

# Hotdogs and Hamburgers

John Mellencamp

Drivin' down a dry summer's day  
Old Route 66 and I was just a kid  
Met a pretty little Indian girl  
Along the way  
Get her into my car  
And tried to give her a kiss  
I'll give you beads and wampum  
Whatever it takes, girl  
To make you trade.  
She jumped into the back seat  
And she kinda flipped her lid  
She said, "you're trying to get somethin' for nothin'"  
"Like the pilgrims in the olden days"

We rode for a while  
Till the sun went away  
And I realized it was a sort of an honor  
Bein' around this girl  
I felt embarrassed  
Of what I tried to do earlier that day  
She was the saddest girl, I ever knew  
She told me stories about the Indian nations  
And how the white man stole their lives away  
And although she kinda liked me  
She could never trust me  
And when the sun comes up  
We'd go our different ways

Now everybody has got the choice  
Between hotdogs and hamburgers  
Every one of us has got to choose  
Between right and wrong  
And givin' up or holdin' on

So I dropped her off  
At some railroad crossing in Texas  
An old Indian man was waiting there  
He smiled and thanked me  
But he saw right through me  
I could tell, he didn't like me  
For my kind, he didn't care  
Because to him, I was the white man  
The one who sold him something  
That he already owned  
And it was like he'd been ridin' in the  
Car right there with us  
And I felt ashamed of my actions  
And the way the west was really won

So I drove down the highway  
Till I came to Los Angeles  
To the town of the angels  
The best, this country can do  
I got down on my knees  
And I ask for forgiveness  
I said, "Lord, forgive us  
For we know not, what we do"

[Chorus:]