

# Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee

Buffy Sainte-Marie

Indian legislation on the desk of a do-right Congressman  
Now, he don't know much about the issue  
so he picks up the phone and he asks advice from the  
Senator out in Indian country  
A darling of the energy companies who are  
ripping off what's left of the reservations. Huh.

I learned a safety rule  
I don't know who to thank  
Don't stand between the reservation and the  
corporate bank  
They send in federal tanks  
It isn't nice but it's reality

Bury my heart at Wounded Knee  
Deep in the Earth  
Cover me with pretty lies  
bury my heart at Wounded Knee. Huh.

They got these energy companies that want the land  
and they've got churches by the dozen who want to  
guide our hands  
and sign Mother Earth over to pollution, war and  
greed  
Get rich... get rich quick.

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bury my heart at Wounded Knee. Huh.

We got the federal marshals  
We got the covert spies  
We got the liars by the fire  
We got the FBIs  
They lie in court and get nailed  
and still Peltier goes off to jail

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bury my heart at Wounded Knee. Huh.

My girlfriend Annie Mae talked about uranium  
Her head was filled with bullets and her body dumped  
The FBI cut off her hands and told us she'd died of  
exposure  
Loo loo loo loo loo

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We had the Goldrush Wars  
Aw, didn't we learn to crawl and still our history gets  
written in a liar's scrawl

They tell 'ya "Honey, you can still be an Indian  
d-d-down at the 'Y'  
on Saturday nights"

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Bury my heart at Wounded Knee. Huh!