

# War Paint and Soft Feathers

Cher

They were from two warring tribes  
So their love could never be  
He was a painted Apache  
And she was a Cherokee  
He was stealing her father's horses  
When he saw her standing there  
Moon braided bits of silver  
All through her long black hair

War paint and soft feathers  
Love was meant to be  
Even though he was Apache  
She was a blue-eyed Cherokee  
War paint and soft feathers  
Under the pale moon light  
Doing what tribal laws forbid  
As drums brought the silence of the night

His strong arms circled round her waist  
His headband touched her brow  
They were of two different tongues  
But their lips met anyhow  
Next to a small oak tree  
Crossed spears forbid their love  
There'd been no peace between their tribes  
Long as eagles soar above

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Now the leaves have fallen to the ground  
Over and over again  
From the small oak tree grown taller  
Where once crossed spears had been  
A young man rides his pinto horse  
And he stands there tall and free  
The son of a wild Apache  
And a blue-eyed Cherokee

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