

Hotdogs and Hamburgers

John Mellencamp

Drivin' down a dry summer's day
Old Route 66 and I was just a kid
Met a pretty little Indian girl
Along the way
Get her into my car
And tried to give her a kiss
I'll give you beads and wampum
Whatever it takes, girl
To make you trade.
She jumped into the back seat
And she kinda flipped her lid
She said, "you're trying to get somethin' for nothin'"
"Like the pilgrims in the olden days"

We rode for a while
Till the sun went away
And I realized it was a sort of an honor
Bein' around this girl
I felt embarrassed
Of what I tried to do earlier that day
She was the saddest girl, I ever knew
She told me stories about the Indian nations
And how the white man stole their lives away
And although she kinda liked me
She could never trust me
And when the sun comes up
We'd go our different ways

Now everybody has got the choice
Between hotdogs and hamburgers
Every one of us has got to choose
Between right and wrong
And givin' up or holdin' on

So I dropped her off
At some railroad crossing in Texas
An old Indian man was waiting there
He smiled and thanked me
But he saw right through me
I could tell, he didn't like me
For my kind, he didn't care
Because to him, I was the white man
The one who sold him something
That he already owned
And it was like he'd been ridin' in the
Car right there with us
And I felt ashamed of my actions
And the way the west was really won

So I drove down the highway
Till I came to Los Angeles
To the town of the angels
The best, this country can do
I got down on my knees
And I ask for forgiveness
I said, "Lord, forgive us
For we know not, what we do"

[Chorus:]