

## Native Son

John Hiatt

You finally found the mainstream  
In the middle of your life  
You tapped into a vein  
Of endless gold chains  
Now you're locked up tight  
Tearing down the middle of it  
Splitting it right in half  
Bobbing up and down the waves  
Like a runaway slave  
On a Huck Finn raft

Take your wife  
Take your family  
Take your gun  
Running through the woods  
And the burned out neighborhoods  
Looking for someone  
A member of your tribe  
A Place you can hide  
'Til the war has begun  
'Cause in the fields before the flood  
You'll be spilling blood  
Like a native son

Where you gonna run to  
There ain't no underground  
If only you could fly  
You'd cut across the sky  
Like a rifle round  
Oh, who are your people  
And where is your homeland  
'Cause they're dying side by side  
At the river of pride  
Where we tried to take a stand

In the fields before the flood  
You'll be spilling blood  
Like a native son