

## **Old And In The Way "Land Of The Navajo"**

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Oh the wind blows cold  
On the trail of the buffalo  
Oh the wind blows cold  
In the land of the Navajo  
In the land of the Navajo

A hundred miles from nowhere out on the desert sand  
One Eyed Jack the trader hold some turquoise in his  
hand  
By his side sat Running Elk his longtime Indian friend  
He vowed that he would stay by Jack until the bitter end

Jack had gambled everything he owned to leave this  
wondering life  
He might have had a happy home and a tender loving  
wife  
But his hunger was for trading trapper's furs for  
turquoise stones  
Anything that the Indians had Jack wanted for his own

Said Jack to Running Elk I'll gamble all my precious  
stones  
Before I leave my body here among these bleaching  
bones  
Though now my time is drawing near and I'm filled with  
dark regrets  
My spirit longs to journey as the sun begins to set

We raped and killed we stole your land  
We rule with guns and knives add whiskey to your  
waters  
While we stole away your wives  
Said Running Elk what's done is done you white men  
rule this land  
So lay the cards face up and play your last broken  
hearted hand

Refrain

When your dealing cards with death the joker's wild the  
ace is high  
Jack bet the Mississippi River running Elk raised him the

sky  
Jack saw him with the sun and moon and upped him  
with the stars  
Running Elk bet the Rocky Mountains Jupiter and Mars

The sun was sinking in the west when Jack draw the ace  
of spades  
Running Elk just rolled his eyes and smiled and passed  
away  
Jack picked up his turquoise stones and cast them to  
the sky  
He stared into the setting sun and made the mournful  
cry

Refrain

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