

Lyrics by Rick Watson

Go Native

Gonna go native, ride off across the hills, find sage brush and breath til I'm
filled
Up on old Bear Butte where the moon stands still
Gonna go native, ride off across the hills

Saddle me up with some snake skin boots
Give me a cayuse and a gun that shoots
Grade B westerns are just substitutes
I need the real stinging air of spring

Bridge--
Spirit, Earth and Sky, hear my cry; hear my cry EAEOHE
Eagle drop down through the thin blue
Wing tips will just touch the water
Standing here on the high canyon ledge
Standing here and I wish that I could fly

Chorus

Too many people tangled in my lines
Cottonwood, a diamond willow snag
Paddle Fish doing the old Missouri rag
Too many people tangled in my lines

Chorus

Gonna go native, ride off across the hills
Where the ranchettes and condo kings can't find me
Fox news can't tie me up and bind me
Up on old Bear Butte where the moon stands still

Beyond the Bedroom Wall

Mainstreet is wide/ it runs both ways
Things come and go/nothing ever stays

There's a wind in the cottonwoods...

When I can't sleep, I walk the street in my mind
Can't hear a sound, but I can see

There's a wind in the cottonwood trees...

Old stone and glass, wood and steel
Reach out a hand- touch it; it's real

There's a wind in the cottonwood trees...
Beyond the bedroom wall

Wild Wind

Wind blow in the summer
Howl all winter long
Wind out in the stubble
Where has this life gone?

Wild Wind won't you blow

Wind blow, window shaking
Wind blow; shake the glass
Dust storms and the blizzards
Blow me to the past

Wild Wind won't you blow

The wind makes the grass grow
Wind made this place, here
Wind made the hills rise
When the sea was gone

Wild wind won't you blow

Her Hands

Oh you broken land
Tired backs and hands
Have mercy

Oh you graceful hands
Heal the son of man
Have mercy

Oh you son of man
Give thanks
Give love
Back to the healing hands
Back to the graceful hands

Terra Cita

Look out across the river
You can walk down by the river
Walk on down by the river

Trains rolling from the west,
Rolling to the east

Look out across the valley
Tell me prophet, can these dry bones live
Can these dry bones live

Trains rolling from the east
Rolling to the west
Terra, terra cita

My home, my little city
My place where I belong