

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