Chief

The Third Frame

Chief had been out of the army
For 15 years or more
He was still marching up and down that street
Just like he was walking a war
They called him the chief 'cause he was Indian
It was a name they said behind his back
In the summer he'd march without any shoes
Until the soles of his feet turned black
'Till the soles of his feet turned blackHis hands wouldn't work the machinery
'Cause his brain told him what to say
It's a hell of a life but it's somebodys life
Up and down the street all dayHoney have a look at the places
Like a dog running on a track
The wheels keep on going as fast as you get there
You don't ever get to go back
I don't really know what I'm doing
Just watching myself in some play
And the actress looks like she wants to go home
And lie in bed all day
Yeah, lie in a big bed all dayHer hands wouldn't work the machinery
'Cause his brain tells him what to say
It's a hell of a life but it's somebodys life
Up and down the street all day, yeahWell I wish that you could see me when I'm flying in my dreams
The way I laugh there way up high
The way I look when I fly
The way I live
The way I flyChief got out of the army
Jesus went to live with the poor
I'm still marching up and down that street
I don't know what I'm doing that for
I don't know what I'm doing that for
I don't know what I'm doing that for

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