

## Broken Cloud

Babe Ruth

Face in the sun  
Like a broken cloud 'Fore morning's come Squintin' eyes  
In the desert v waste Shouts his cause  
Its no disgrace

Broken Cloud  
Standin' high  
Sees the sun  
And gives out his cry

Light in his hair  
Mighty like the spear In hardened grip  
Gazing  
Over yonder plains Stalks the prey  
With fingertips

Scars bear his chest Feathers surround his head  
Quick and light  
Ready for tight  
Loves his life  
But the warrior is forgot

He may laugh at all The weathered storms Friendly with the sun  
That gives him warmth Alone but free  
He's a memory  
Past is the pride  
That's his company