

## Eagle Must Fly Free

Bill Miller

The skies are blue, but I still hear thunder  
The skies are clear, but there's lightning under my skin  
It's gonna rain again, and when the rains come down  
I'll be on that road again  
Warriors will ride.  
On their painted horses  
Blessed by the wind  
And the unseen forces above  
They will ride on as one  
They will brave the storm  
Till the rains are over and done  
Ride on crazy horse  
Take me to the hills  
Beyond the battle, where the waters are still  
Where it's so quiet you can hear the children run  
Far away from the sound of the gun  
These are the feathers of a golded eagle  
These are the feathers of an ancient people  
You must, you must set my people free  
Never hold me down, for the eagle must fly free  
Warriors will ride on their painted horses  
Bless by the wind and the unseen forces above  
They will ride on as one  
They will brave the storm  
Till the rains are over and done