

# Winona

Luka Bloom

Winona, Winona, Winona,  
The only Indian girl I knew  
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I only met you briefly in a bar  
But your love came shining through me, oh Indian star  
And when you talked about your people long ago  
You painted me a picture, oh buffalo.  
In the Blackfoot Hills their motorways  
Are tearing up your life  
Progress at it's best,  
Progress bringing death.

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The mirror of your heart rings through my mind  
Just what I need to feel, need to find  
The earth is everyone's, your people said  
And he who's by the earth soul is dead  
Custer leading brave young men  
You educate the loss  
Christians got it wrong  
They never listened to your song.

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Winona ...