

There are ten wild horses feeding on the grass alone
watched by an indian, he tries to catch them all
with his eagle on his shoulder, talking to the setting sun
he waits for the moment, for the night to come

hidden in the rocks, watching the horses how they run
they play in the river, called 'Bougos Golden Tongue'
sending out his eagle to show him where to go
it takes him to a foreign land he's never been before

I wished I were an Indian and going with the wind
I can fly with the butterflies, no high-tech, no rainy eyes
I'd love to be an Indian in mother nature's paradise
no CO2 in the air
I wished I was there
I wished I was there

he awakes in the morning with the rising sun
his eagle and the horses they went away, they're gone
he tries to find his way back home to where he once belonged
but the world has changed into a place where something has gone wrong

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this indian he's called Tadero
he's the youngest son of big chief Farero
and I believe he's still alive in his beautiful paradise
away from mother earth, somewhere in the universe

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I wished I was there, there

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