

## Desert Blues

Steve Forbert

Way out on the windswept desert  
Where nature favors no man  
The buffalo found his brother  
At rest on the sun-baked sand  
He said, "My brother, what ails you?  
Has sickness got you this way?"  
But his brother never said 'cause his brother was dead  
Been dead since way last May

Dee-yo-del-lay-ee, oh, del-lay-ee, oh, del-lay-ee

Here's to Chief Big Buffalo Nickel  
A mighty man in his day  
He never once used a sickle  
To clear the bushes away  
He would go 'round from tent to tent  
Eat everything in sight  
He loved the squaws, every one he saw  
He loved a new one every night

Dee-yo-del-lay-ee, oh, del-lay-ee, oh, del-lay-ee

Last night, on the windswept desert  
I heard a big Indian moan  
I left my tent, I knew what it meant  
And I swore I would never more roam  
It was dawn when I reached safety  
My legs were certainly sore  
I must've lost a few pounds on that hot desert ground  
And I would lose that many more

Dee-yo-del-lay-ee, oh, del-lay-ee, oh, del-lay-ee