

## Indian Wars

Bruce Cockburn

Out in the desert where the wind never stops  
A few simple people try to grow a few crops  
Trying to maintain a life and a home  
On land that was theirs before the Romans thought of Rome

A few dozen survivors, ragged but proud  
With a few woolly sheep, under gathering cloud  
It's never been easy, or free from strife  
But the pulse of the land is the pulse of their life

You thought it was over but it's just like before  
Will there never be an end to the Indian wars?

It's not breech-loading rifles and wholesale slaughter  
It's kickbacks and thugs and diverted water  
Treaties get signed and the papers change hands  
But they might as well draft these agreements in sand

Noble Savage on the cinema screen  
An Indian's good when he cannot be seen  
And the so-called white so-called race  
Digs for itself a pit of disgrace

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