

Back a long long time ago  
There was an old man his story he told  
He was the chief of a native tribe and he  
Spoke of beginnings and endings and wars and lies  
He said "I tell my tale from a different view  
Of the day we saw wagons and suddenly knew  
Our lives would never be the same but  
No nightmare compared to what they brought our way"

"White man after white man came over the hills that protected our lives  
They went on to steal our freedom when their own they couldn't find."

"They soon took over the west and the east  
Always making promises they couldn't keep  
My baby died from diseases they brought  
And all the while we hardly fought  
Too tired to fight we travelled all day  
Trying to escape the death that they made  
Buffalo's gone, land's divided by train  
They don't want us here but they won't let us get away"

You should see my mother's tears  
too proud to well up in her eyes  
You should hear the wind whisper its sad goodbyes"

"If you take the land  
Please respect the land  
This is our one last plea  
Before we're forced to flee  
And lead your white man's way  
And to finish off these lonely lonely days  
We'll warn you as we once were  
Take only what you need and leave the land as you found it."

He went on to tell me "never underestimate  
The power of the sun and the moon  
and the tide and fate"  
He said "you white men don't understand  
what it's truly like to live off the land  
Too bad you've never tried it then you'd realize  
it's not your land to have."

"Everyone should get a chance  
to hear the owls speak their wisdom at night  
Everyone needs to witness coyotes  
that fill you with fright."