

Peter, Paul & Mary "Indian Sunset"

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As he awoke that evening with the smell of wood-
smoke clinging
Like a gentle cobweb hangin' upon a painted teepee
He went to see his chieftain with his war lance and his
woman
For they told him that the yellow moon would very soon
be leaving
"oh, this I can't believe, "he said, "i won't believe our
war lord's dead!
He would not leave the chosen ones to the buzzards
and the soldiers' guns"

Oh, great father of the iroquois, ever since I was young
I've read the writing of the smoke and breast-fed on
the sound of drums
I've learned to hurl the tomahawk and ride a painted
pony wild,
To run the gauntlet of the sioux, to make a chieftain's
daughter mine

And now you ask that I should watch the red men's race
be slowly crushed?
What kind of words are these to hear from yellow dog,
whom the white man fears?

I take only what is mine; my pony, my squaw, and my
child
I can't stay to see you die, along with my tribe's pride
I go to search for the yellow moon and the fathers of
our sons
Where the red sun sinks in the hills of gold and the
healing waters run

Tramplin' down the prairie rose, leaving hooftracks in
the sand
Those who wish to follow me, I welcome with my hand
I heard from passing renegades, geronimo was dead
He'd been laying down his weapons when they filled
him full of lead

Now there seems no reason why I should carry on
In this land that once was my land I can't find a home

It's lonely and it's quiet and the horse soldiers are
comin'
And I think it's time I strung my bow and ceased my
senseless running
For now I'll find the yellow moon along with my loved
ones
Where the buff'loes graze in the clover fields without
the sound of guns
And the red sun sinks at last into the hills of gold
And peace to this young warrior comes with a bullet
hole!

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