

## Calico Indians

Rasputina

Oh how we used to hate the sight  
Of the evil rent collector coming in the night  
Got to tied for 40 bushels, but it don't seem right  
Up to the manor house to pay the Great Patroon

We had taken our wilderness  
And turned the Earth to bounty by the rake's caress  
Never owning what we tilled below the crescent moon  
Up to the manor house to pay the Great Patroon

The sheriff was about to sell the cows  
Or otherwise extort the rent  
So they met in barns and in out of the way places  
To scheme all night on how to get the rent

What do you wear for civil war in 1844  
In upstate New York?  
What do you wear for civil war in 1844  
In upstate New York?

These Indians wore Calico dresses  
They were belted at the waist  
Red flannel pantaloons or  
Those masks ..... looking things  
With fringe around the neck  
Horns upon their forehead  
Course animal hair put on for a beard  
At the pow-wow among the grotesque

The chief wore a striped calico young lady's dress

Blow on the tin dinner horn over the valley  
Call all the formerly normal men to revolt and rally  
The Feudal Land Laws should be abolished  
What are you waiting for? it's 1844!  
The worm has begun to turn

I saw those Calicos scorn and spurn their accusers  
With threatening talk and rough, tough threatening gestures  
The feeling was stronger and stronger  
(Stronger and stronger)  
They tried to talk like real Indians might:  
"Me want cider" and the like  
Many a head had worn this crown of feathers  
I tried to be the leader of the Anti-Rent Rioters  
I recognized it as having belonged to a left-handed neighbor  
Ooh a little Indian man called Sander ....

Blow the tin dinner horn over the valley  
Call all the formerly normal men to revolt and rally  
The Feudal Land Laws should be abolished  
What are you waiting for, it's 1844?  
The worm has begun to turn

Three, four, five, waaah!  
Waaah!