

Robbie Robertson

"Words Of Fire, Deeds Of Blood"

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Perhaps you think the Creator sent you here to dispose
of us as you see

Fit

If I thought you were sent by the creator

I might be induced to think you had a right to dispose
of me

Do not misunderstand me

But understand me fully with reference to my affection
for the land

I never said the land was mine to do with as I choose

The one who has a right to dispose of it is the one who
has created it

I claim a right to live on my land

And accord you the privilege to return to yours

Brother we have listened to your talk

Coming from our father the great White Chief at
Washington

And my people have called upon me to reply to you

And in the winds which pass through these aged pines

We hear the moanings of their departed ghosts

And if the voice of our people could have been heard

That act would never have been done

But alas though they stood around they could neither
be seen or heard

Their tears fell like drops of rain

I hear my voice in the depths of the forest

But no answering voice comes back to me

All is silent around me

My words must therefore be few

I can now say no more

He is silent for he has nothing to answer when the sun
goes down

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