

Bill Miller

"My People"

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My people were here long before the others cast their
sails to the wind

Before the tears of innocence like a hard rain would
desend

My people spread like eagle wings across the
mountains and the plains

Now the feathers have been broken but the eagle still
remains

My people heard the thundering as the iron horse
crossed the land

Its echos drowning out the cries of those who could not
understand

My people watched the buffalo dying in the sun

While those tracks of steal lead to the sea, their will be
done

Now their blood flows through these rivers and then
into our veins

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years
of shame

And their blood flows through these rivers just like an
endless rain

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years
of shame

My people have fought for this land, here and across
the sea

Their shadows cast on sacred ground for all enturnity

My people's pride still can soar and dance across this
land

You can see it in the eys of every woman, child, and
man

Because the blood flows through these rivers and then
into our veins

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years
of shame

And their blood flows through these rivers just like an
endless rain

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years
of shame

My people are the Navoho, my people are the Cherokee
My people are Arapoho, my people are Menominee
My people are, my people are...

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