

# Homeland

John Hiatt

Well, I jumped so high  
Knocked the table over  
Thought I saw a ghost  
Come out of the clover  
She lived in this house  
Forty odd years or so

She was buried in the back  
With the English and the natives  
Slaughtered like sheep  
Women and babies  
A lot of blood and tears  
Three hundred years ago

It's like they're caught up in the trees  
In the webs of spiders  
Spun out of leaves  
Ghostly riders  
Lookin' for a trail  
To find their way back home

But there's nothing back there or tomorrow  
No place they can put their sorrow  
Heavy as death  
Cold as a broken stone

And I call this place my homeland  
And I claim this land I own  
But it belongs to another people  
They possess it in their bones

Well, I can hear them in the night  
Like a hundred televisions  
Hummin' down low beneath the subdivisions  
All they really want is if we can hear 'em now

They been troublin' this plain  
Looking for attention  
Making crazy tracks  
They need an intervention  
All they really want  
Is to get back home somehow

So build up a fire  
Say a little prayer  
Cook a little meat  
Pull 'em up a chair  
And offer them a plate  
Maybe we can all find peace

You can't bury anything, men or nations  
Old memories, old vibrations  
The pain doesn't stop just because the killing ceased

And I call this place my homeland  
And I claim this land I own  
It belongs to another people

They possess it in their bones

Well, I jumped so high  
Straight up off the bedsheet  
Nightmare sky  
Bloody with the red heat  
Started to shake  
Cause I couldn't find my way back home

Well, I landed in the ditch  
Landed in the gutter  
Landed in arms of my long lost mother  
Cryin' like a child  
While the Bayou Pierre groaned

And I call this place my homeland  
And I love this land I own  
It belongs to another people  
They possess it in their bones

Yeah, I call this place my homeland  
And I claim this land I own  
But it belongs to another people  
They possess it in their bones