The skies are blue, but I still hear thunder The skies are clear, but there's lightning under my skin It's gonna rain again, and when the rains come down I'll be on that road again Warriors will ride. On their painted horses Blessed by the wind And the unseen forces above They will ride on as one They will brave the storm Till the rains are over and done Ride on crazy horse Take me to the hills Beyond the battle, where the waters are still Where it's so quiet you can hear the children run Far away from the sound of the gun These are the feathers of a golded eagle These are the feathers of an ancient people You must, you must set my people free Never hold me down, for the eagle must fly free Warriors will ride on their painted horses Bless by the wind and the unseen forces above They will ride on as one They will brave the storm Till the rains are over and done