

We live in a bowl made of sky and stars  
Perched on the edge of the world  
And around the Reservation everyone drives  
In pick-ups and beaten-up cars  
And the rattles and drums they rise and they fall  
The circle unbroken in the village hall  
With the flag of the conquerors high on the wall  
And the sound of the foghorn on the island

Bury my heart deep in the forest  
Perish my body in the cold, cold water  
And bless what is left, bless what is left of the tribe

There were fish and there were whales out past the jagged rocks  
Sharp like the teeth of the bay  
And there are credit cheques cashed at the village store  
And junk food and beer for the day  
And the rattles and drums they rise and they fall  
In the circle unbroken in the village hall  
With the flag of the conquerors high on the wall  
And the sound of the foghorn on the island

Bury my heart deep in the forest  
Perish my body in the cold cold water  
And bless what is left, bless what is left of the tribe

Look away, look away, the wolf transforms into a man  
Some things should never be seen  
And a hundred great birds swoop down across the breakers  
And the Spirit Wind blows and things they just happen  
So bury my heart deep in the forest  
Perish my body in the cold cold water  
And bless what is left, bless what is left of the tribe