

American Goldwing

Blitzen Trapper

We ride these waters dark and dusty
So ride my people ride
With your muskets aimed at the falling rain
'Cause the city ain't no place to hide
Oh my sister's in the boat behind
Baby, curse the crime
My lovers mind is made, is made
And I think it's time to get on board

I left my home and all my money
To wrestlin with the wind
On a lone gold wing
Gon' cross the ocean
'Cause I heard that its a heck of a swim
Oh my sisters left to be an indians bride
Baby curse the times made me curse the tides that rise
That ride
Ain't it funny how the time just flies
Oh lord, oh lord
Don't you think it's time to get on board?

Well my gaskets blown from strikin' the stone
Gunna curse the cave where I was made
I know, I know
I'm stayin' if the wind don't blow
Oh lord, oh lord
You know I guess I better get on board

Did you haunt the gold wing 1980?
Ride my baby, ride
We rode so low (I absolutely cannot understand the words right
here)
And then up through the valley below
Oh my sisters playin' in a rock and roll band
Made me curse the sky, curse the land
It's true, it's true
That I'm only just passin' through
Oh lord, oh lord
And I think its time to get on board
I know, I know
I'm stayin' if the wind don't blow
Oh no, oh no
Ya know I think its time to get on board