

Rusted Root

"People Of The Village"

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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

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