

## Cherokee St.

Son Volt

Spent all my fortunes  
Laughed away more dollars than dimes  
But I've seen the smile of a Cherokee St. girl  
And I know what it feels like to fly

No well water to run dry  
Too many graves to be kept clean  
I shook the hand of what each day delivered  
Today's world is not my home

There's need for change, not more prisons  
Decisions made with a blind eye  
Just believe a better day will rise  
Until then, this world is not my home

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