

Pura Fe **"Red Black On Blues"**

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Oh Afrika washed up chains on these shores
Sailed Indians back over to the Ole Ivory Door
The trade of these stolen people from these very stolen
lands,
Was a stolen tribal trade connection, song and paddle,
sand to sand

Red and Black shared the trade water ten thousand
years long before
Anglo-Spanish slave ships learned the magic current
flow, shore to shore
Ancestral path wind songs, followed star, sun and
moon
Mapped cross these waters to the crossroads of Red,
Black on Blues

Chorus (Tuscarora canoe song and Amazing Grace)

N'awleans, Mardi Gras Indian, Delta fife and drums of
Yazoo
Chicago, Texas, Piedmont, field hollerin, chain gang
paying dues
Dixie, Jazz, Rock-n-Roll, Rhythm and Blue suede shoes
Tears that trail the railroad under and war clubs of
Baton Rouge

Cry Bee Bee, Hendrix and Jessie Ed's guitar croon
Carries the voice of the Indian War Song and Stomp
Dance tune
Back to the old soul connection, paved the way by
ancient canoes
The call of Afrika singing them ancient Blues

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