Indian

77 Bombay Street

There are 10 wild horses feeding on the grass alone
Watched by an Indian, he tries to catch them all
With his eagle on his shoulder talking to the setting sun
He waits for the moment, for the night to comeHidden in the rocks watching the horses how they run
They play in the river called 'Bougos Golden Tongue'
Sending out his eagle to show him where to go
It takes him to a foreign land he's never been beforeI wished I were an Indian going with the wind
I can fly with the butterflies -- no high-tech, no rainy eyes
I'd love to be an Indian in Mother Nature's paradise
No CO2 in the air, I wished I was there
I wished I was there
He awakes in the morning with the rising sun
His eagle and the horses they went away, they're gone
He tries to find his way back home to where he once belonged
But the world has changed into a place where something has
Gone wrongI wished I were an Indian going with the wind
I can fly with the butterflies no high-tech, no rainy eyes
I'd love to be an Indian in Mother Nature's paradise
No CO2 in the air, I wished I was thereThis Indian he's called Tadero
He's the youngest son of big chief Farero
And I believe he's still alive in his beautiful paradise
Away from Mother Earth
Somewhere in the universeI wished I were an Indian going with the wind
I can fly with the butterflies no high-tech, no rainy eyes
I'd love to be an Indian in Mother Nature's paradise
No CO2 in the air, I wished I was there
I wished I was there, I wished I was there[I wished I were an Indian going with the wind
I can fly with the butterflies no high-tech, no rainy eyes
I'd love to be an Indian in Mother Nature's paradise
No CO2 in the air, I wished I was there]
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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