

Bull Durham

"Where's Ben Black Elk Today?"

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Pine trees seem to say "Where's Ben Black Elk Today?"
Didn't he used to sit here with a smile, take his picture
with a child
While all the while you stole his land

Chorus:

Why it seemed just like yesterday that I heard Black Elk
say
These here black hills are our land, stolen by the white
man
Shrine of democracy, land of the free, but not for you
or for me
Shrine of democracy, land of the free, but not for you
or for me

If they wanted to be so fair, on Mount Rushmore,
why isn't the Indian up there.
Sitting Bull, Spotted-Tail, Red Cloud, we'd all be so
proud.
In the most sacred land of the Sioux,
four faces carved on granite stone
In the midst of a home; in the midst of a home.

Chorus:

Why it seemed just like yesterday that I heard Black Elk
say
These here black hills are our land, stolen by the white
man
Shrine of democracy, land of the free, but not for you
or for me

Pine trees seem to say, Ben Black Elk is gone.
Gone to the great beyond.
Back to the buffalo. Back to his people; to his home.

Chorus:

Why it seemed just like yesterday that I heard Black Elk
say

These here black hills are our land, stolen by the white
man
Shrine of democracy, land of the free,
but not for you or for me (Remember that now)

Pine trees seem to say Ben Black Elk is home today
See his shadow on the granite stone; Black Elk has
come home
Back to his people; to his land

People can't you here him say, that he's home to stay
These here black hills are his land, stolen by the white
man
Shrine of democracy, land of the free, but not for you
or for me
Shrine of democracy, land of the free, but not for you
or for me
(Remember that now)
But not for you or for me

Pine trees seem to say, Ben Black Elk is home to stay

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