

# **Robbie Robertson & The Red Road Ensemble**

## **"Words Of Fire, Deeds Of Blood"**

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Perhaps you think the creator has sent you here to  
dispose of us  
As you see fit  
If I thought you were sent by the creator  
I might be enduced to think you had a right to dispose  
of me  
Do not misunderstand me  
But understand me fully  
With reverence 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  
previlege to return to yours  
Brother we have listened to your talk  
Coming from our father the great white cheif 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 there 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  
Nor heard  
Their tears feel 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 therefore must be few  
I can now say no more

He is silent  
For he has nothing to answer  
When the sun goes down

