

The Indian (That Dwells Inside This Chest)

Kashmir

Stay a little while
there's an arrow tucked into my spine
walk with me awhile
like an Indian trailing
my tail feathers
through dry rivers and plains
be my time friend
who covers back and front
a shelter from the sun
a soothing hand in the twilight
my ignition my permission to let go
let go
and just go

I'm afraid to admit all the things I regret
now its said
but the night came too soon
and the days running late
its hard to change
the Indian that dwells inside this chest

with furrows in your brow
you're still a rainbow
crawling up the sky
with droplets in your eye
you're still sure of your pathways
so I'll sway in your wash

I'm afraid to admit all the things i regret
now its said
though the picture that passes our window has changed
its hard to change
the Indian that dwells inside this chest