

# Seven Little Indians

John Hiatt

There were seven little Indians  
Livin' in a brick house on Central Avenue  
Gathered 'round their daddy  
Tellin' stories in the living room

From a slightly unrealistic point of view  
Momma was off yonder in the kitchen somewhere  
Boiling up some hot water for them to all get up to their necks in

The seven little Indians knew  
If the rest of the tribe ever scrutinized their household  
Somehow it would not pass inspection

Big chief railed on  
And spun his tales of brave conquest  
About the moving of his little band  
Up to Alaska where the caribou run free

See he'd done time putting in telephone lines  
For the army during World War II  
And even brought back a picture of a frozen mastodon  
For the little Indians to see

And some mukluks and some sealskin gloves  
And a coat with beads around the collar  
His wife kept them in the mothballs  
Underneath the Hudson Bays

And every once and a while he'd get wound up  
With one of his stories, he'd put them all on  
And dance around in that blue TV screen light  
Like it was some campfire blazing away

Well he stamped and he hollered  
But he could not stay warm in that living room  
And even the seven little Indians  
Well they could feel the chill

And although everything always worked  
Out for the better in all of his stories  
In that old brick house it always felt like  
Something was movin' in for the kill

Blazing like a trail  
Shot through the eyes of the seven little Indians  
Blazing like an arrow  
Shot stronghold out in Arizona

Blazing like the sheets of light dancing up in the sky  
Up above Anchorage  
Blazing like a star shot down to the ground  
Back home again in Indiana

Now it finally got so quiet you could hear a pin drop  
They started droppin' like flies  
The oldest little Indian got sick and vanished  
And the big chief went two years later

And the mama raised the six little Indians up  
The best she could  
To be housewives, musicians, and insurance salesmen  
But they all shared this common denominator

You see, all the characters in the big chief's stories  
Were named after the seven little Indians  
And like I said, in his stories everything  
Always worked out for the better

And now as I'm telling this stuff to my own kids  
Dancing around the TV screen light  
Well, I wish I had those mukluks, those sealskin gloves  
And that coat with beads around the collar