

# The Man On The Ferry

Highasakite

One morning I woke up outside,  
And the air I took into my lungs,

It made the Indian in me cry,

I screamed out,  
Ah-ahhh jungle call,  
And talked loud, but said nothing at all.

It made the Indian in me cry...

Cause I've tried all of god,  
But I would never forget his name.

And I've talked a whole lot,  
But I will never forget his face.

Though I'm on top of the world,  
I'm in the well known, catastrophica la- (nds)

I'd go the far end of the world for you,  
The man on the ferry,

A penny of each of my eyes is the fee,  
I'd go the far end of the world.

Ah ah ah-ah ah. Ah ah ah-ah... ah-ah.

It seems as close as the star to the moon,  
And my jacket till my skin.

And it seems as far as the mountains of the moon,  
And your doors and 'welcome in'.

It made the Indian in me cry.

I'd go the far end of the world for you,  
The man on the ferry,

A penny of each of my eyes is the fee,  
I'd go the far end of the world.

I'd go the far end of the world for you,  
The man on the ferry,

A penny of each of my eyes is the fee,  
I'd go the far end of the world.

Ah ah ah-ah ah, ah ah-aaaah, ah ahh...

One morning I woke up outside,  
And the snow that fell down on my face,

It made the Indian in me cry.