

Aurora borealis
The icy sky at night
Our paddles break the water
In a long and hurried flight
From the white man and the fields of green
And the homeland we've never seen
They killed us in our tepee
They cut our women down
They might have left some babies
Cryin' on the ground
But the big guns and the wagon wheels come
Yes, and the night falls on the setting sun
They massacred the buffalo
Kitty corner from the bank
The taxis run across my feet
And my eyes have turned to blanks
In my little room at the top of the stairs
With an Indian rug and a pipe to share
I wish I was a trapper
I would give thousand pelts
To sleep with Pocahontas
And to find out how she felt
In the morning on the fields of green
In the homeland we've never seen
Yes and maybe Marlon Brando
Will be there by the fire
We'll sit and talk of Hollywood
And the good things there for hire
And the Astrodome and the first tepee
Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me
Pocahontas