

Running Bear

Mud

On the banks of the river stood Running Bear,
Young Indian brave.
On the other side of the river stood his lovely Indian maid.
Little White Dove was her name.
Such a lovely sight to see.
But their tribes fought with each other
So their love could never be.

Running Bear, loved Little White Dove
With a love as big as the sky.
Running Bear, loved Little White Dove
With a love that wouldn't die.

He couldn't swim the raging river
Cause the river was too wide.
He couldn't reach his Little White Dove
Waiting on the other side.
In the moonlight he could see her
Blowing kisses across the waves.
Her little heart was beating faster
Waiting there for her brave.

Running Bear dove in the water.
Little White Dove did the same.
And they swam out to each other
Through the swirling stream they came.
As their hands touched and their lips met
The ragging river pulled them down.
Now they'll always be together in that happy hunting ground