

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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