision is real