

Indian Girl

The Rolling Stones

Little Indian girl, where is your mama?
Little Indian girl, where is your papa?
He's fighting in the war in the streets of Masaya
All the children were dead, except for the girl who said
"Please Mister Gringo, please find my father"
Lesson number one that you learn while you're young
Life just goes on and on getting harder and harder
Little Indian girl, from Nueva, Granada
Little Indian girl, from Nueva, Granada
Yes, I saw them today. It's a sight I would say
They're shooting down planes with their M-16 and with laughter

Ma says there's no food, there's nothing left in the larder
Last piece of meat was eaten by the soldiers that raped her
All the children were dead, except for the girl who said
"Please Mister Gringo, please find my father"
Lesson number one that you learn while you're young
Life just goes on and on getting harder and harder
Life just goes on and on getting harder and harder
Little Indian girl, from Nueva, Granada
Yes, I saw them today. It's a sight I would say
They're shooting down planes with their M-16 and with laughter

Mr. Gringo, my father he ain't no Che Guevara
And he's fighting the war on the streets of Masaya
Little Indian girl where is your father?
Little Indian girl where is your momma?
They're fighting for Mr. Castro in the streets of Angola