

Grand Funk Railroad "Loneliest Rider"

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A long, long time ago there lived an indian boy,
When he came upon this earth he brought his family
joy.
A paranoid young brave was he, inside his frame was
some misery,
He heard the other warriors talking angrily 'bout the
white man taking over his country.

Chorus

What he didn't know, is that some day his ma would be
crying.
What he didn't know, is that some day his tribe would
be dying.
What he didn't know, is that some day his father'd be
gone.
What he didn't know, is that some day he'd be all
alone.

None of the stories in the schoolbooks said it, the truth
is gone and they're tryin' to forget it.

The history books are all one-sided, the truth is gone
and their trying to hide it.
Who had the land 'till we came around? the indian
made his life from the ground.
And what about the boy that this story's about? where
his tee-pee once stood there now is a town.

Chorus

He was the loneliest rider on the plain.
He was the loneliest rider on the plain.
He was the loneliest rider on the plain.

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