

Hoyt Axton

"Indian Song"

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(Hoyt Axton)

First came the wagons, then came the trains
They drove the Indians off of the plains
Then came the white man with his fences an' sheep
Tore up the ground where the Great Spirit sleeps.

My Grandfather Borin was a North Texas man
He was a cowboy: he loved the land
He fathered nine children an' he raised six more
And his Daddy fought in our first civil war.

My Grandmother Axton was part Cherokee
She kept it a secret from daddy an' me
For someone had told her in her early childhood
"You better not mention your Indian blood."

Washington Bureau of Indian Affairs
Yeah, the white man loves money, he didn't care
About starving people an' dying came slow
Now they have all followed the wild buffalo...

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