

Indian Sunset

Warren Haynes

As I awoke this evening with the smell of wood smoke clinging
Like a gentle cobweb hanging upon a painted teepee
Oh I went to see my chieftain with my warlance and my woman
For he told us that the yellow moon would very soon be leaving
This I can't believe I said, I can't believe our warlord's dead
Oh he would not leave the chosen ones to the buzzards and the soldiers guns

Oh great father of the Iroquois ever since I was young
I've read the writing of the smoke and breast fed on the sound of drums
I've learned to hurl the tomahawk and ride a painted pony wild
To run the gauntlet of the Sioux, to make a chieftain's daughter mine

And now you ask that I should watch
The red man's race be slowly crushed
What kind of words are these to hear
From Yellow Dog whom white man fears

I take only what is mine Lord, my pony, my squaw, and my child
I can't stay to see you die along with my tribe's pride
I go to search for the yellow moon and the fathers of our sons
Where the red sun sinks in the hills of gold and the healing waters run

Trampling down the prairie rose leaving hoof tracks in the sand
Those who wish to follow me I welcome with my hands
I heard from passing renegades Geronimo was dead
He'd been laying down his weapons when they filled him full of lead

Now there seems no reason why I should carry on
In this land that once was my land I can't find a home
It's lonely and it's quiet and the horse soldiers are coming
And I think it's time I strung my bow and ceased my senseless running
For soon I'll find the yellow moon along with my loved ones
Where the buffaloes graze in clover fields without the sound of guns

And the red sun sinks at last into the hills of gold
And peace to this young warrior comes with a bullet hole