

## **A.L.T. & The Lost Civilization**

### **"One Little Indian"**

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[Boy] A.L.T., will you tell me a story about indians  
Chorus: Boy One little, two little, three little indians Four  
little, five little, six little indians Seven little, eight little,  
nine little indians Ten little indians gone [A.L.T.] (Verse  
1) Tisk-it a task-it, task-it to tusk-it One little indian, run  
from the musket Head for the hills and make it pronto  
Don't believe that B.S. You heard about a pale face and  
Tonto Many many troops came in blue suits Stomp a  
little child's head Til he's dead with them big black  
boots Raid, then pillage A teepee village But here  
comes the tomahawk, jackin' up a cowboy This means  
war A test for the west Had to put a arrow in the Pony  
Express I had a vision of a eagle in flight I speak the  
least hype, put out the peace pipe But the white man  
came, thick as syrup Thousands and thousands, they  
mailed in from Europe Refrain: A.L.T. Now they wanna  
be a friend again Damn Forget it And run, little indian  
Repeat Chorus (Verse 2) Here comes the calvary, send  
the white man in How can you compare a arrow with a  
cannon Buffalo Bill's, eyes filled with hatred History  
updated Let me say what they did They brought many  
men on the back, of a horse Shoot another buffalo  
cause that's the main food source That made the  
indian's eyes filled with tears But for years, all you  
thought a cowboy did was rope steers Let's play  
cowboys and indians, it's sad, why Cause the indian  
was always the bad guy But in reality Yo, it had to be  
The pale face that took the territory But that's only  
history In your schoolbooks See They talk about a tree,  
but I still call 'em all crooks Repeat Refrain Repeat  
Chorus [Sample] "In any war Once you've read your  
history books You can Read the indian wars Such and  
such, just, it's listed in your history And But when you  
lose the battle Or lose a war Why then, you have to  
suffer the consequences They're conquered people"  
(Verse 3) Run Indian, head for the mountains If Coronel  
Custard comes around, then you scalp 'em Or fly  
another arrow with the flame on the tip Flip the cap  
back Down, Mr. C's on the dead tip They gave In return  
for tomahawks, not just some gold rocks A wise man  
had a vision A thought of reservation It was one stop

short of a prison Tax free, that's the apology  
Anthropology shows the truth But they still won't  
acknowledge me The green land with the beach filled  
with white sand Now has a freeway controlled by a  
white man As I look up Disgust, only how, it's me Plus  
Chris Columbus gets credit for discovery Repeat  
Refrain Repeat Chorus Twice

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