

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