

Aurora borealis  
The icy sky at night  
Our paddles break the water  
In a long and hurried flight  
From the white man and the fields of green  
And the homeland we've never seen  
They killed us in our tepee  
They cut our women down  
They might have left some babies  
Cryin' on the ground  
But the big guns and the wagon wheels come  
Yes, 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 room at the top of the stairs  
With an Indian rug and a pipe to share  
I wish I was a trapper  
I would give thousand pelts  
To sleep with Pocahontas  
And to find out how she felt  
In the morning on the fields of green  
In the homeland we've never seen  
Yes and maybe Marlon Brando  
Will be there by the fire  
We'll sit and talk of Hollywood  
And the good things there for hire  
And the Astrodome and the first tepee  
Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me  
Pocahontas