

Johnny Burnette

"Drums"

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From the Indian reservation to the governmental school

Well they're goin' to educate me to the white men's
Golden Rule

And I'm learning very quickly for I've learned to be
ashamed

And I come when they call Billy though I've got an
Indian name

And there are drums beyond the mountain Indian
drums that you can't hear

There are drums beyond the mountain and they're
getting mighty near

And when they think that they'd changed me cut my
hair to meet their needs

Will they think I'm white or Indian quarter blood or just
half breed

Let me tell you Mr teacher when you say you'll make me
right

In five hundred years of fighting not one Indian turned
white

And there are drums...

Well you thought that I knew nothing when you brought
me here to school

Just another empty Indian just America's first fool

But now I can tell you stories that are burnt and dried
and old

But in the shadow of their telling walks the thunder
proud and bold

And there are drums...

Long Pine and Sequoia Handsome Lake and Sitting Bull

There's Magnus Colorado with his sleeves so red and full

Crazy Horse the legend those who bit off Custer's soul

They are dead yet they are living with the great Geronimo

And there are drums...

Well you may teach me this land's hist'ry but we taught it to you first

We broke your hearts and bent your journeys broken treaties left us cursed

Even now you have to cheat us even though you this us tame

In our losing we found proudness in your winning you found shame

And there are drums...

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