

Ghostdancers

Pallas

The thin red line it was my life to fight for King and country
But Boney's gone, the job was done, old King George has no use
for me
There were times we laughed and danced, life was good we loved
our land
But now we starve in our backyard, the children die in their mo
thers' arms

We're sailing to America on a ship of dreams
Going to start a new life in the New World
We're sailing to America on a ship called Destiny
Gone to make our fortune where the land is free

This great land we fought across to build the mighty iron horse
The red man fought with bow and lance, he paid in blood for his
savage arrogance

We're spreading 'cross America, build ourselves a dream
Come to make a new life in the New World
The vastness of America shapes our destiny
Here to make our fortune where the land is free

And skies will burn and hearts will break and tears will fall f
or these dreams we make
And fires will rage and hopes will fade through the wars we wag
e till the end of days

In a fortress called America shadows haunt our dreams
Poisoning the new life in the New World
Our wayward son America betrayed our destiny
Threw away our fortune, chained a land that's free
The land was free

White man came here long ago, he stole our land killed our buff
alo
He made us clowns in his Wild West show, ghost dancers sing he
must go