

## Creations Daughter

Nahko and Medicine for the People

Stoned on a stone on the Truckee River  
So lost in thought  
Oh, the thing's I remember  
One of them's your pretty face  
Another's the things it would say  
(Things like)  
All of these pivotal, obvious profits  
They are the change, and the change in your pocket  
Always pushin' for the moment  
'Cause you lose control, but you just flow with it

I have seen faces gathering in the desert  
Not to find God or to find an answer  
Just to be a part of the possibilities  
Thousands of bodies creating energy  
Well out here, there's certainly alien activity  
But where is "here," are we separate from reality?  
Maybe we've landed on the moon  
Hope I don't have to leave any time soon

I work those hills in the wild, wild west  
And there I found gold and knowledge and respect  
But none of this will bring you back  
As the wanderer, I must expect that  
Follow the rooster to the mouth of a portal  
I am an ox and I'm tired of these mortals  
Cleansing in the coastal waters  
I fell in love with a daughter of creation  
And how I lost her is another story to tell