Indian Rope Man

Julie Driscoll

Fog dangling thick
Can't see the right road, streets are sick
The eight day mill
It might grind slow but it grinds fine

Indian rope man, while looking on
Tells common clay he's heavenly born
Retired layman looks on in scorn
With a transplanted heart
Kiss him quick, he has to part, yeah, yeah

Indian rope man sees the times
Splitting loose the edge of minds
Catching losers in his line, in his line, yeah
Kiss him quick, he has to part, part, yeah, yeah

Indian rope man flexes his eye
Dissolving the fog, revealing the lie
Indian rope man holds my trick in his heart, yeah
Kiss him quick, he has to part, part, yeah, yeah

Indian rope man sees all strife
Cutting down eternal life
When his soul transcends his heart, oh
Kiss him quick, he has to part, yeah, yeah

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