

## My People

Bill Miller

My people were here long before the others cast their sails to  
the wind

Before the tears of innocence like a hard rain would descend  
My people spread like eagle wings across the mountains and the  
plains

Now the feathers have been broken but the eagle still remains

My people heard the thundering as the iron horse crossed the la  
nd

Its echoes drowning out the cries of those who could not unders  
tand

My people watched the buffalo dying in the sun

While those tracks of steel lead to the sea, their will be done

Now their blood flows through these rivers and then into our ve  
ins

And their hearts are beating louder than all the years of shame  
And their blood flows through these rivers just like an endless  
rain

And their hearts are beating louder than all the years of shame

My people have fought for this land, here and across the sea

Their shadows cast on sacred ground for all eternity

My people's pride still can soar and dance across this land

You can see it in the eyes of every woman, child, and man

Because the blood flows through these rivers and then into our  
veins

And their hearts are beating louder than all the years of shame  
And their blood flows through these rivers just like an endless  
rain

And their hearts are beating louder than all the years of shame

My people are the Navaho, my people are the Cherokee

My people are Arapaho, my people are Menominee

My people are, my people are...