Big Medicine

Brother Hawk

We burn the brush just to pass time.
Sell scrap iron to get by.
We wait for the day to find us
out on the porch in the gathering dust.
Then the good times come,
and we spend them all.
We're kept warm by the teeth of the saw,
and led home by the call of the hawk.
Living just came natural to us.
Our blood calls out for new sights,
to trade in the drought for the city lights.
But the swamp shines so bright and deep,
and there in the stove we saw all our sleep.
When the good times come,
we're gonna spend them all.

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