

My People

Bill Miller

My people were here long before the others cast their sails to
the wind

Before the tears of innocence like a hard rain would descend
My people spread like eagle wings across the mountains and the
plains

Now the feathers have been broken but the eagle still remains

My people heard the thundering as the iron horse crossed the la
nd

Its echoes drowning out the cries of those who could not unders
tand

My people watched the buffalo dying in the sun

While those tracks of steal lead to the sea, their will be done

Now their blood flows through these rivers and then into our ve
ins

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame
And their blood flows through these rivers just like an endless
rain

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame

My people have fought for this land, here and across the sea

Their shadows cast on sacred ground for all enturnity

My people's pride still can soar and dance across this land

You can see it in the eys of every woman, child, and man

Because the blood flows through these rivers and then into our
veins

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame
And their blood flows through these rivers just like an endless
rain

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame

My people are the Navoho, my people are the Cherokee

My people are Arapoho, my people are Menominee

My people are, my people are...