



Indian Rope Man

Words & Music: Havens, Roth, Price

Publisher: WarnerChappell

Sung by Inga Rumpf (Frumpy)

Fog dangling thick
Can't see the right road
Streets are sick
The eight day mill
It might grind slow, but it grinds fine, yeah

Indian rope man, while lookin' on
Tells common clay he's heavenly born
Retired layman looks on in scorn
With a transplanted heart
Kiss him quick, he has to part

Indian rope man sees the times
Splitting loose the edge of minds
Catching losers in his line, in his line, yeah
Kiss him quick, he has to part