

# Cowboys and Indians

Joshua James

Well let the indians ride and the cowboys drink  
Let 'em drown themselves 'till they cannot see  
Let 'em shoot their guns towards the sky  
And when their god comes down they'll kneel and cry

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They'll say it wasn't me my Lord that shot the men  
It wasn't me my lord that burnt the land  
Look at me my lord, well here I stand  
The Good Book in hand  
It wasn't me it was a brown man

Give the indians love and the cowboys death  
Steal all their clothes, their food, take away their breath  
Long lasting pain cannot supplement  
All the deaths, hate, rape, [impoverishment?]

They'll say it wasn't me my Lord that shot them  
And when they hit the dirt, I didn't hear a sound  
Please take me my Lord, I should be heaven bound  
[I'm white not brown?] x4  
I can't stand to hear the sound

Lord burn the church and burn the friar  
Don't let the clouds move in, just let the flames grow higher  
Lord [?] this earth and [make so much sense?]  
But grant the righteous their recompense  
It was all of us lord, we're to blame  
Since [... hands?] have been so unashamed

Leave our souls to burn down with the flames  
Until we change, we haven't changed  
Until we change, we'll never change  
So like this we'll remain

Let the cowboys burn the houses  
Let them burn them to the earth  
Let those cowboys burn in ashes  
[Because they've hurt?] x3

It was all of us Lord, we're to blame  
Since [... hands?] have been so unashamed  
Leave our souls to burn here in the flames  
Until we change, we haven't changed  
Until we change, we'll never change  
And so like this we'll remain