

Native American

Bellamy Brothers

Well, the white man came, and killed off the Buffalo
The Sioux and the Cheyenne, felt the pain
The Suni and the Blackfoot, Shoshone and the Navaho
Dwellers in the pueblos, and in tee-pees on the plains.

I wanna fly where the Eagle has been
Like a native American, native American.

Now the Medicine man seeks a vision from the rain and sun
The ghost of Geromino, lives on through the years
Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull showed Custer who was number one
While the Cherokee nation, cried a trail of tears.

I wanna die on sacred land
Like a native American, native American.

Now the red man walks in the Paleface moccasins
The Great Spirit weeps for the days of old
The last Mohican calls his brothers together again
The Crow and the Iroquois and the Seminole.

I wanna ride, ride like the wind, Like a native american.
I wanna dance with the Wolf my friend, Like a native american.
I wanna fly where the Eagle has been, Like a native american.
I wanna die on sacred land, Like a native american.