

Neil Young & Crazy Horse "Pocahontas"

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Aurora borealis, the icy sky at night
Our paddles cut the water in a long and hurried flight
From the white man to the fields of green
And the homeland we've never seen

They killed us in our tepee and they cut our women
down
They might have left some babies cryin' on the ground
But the firesticks and the wagons come
And the night falls on the setting sun

They massacred the buffalo, kitty corner from the bank
And the taxis run across my feet and my eyes have
turned to blanks
In my little box at the top of the stairs
With my Indian rug and a pipe to share

I wish I was a trapper, I would give thousand pelts
To sleep with Pocahontas and find out how she felt
In the morning on the fields of green
In the homeland we've never seen

Yes and maybe Marlon Brando will be there by the fire
We'll sit and talk of Hollywood and the good things
there for hire
And the Astrodome and the first tepee
Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me
Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me
Pocahontas

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