

1000 Travels Of Jawaharlal

"A Campfire Song"

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[Natalie Merchant]

[other voice: Michael Stipe]

A lie to say, "O my mountain has coal veins and beds to dig.

500 men with axes and they all dig for me."

A lie to say, "O my river where many fish do swim,
Half of the catch is mine when you haul your nets in."
Never will he believe that his greed is a blinding ray.

No devil or redeemer will cheat him.

He'll take his gold to where he's lying cold.

A lie to say, "O my mine gave a diamond as big as a fist."

But with every gem in his pocket, the jewels he has missed.

A lie to say, "O my garden is growing taller by the day."

He only eats the best and tosses the rest away.

Never will he be believe that his greed is a blinding ray.

No devil or redeemer can cheat him.

He'll take his gold to where he's lying cold.

Six deep in the grave.

Something is out of reach

Something he wanted

Something is out of reach

He's being taunted

Something is out of reach

That he can' beg or steal nor can he buy

His oldest pain

And fear in life

There'll not be time

His oldest pain

And fear in life

There'll not be time

A lie to say "O my forest has trees that block the sun

And when I cut them down I don't answer to anyone."

No, no, never will he believe that his greed is a blinding

ray
No devil or redeemer can cheat him.
He'll take his gold where he's lying cold.

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