

Chief had been out of the army  
For 15 years or more  
He was still marching up and down that street  
Just like he was a-walking a war  
They called him the chief because he was Indian  
It was a name they said behind his back  
In the summer he'd march without any shoes  
Until the soles of his feet turned black  
'till the soles of his feet turned black

His hands wouldn't work the machinery  
Cause his brain told him what to say  
It's a hell of a life  
But its somebody's life  
Up and down the street all day

Honey have a look at the places  
Like a dog running on a track  
The wheels keep on going as fast as you get there  
You don't ever get to go back  
I don't really know what I'm doing  
Just watching myself in some play  
And the actress looks like she wants to go home  
And lie in bed all day  
Yeah lie in a big bed all day

Her hands wouldn't work the machinery  
Cause his brain tells him what to say  
It's a hell of a life  
But its somebody's life  
Up and down the street all day

Well I wish that you could see me when I'm flying in my dreams  
The way I laugh there way up high  
The way I look when I fly  
The way I live  
The way I fly

Chief got out of the army  
Jesus went to live with the poor  
I'm still marching up and down that street  
I don't know what I'm doing that for  
I don't know what I'm doing that for  
I don't know what I'm doing that for