

## Indian Rope Man

Richie Havens

Fog dangling thick  
Can't see the right road  
Streets are sick,  
The eight day mill  
It might grind slow, but it grinds fine

Indian rope man, while lookin' on  
Tells common clay he's heavenly born  
Retired layman looks on in scorn,  
With a transplanted heart  
Kiss him quick, he has to part.  
Yeah... yeah

Indian rope man sees the times,  
Splitting loose the edge of minds  
Catching losers in his line, in his line, yeah  
Kiss him quick, he has to part.  
Yeah... yeah

Indian rope man flexes his eye,  
Dissolving the fog  
Revealing the lie  
Indian rope man holds my trick in his heart, yeah  
Kiss him quick, he has to part  
Yeah... yeah

Indian rope man sees all strife  
Cutting down eternal life  
When his soul transcends his heart, oh  
Kiss him quick, he has to part.  
Yeah... yeah