

Elton John **"Indian Sunset"**

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As I awoke this evening
With the smell of wood smoke clinging
Like a gentle cobweb hanging
Upon a painted tepee

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 breastfed on the sound of drums

I've learned to hurl the tomahawk
And ride a painted pony wild
To run the gantlet 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 a white man fears?

I take only what is mine, Lord
My pony, my squaw, and my child
Oh, I can't stay here 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 healin' waters run

Tramplin' down the prairie rose

Leavin' hoof tracks in the sand
Those who wish to follow me
I welcome with my hands

I heard from passin' renegades
Geronimo was dead
He'd been layin' 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 comin'
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

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