

Ian Hunter "River Of Tears"

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Waiting on an elevator in a hotel out in California
Smog clouds up in the windows but there is a plaque on the wall
That tells of the Agoras people who were here long before us
Before the covered wagons before they lost it all

They were hunters they were fishermen and they often fought each other
But one small tribe was different their leader was a peaceful man
They were weavers they were painters trading pelts for pretty colours
Protected by the warriors for the beauty in their hands
Roll back the years roll back the years to the river of tears

The chief he had a daughter - she was young and she was beautiful
He said, "Go into the forest get some berries for the dye
But make your way back quickly for the old bear is getting hungry
I don't want you out there when the sun falls from the sky"

Her basket filled with berries she headed back toward the village
When a mighty roar erupted she ran and hid inside a hollow tree
Shadows were getting longer the forest was getting colder
And the chief began to panic where could his daughter be?
Lost in the years lost in the years on the river of tears

In the camp the fires were dying when the old chief started crying
Soon all the tribe were crying the ground

grew wet beneath their feet
And the tears they turned to water and the water
became a river
And the river flowed like an arrow " to the foot
of a hollow tree

And the girl looked out in wonder " as she saw
the water falling
She knew it was her father and she swam to his canoe
And all the tribe stopped crying " and the river
started subsiding
Into the hill of the Agoras " and so the legend
grew
Roll back the years " roll back the years
Roll back the years " to the river of tears
I wish all the world was healing

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