

John Mayer Trio

"Natives"

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For all our languages we can't communicate
For all our native tongues we're all native here
Sons of their fathers' dream the same dream
The sound of forbidden words become a scream
Voices of anger, victims of history
Plundered and set aside, grown fat on swallowed pride
With promises of paradise and gifts of beads and
knives
Missionaries and pioneers are all soldiers in disguise
Saviors and conquerors they make us wait
The fishers of men they wave their truth like bait
With the touch of a strangers' hand innocence turns to
shame
The spirit that dwelt within it sleeps out in the rain
For all our native tongues we can't communicate
For all our native tongues we're all natives here
The scars of the past are slow to disappear
The cries of the dead are always in our ears
Only the very safe can talk about wrong and right
Of those who are forced to choose some will choose to
fight

Promesses de paradis terrestre,
Presents de perles et de coutreaux
Missionnaires et poinniers sont des soldats saveurs
deguises
Survivants et conquerants,
Ils nous font attendre
Des charlatans ondulant
Leur verite comme un applat
Au toucher d'une main atrange
L'innocence se convertit en deshonneur
L'esprit qui demeure a l'interieur
Dort dans la pluie

Malgre toutes nos langues,
Nous ne pouvons communiquer
Malgre toutes nos langues natives,
Nous sommes tous natifs ici
Les cicatrices du passe sont lentes a disparaitre
Les complaints des morts resonnent toujours

Dans notre tete le bien du mal
De ceux forces de choisir,
Quelques uns choisiront de lutter

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