

Carbon Leaf

"Native America"

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As I went out in the open
I left for awhile
A tired stranger looking to be found
And so I stood there in silence
For someone to hear me
Someone to make the first sound

Someone to care for, someone to carry me home

I headed west to touch the ground
But the spirits didn't make a sound
As I stared in the face of Native America

And so my pilgrimage progress
Takes me over the land
Just so that I can keep up with the rush
And from the east to the west
I can feel my heart beating
To touch anything left untouched

Someone to care for, someone to carry me home

I headed west to touch the ground
But the spirits didn't make a sound
As I stared in the face of Native America

And so I leave to forget
To rebuild the patriot
Anything that I can find
Am I a visitor always
Always a stranger
Never knowing what I left behind?

Someone to care for, someone to carry me home

I headed west to touch the ground
But the spirits didn't make a sound
As I stared in the face of Native America

Out in the open
Wherever I'm looking

On everything that I see
Is an unwritten page
To an unfinished book
In an ongoing history

And as I stopped to see the earth go round
And as the sun's going up and down
It changes the face of Native America

And a river it runs right through
Red, white, black and blue
Straight down the face of Native America

I headed west to touch the ground
But the spirits didn't make a sound
As I stared in the face of Native America

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