

# River Of Tears

Ian Hunter

Waiting on an elevator, in a hotel out in California  
Smog clouds up in the windows, but there is a plaque up on the wall

That tells of the Agoras, people who were here long before us  
Before the covered wagons, before they lost it all

They were hunters, they were fishermen und they often fought each other

But one small tribe was different, their leader was a peaceful man

They were weavers, they were painters, trading pelts for pretty colours

Protected by the warriors for the beauty in their hands  
Roll back the years, roll back the years, to the river of tears

The chief he had a daughter, she was young and she was beautiful

He said, "Go into the forest, get some berries for the dye  
But make your way back quickly, for the old bear's getting hungry

I don't want you out there, when the sun falls from the sky"

Her basket filled with berries, she headed back toward the village

When a mighty roar erupted, she ran und hid inside a hollow tree

Shadows were getting longer, the forest was getting colder  
And the chief began to panic, where could his daughter be?  
Lost in the years, lost in the years, on the river of tears

In the camp the fires were dying when the old chief started crying

Soon all the tribe were crying, the ground grew wet beneath their feet

And the tears they turned to water and the water became a river  
And the river flowed like an arrow, to the foot of a hollow tree

And the girl looked out in wonder, as she saw the water falling  
She knew it was her father and she swam to his canoe

And all the tribe stopped crying, and the river started subsiding

Into the hill of the Agoras, and so the legend grew

Roll back the years, roll back the years

Roll back the years, to the river of tears

I wish all the world was healing