Close to the Fires

The Samples

The blue skies are turning brown.
Trees fall without a sound.
Jets crashing through the sky.
The big sun is burning high.The oceans are turning black.
Tuna nets are dolphin traps.
Oil spills near a garbage barge.
It's dumping needles and hospital jars.But close to the fires, and under a trance,
The Indians sang and said with their dance:
To take what you need and leave the rest,
To take what you need and leave it alone.The landscape is full of holes.
For private business or personal goals.
Nevada's testing the nuclear sin.
Designing wars that no one could win.The karma debts are out of control.
They're bathing me inside my soul.
Beauty pageants with glamorous furs.
Can you believe what they once were?But close to the fires, and under a trance,
The Indians sang, and said with their dance:
To take what you need and leave the rest,
To take what you need and leave it alone.
(Leave it alone, leave it alone,
leave it alone, leave it alone,
leave it alone, leave it alone...)The blue skies are turning brown.
The blue skies are turning brown.
The blue skies are turning brown.
Our blue skies are turning brown.

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