

## **SEVEN LITTLE INDIANS**

| E      Bsus4 | Asus2      |      x4

E                    Bsus4                    Asus2

There were seven little indians

E                    Bsus4                    Asus2

Living in a brickhouse on Central Avenue

E                    Bsus4                    Asus2

Gathered round their daddy, telling stories in the living room

E                    Bsus4                    Asus2

From a slightly unrealistic point of view

Momma was up yonder in the kitchen somewhere

Boiling up some hot water for them all to get up to their necks in

And the seven little indians knew if the rest of the tribe ever scrutinised  
their household

Somehow it would not pass inspection

The big chief railed on, and he spun his tales of brave conquest

'Bout moving up his little band to Alaska, where the caraboux run free

Y'see, he'd done time up there putting in telephone lines for the army during  
World War Two

And even brought back a picture of a frozen mastadonn for the little indians  
to

see

And some mukluks, some sealskin gloves, and the coat with beads around the  
collar

His wife kept them in the mothballs underneath the Hudson Bay

And every once in a while he'd get wound up with one of his stories, and put  
'em

all on

And dance around that blue TV screen like it was some campfire blazing

Well, he stanned and he hollered, but he could not stay warm in that living room

And even the seven little indians, well they could feel the chill

And although everything always worked out for the better in all of his stories

In that old brickhouse it always felt like something was moving in for the kill

Blazing like a trench shot through the eyes of the seven little indians

Blazing like an arrow shot - Old Cheese's (?) last stronghold out in Arizona

Blazing like sheets of light dancing in the sky up above Anchorage

Blazing like a star shot down to the ground baxk home again in Indiana

Now it finally got so quiet you could hear a pin drop, and they started dropping like flies

The oldest little indian got sick and vanished and the big chief went two years

later

And the momma raised the six little indians up the best she could to be housewives, musicians, and insurance salesmen

But they all shared this common denominator

Y'see all the characters in the big chief's stories were named after the seven little indidans

And like I said, in his stories everything always worked out for the better

And now as I'm telling this story to my own kids dancing round the TV screen

Well I wish I had those mukluks, and those sealskin gloves

And that coat with the beads around the collar

.....

Chords used:

E: 022100    Bsus4: x24400    Asus2: x02200

.....