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## Bob Dylan "The Ballad Of Ira Hayes"

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Ira Hayes, Ira Hayes

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Call him drunken Ira Hayes He won't answer anymore Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian Nor the Marine that went to war

Gather 'round me people there's a story I would tell About a brave young Indian you should remember well From the land of the Pima Indian, a proud and noble band Who farmed the Phoenix Valley in Arizona land

Down the ditches for a thousand years The water grew Ira's people's crops Till the white man stole their water rights And the sparklin' water stopped

Now Ira's folks were hungry And their land grew crops of weeds When war came, Ira volunteered And forgot the white man's greed

Call him drunken Ira Hayes He won't answer anymore Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian Nor the Marine that went to war

There they battled up Iwo Jima's hill Two hundred and fifty men But only twenty seven lived To walk back down again

And when the fight was over And 'Old Glory' raised Among the men who held it high Was the Indian, Ira Hayes

Call him drunken Ira Hayes He won't answer anymore Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian Nor the Marine that went to war Ira Hayes returned a hero Celebrated through the land He was wined and speeched and honored Everybody shook his hand

But he was just a Pima Indian No water, no home, no chance At home nobody cared what Ira'd done And when did the Indians dance

Call him drunken Ira Hayes He won't answer anymore Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian Nor the Marine that went to war

Then Ira started drinkin' hard Jail was often his home They'd let him raise the flag and lower it Like you'd throw a dog a bone!

He died drunk early one mornin' Alone in the land he fought to save Two inches of water in a lonely ditch Was a grave for Ira Hayes

Call him drunken Ira Hayes He won't answer anymore Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian Nor the Marine that went to war

Yeah, call him drunken Ira Hayes But his land is just as dry And his ghost is lyin' thirsty In the ditch where Ira died

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