

## Indian Sunset

Elton John

As I awoke this evening with the smell of wood smoke clinging  
Like a gentle cobweb hanging upon a painted tee pee  
Oh I went to see my chieftain with my war lance and my woman  
For he told us that the yellow moon would very soon be leaving  
This I can't believe I said, I can't believe our warlord's dead  
Oh he would not leave the chosen ones to the buzzards and the soldiers guns

Oh great father of the Iroquois ever since I was young  
I've read the writing of the smoke and breast fed on the sound of drums  
I've learned to hurl the tomahawk and ride a painted pony wild  
To run the gauntlet of the Sioux, to make a chieftain's daughter mine

And now you ask that I should watch  
The red man's race be slowly crushed  
What kind of words are these to hear  
From Yellow Dog whom white man fears

I take only what is mine Lord, my pony, my squaw, and my child  
I can't stay to see you die along with my tribe's pride  
I go to search for the yellow moon and the fathers of our sons  
Where the red sun sinks in the hills of gold and the healing waters run

Trampling down the prairie roads leaving hoof tracks in the sand  
Those who wish to follow me I welcome with my hands  
I heard from passing renegades Geronimo was dead  
He'd been laying down his weapons when they filled him full of lead

Now there seems no reason why I should carry on  
In this land that once was my land I can't find a home  
It's lonely and it's quiet and the horse soldiers are coming  
And I think it's time I strung my bow and ceased my senseless running  
For soon I'll find the yellow moon along with my loved ones  
Where the buffaloes graze in clover fields without the sound of guns

And the red sun sinks at last into the hills of gold  
And at peace does this young warrior come, with a bullet hole