

# Rattlebone

Robbie Robertson

Pay no mind to his messed up hair  
Pay no mind to the clothes he wears  
It's just the hours he's been keepin'  
Ain't been doing too much sleeping  
They dyed his hair and hid his feathers  
And told him he was Latin  
'Til he came chanting down the street  
Like a cannibal in Manhattan

Rattlebone  
Rattlebone  
Shake it for the war chief  
All night long  
Rattlebone  
Rattlebone  
Sweet medicine  
To each his own

One sky above  
One earth below  
One sky above us  
One earth below

Rattlebone  
Rattlebone  
Shake it for the war chief  
All night long  
Rattlebone  
Rattlebone  
Sweet medicine  
To each his own

Here's where we go off the map  
Out past the power lines  
Up that little side road without a sign  
Hidden from the mainstream  
The keepers of the ancient future  
Keepers of the drum  
They don't preserve it  
They live it

Rattlebone  
Rattlebone  
Shake it for the war chief  
All night long  
Rattlebone  
Rattlebone  
Get down on your knees  
And praise the dawn

Rattlebone  
Rattlebone  
Shake it for the war chief  
All night long  
Rattlebone  
Rattlebone  
Sweet medicine

To each his own