

The Playing Favorites "Indigenous"

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When did this coast of ours recede from our reach?
Priceless, retained by deed.
When did native ground become idiom?
Stolen throughout history.

But it's what's best for us
Called indigenous.
It's what's best for us,
The sand and the rust.

Those wide open spaces and longer views.
A life of nativity I thought I knew.
Destined to befit their summer homes.
Corruption comes in droves.
Fortunate thieves.

It's what's best for us,
The paths we intrust.
It's what's left to us,
The remnants and the dust.

Diversity in color.
Integrity in deeds.
A world without mass exodus.
The shores receding dreams.
Our time is running out.
Our time is running out.

But it's what's best for us
Called indigenous.
It's what's best for us,
The sand and the rust.

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