

Noc-A-Homa

Black Lips

Lonely tipi set in the sky
Dancing circles on a summer night
Children laughing at his expense
Chuckling more peanuts at a broken man
He'll keep waving Tomahawk in hand
His headdress is a flower
He ain't no stinking coward
I wish other people can see

Noc-A-Homa
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Just like you and me

Everybody's leaving and the lights are on
He's got nowhere to lie when the crowd dissolves
He's just trying to root for the team
He's a one man tribe and a dying breed
And if you stab at him, well he'll surely be
His headdress is a flower
He ain't no stinking coward
I wish other people can see

Noc-A-Homa
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Just like you and me

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