

## Onward the Indian

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When I'm on my way  
For a nature walk  
I don't start to sing  
'Til I start to talk

Where'd you go Mrs. Sun?  
You juice it on up  
Re-tit on your tips  
And you squeeze it on up

When I'm on my nerves  
On a shaky show  
I don't start to warm  
'Til you start to glow

When your arms learn to breathe  
They stick to your sleeve  
When your sleeves learn to walk  
Your legs learn to leave

When your leaves learn to stay  
Your legs run away  
I was born in May  
Then he moved away

At the end of June  
Into mid-July  
Now I'm on my way  
Now I'm on my way