

Black Lips

"Nock-A-Homa"

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Lonely teepee setting in the sky
Dancing circles on a summer night
Children laughing at his expense
Chuckling more peanuts at a broken man

He'll keep waving, tomahawk in hand
His headdress is a flower
He ain't no stinking coward
I wish that other people could see

Noc-A-Homa
Noc-A-Homa
Noc-A-Homa
Just like you and me

Everybody's leaving and the lights are off
He's got nowhere to lie when the crowd dissolves
He's just trying to root for the team
He's a one man tribe and a dying breed

And if you stab that man, well, it's surely mean
His headdress is a flower
He ain't no stinking coward
I wish that other people could see

Noc-A-Homa
Noc-A-Homa
Noc-A-Homa
Just like you and me

Noc-A-Homa
Noc-A-Homa
Noc-A-Homa
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