

Indians

Peter Green

Ask me what's your name?
What's your choice? What's your game?
I've seen the life, I've seen the dark
I read about the people who made their mark
I don't believe in the things I've heard
How can the man be so absurd?
We read the books and we see the news
So many ideas and so many confused
Fool, tell me what's it all about?

And I want to see a movie
Where the Indians win
I see all they deal is a religion
Believing in the same thing
And what I'm really saying is
I'm tired of existing, I've got to start living

Tried so hard to be someone
Playing games just ain't my fun
I want to get close to the facts
Leave the fools lying dead in their tracks
I get pushed out, I get sucked in
I stood on the ice and snow so thin
I'm still here but I don't know why
I hope the truth don't pass me by
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I've got to start living, so tired of existing...