

Twisted Hair

Robbie Robertson

This was the way of it
Let the story fires be lighted
Let our circle be strong
And full of medicine, hear me This is my dream song
That I'm singing for you
This is my power song
That is taking me to the edge This is rock medicine
The talking tree, the singing water
Listen, I am dancing underneath you This was the way of it
It is a river, it is a chant
It is a medicine story
It is what happened long ago It is a bead in a story belt
It is what has been forgotten
It is the smell of sweet grass and cedar
And prayers lifted to sky father It is a way a tradition
The way it was always done by the people
It is a feeling of warmth
The sound of voices
Listen, I am dancing underneath you

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