

Rick Nelson

"Big Chief Buffalo Nickel"

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Way out on the wind-swept desert,
Where nature played with no man
A buffalo found his brother
Lying baked on the sun-baked sand.
Said my brother what ails you?
A sickness made you this way?
His brother never said
'cause his brother was dead
He been dead since way last May
Big Chief Buffalo Nickel
Was a mighty man in his day,
He never used a sickle
To clear the bushes away.
He'd roam around from tent to tent,
Eat everything in sight
He loved a squaw, every one he saw
He loved a new one every night.
Way out on the wind-swept desert
I heard a big Indian noise,
I left my tent 'cause I knew what it meant
What I never known before.
It was gone when I reached St. Pete
My legs were certainly sore,
I musta lost 50 pounds on that hot desert ground
And I'd lose that many more.

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