

# Pocahontas

Johnny Cash

Aurora borealis  
The icy sky at night  
Paddles cut the water  
In a long and hurried flight  
From the white man  
to the fields of green  
And the homeland  
we've never seen.

They killed us in our tepee  
And they cut our women down  
They might have left some babies  
Cryin' on the ground  
But the firesticks  
and the wagons come  
And the night falls  
on the setting sun.

They massacred the buffalo  
Kitty corner from the bank  
The taxis run across my feet  
And my eyes have turned to blanks  
In my little box  
at the top of the stairs  
With my Indian rug  
and a pipe to share.

I wish I was a trapper  
I would give thousand pelts  
To sleep with Pocahontas  
And find out how she felt  
In the mornin'  
on the fields of green  
In the homeland  
we've never seen.

And maybe Marlon Brando  
Will be there by the fire  
We'll sit and talk about Hollywood  
And the good things there for hire  
Like the Astrodome  
and the first tepee  
Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me  
Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me  
Pocahontas.