

The Samples

"Close To The Fires"

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The blue skies are turning brown
And trees fall without a sound
Jets crashing through the sky
The big sun is burning high

The oceans are turning black
Tuna nets and dolphin traps
Oil spills near garbage barge
It's dumping needles and hospital jars

But close to the fires, and under a trance
The Indians sang and said with their dance
To take what you need and leave the rest
To take what you need and leave it alone

The landscape is full of holes
For private business or personal goals
Nevada's testing the nuclear sin
Designing wars that no one could win

The karma debts are out of control
They're bathing me inside my soul
Beauty pageants with glamorous furs
Can you believe what they once were?

But close to the fires, and under a trance
The Indians sang, and said with their dance
To take what you need and leave the rest
To take what you need and leave it alone

The blue skies are turning brown
The blue skies are turning brown
Our blue skies are turning brown
Our blue skies are turning brown

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