

# Cherokee Rose

Corey Smith

Pine straw on the ground around a fallen Cherokee rose  
It's got me wonderin' why those mighty winds of change must blow  
Once this land was free from fences and shotguns  
Back when the people killed here for food instead of fun

When the Earth was sanctified  
Cherished in the red-man's eyes  
Before the Cherokee rose  
The Cherokee rose  
The Cherokee rose

My boots sink down into the soft red Georgia clay  
Bought with their blood, this land here never was ours to take away  
Disheartened souls unjustly driven from their homes  
Many died along the way, now we build our houses upon their bones

After all these years  
I can see the trail of tears  
Damn this Cherokee rose  
Oh the Cherokee rose  
The Cherokee rose

Oh they call us the land of the free  
And the home of the brave  
But I don't hear much  
About the injustice that we've done along the way  
We try to black it out  
Never think about  
The price they had to pay  
We never cry for what was lost  
Shed a tear for the heavy cost  
Of what we call "freedom"

All the gold in the world couldn't pay the debt we owe  
We'll never right those wrongs, but I believe we should let them know

That we won't forget and sure as hell won't justify  
And we'll do our best to keep their memories alive

Oh the least that we could do  
Is dedicate one lonesome bloom  
Won't ya take this Cherokee rose  
Oh the Cherokee rose  
The Cherokee rose

The Cherokee rose