

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."