

Buffalo Nickel

Steve Forbert

I'm a-thinking 'bout a Buffalo nickel
The kind I'm inclined to save
On one side a solitary buffalo stands
On the other there's an Indian brave
On the other there's an Indian brave

I'm thinking 'bout a Buffalo nickel
It seems so ironic to me
We had to go an' slaughter every Buffalo herd
And we couldn't leave an Indian be
We couldn't leave an Indian be

The railroad crossed the continent
And the buildings scratch the sky
The highway runs all over the place
And the big jet engines fly

I'm thinking 'bout a Buffalo nickel
We surely went and minted a few
I used to run across 'em nearly other day
And I shoulda saved a hundred or two
I shoulda saved a hundred or two

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