People of My Village

Rusted Root

Good morning I see you
There on the phone
Good morning I see you
Dead on the throneLike a dragonfly with stone wings, stone wings I sing
I tell you the ones I love the people of my village
That I was drowned in a Scotland sea
By pagans in ecstasy Mother, Father you never heard from meGood morning I see you
There on the phone
Good morning I see you
Dead on the throneHere I sit stone wings, stone wings I sing I tell you
The ones I love the people of my village
That I was drowned in a Scotland sea
By pagans in ecstasy Mother, Father you never heard from me
(Tell me why)Good morning I see you
There on the phone
Good morning I see you
Dead on the throneI was lifted for the gift
For the gift I bring held down
I drunk the town
For the people of my village

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