

People Of My Village

Rusted Root

Good morning I see you
There on the phone
Good morning I see you
Dead on the throne

Like a dragonfly
With stone wings
Stone wings I sing
I tell you the ones I love
The people of my village
That I was drowned in a
Scotland sea
By pagans in ecstasy
Mother; Father you never
Heard from me

Good morning I see you
There on the phone
Good morning I see you
Dead on the throne

Here I sit
Stone wings
Stone wings I sing
I tell you, the ones I love
The people of my village
That I was drowned in a
Scotland sea
By pagans in ecstasy
Mother; Father you never
Heard from me

(Tell me why)
Good morning I see you
There on the phone
Good morning I see you
Dead on the throne

I was lifted
For the gift
For the gift I bring
Held down,
I drunk the town
For the people of my village