

”Down to the Roots”

by Rick Phillips

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**When my body sets the great spirit free
Bury me skin beneath a tree
From the ground, will come strange sounds
As my machine slowly breaks down
To form new roots in the mother’s womb**

**I wanna get down to the roots
come on down to the ground
We won’t all be around forever
Come down from your hill, egos can kill
Let’s get down to the roots together**

**When my guitar sets the great spirit free
Surround your ears with simple melody
Wood and steel dug up from the ground
Forged by fingers to make some simple sounds
And form new roots in the music tree**

**When the people set the great spirit free
We’ll see what happens if we all truly agree
That we must dig together to rightly understand
Why we came and where we go, the destiny of man
To live and die at peace with our mother earth**