

First Indian on the Moon

Can I tell you now
that I've dreamed of your hair
in a good way?

I've dreamed your hair
could save us all.

Its length is a rope
for climbing ivory walls.

Its strength is a knot
for holding Skins together.

Its smell is the smoke
from the powwow campfire.

Its shine is the moonlight
and its shine makes you

the first Indian on the moon.
The first Indian on the moon
is a woman.

The first Indian on the moon
is you

and if my dream is long
as your hair

and if my dream is strong
as your hair

then maybe you can let all your hair down
find me somewhere alone on earth

and maybe I can reach up and take hold.

Maybe you can let all your hair down

and maybe I can reach up and take hold.

Maybe you can let all your hair down

and maybe I can reach up and take hold

and although the whites say

you can't hear anything in space

I say we'll hear each other breathe

I say we'll hear each other move

I say we'll hear each other whisper

I love you

and I will say it in my own language

I'll say it in the little piece

of my own language that I know

and I'll say it like it's the last thing I'll ever say:

quye ban-xm=enc, quye ban-xm=enc, quye ban-xm=enc.