

The Byrds "Tribal Gathering"

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She'll hand to you a stick of sandalwood
A little smile and then she'll disappear
Back into a crowd of happy people
Looking like they never came from here

Strange thing, gathering of tribes
Strange thing, gathering of tribes

A Macedonian, a pilot comes
A' laughing at a German jest or joke
A friendly motorcycle angel comes
To sit and talk awhile, and share a smoke

Strange thing, gathering of tribes
Strange thing, gathering of tribes

Pretty little whirling butterfly
All the prettiest girls go dancing by
Caught up in the sound of talking drums
Lost herself out in the wheel of [Incomprehensible]

Strange thing, gathering of tribes
Strange thing, gathering of tribes

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