

Indian Rope Man

Richie Havens

Fog dangling thick
Can't see the right road
Streets are sick,
The eight day mill
It might grind slow, but it grinds fine

Indian rope man, while lookin' on
Tells common clay he's heavenly born
Retired layman looks on in scorn,
With a transplanted heart
Kiss him quick, he has to part.
Yeah... yeah

Indian rope man sees the times,
Splitting loose the edge of minds
Catching losers in his line, in his line, yeah
Kiss him quick, he has to part.
Yeah... yeah

Indian rope man flexes his eye,
Dissolving the fog
Revealing the lie
Indian rope man holds my trick in his heart, yeah
Kiss him quick, he has to part
Yeah... yeah

Indian rope man sees all strife
Cutting down eternal life
When his soul transcends his heart, oh
Kiss him quick, he has to part.
Yeah... yeah