

Peter Rowan

"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, held some turquoise in his
hand
By his side sat Running Elk, his long-time Indian friend
He vowed that he would stay by Jack until the bitter end

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

(chorus)

Said Jack to Running Elk, I'll gamble all my precious
stones
Before I leave my body here among these bleaching
bones
But now my time is drawing near and I'm filled with
dark regret
My spirit longs to journey as the sun begins to set
For we raped and killed, we stole your land, we ruled
with guns and knives
Fed whiskey to your warriors 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

[chorus]

When you're dealing cards with death, the joker's wild,
the ace is high

Jack bid 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 drew the ace
of spades
Running Elk just rolled his eyes, he smiled and passed
away
Jack picked up his turquoise stones and cast them to
the sky
He stared into the setting sun and then made a
mournful cry

[chorus]
In the land of the Navajo

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