

Native Son

John Hiatt

You finally found the mainstream
In the middle of your life
You tapped into a vein
Of endless gold chains
Now you're locked up tight
Tearing down the middle of it
Splitting it right in half
Bobbing up and down the waves
Like a runaway slave
On a Huck Finn raft

Take your wife
Take your family
Take your gun
Running through the woods
And the burned out neighborhoods
Looking for someone
A member of your tribe
A Place you can hide
'Til the war has begun
'Cause in the fields before the flood
You'll be spilling blood
Like a native son

Where you gonna run to
There ain't no underground
If only you could fly
You'd cut across the sky
Like a rifle round
Oh, who are your people
And where is your homeland
'Cause they're dying side by side
At the river of pride
Where we tried to take a stand

In the fields before the flood
You'll be spilling blood
Like a native son