

La Push

New Model Army

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