

Cherokee

Europe

They lived in peace, not long ago
A mighty Indian tribe
But the winds of change,
Made them realize, that the promises were lies.

The white man's greed, in search of gold
Made the nation bleed
They lost their faith
And now they had to learn
There was no place to return
Nowhere they could turn.

Cherokee - marching on the trail of tears.

They were driven hard, across the plains
And walked for many moons
Cause the winds of change,
Had made them realize, that the promises were lies.

So much to bear, all that pain
Left them in despair
They lost their faith
And now they had to learn
There was no place to return
Nowhere they could turn.