

## **Pura F**

### **"Red Black On Blues"**

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Oh Afrika washed up chains on these shores  
Sailed Indians back over to the Ole Ivory Door  
The trade of these stolen people from these very stolen  
lands,  
Was a stolen tribal trade connection, song and paddle,  
sand to sand

Red and Black shared the trade water ten thousand  
years long before  
Anglo-Spanish slave ships learned the magic current  
flow, shore to shore  
Ancestral path wind songs, followed star, sun and  
moon  
Mapped cross these waters to the crossroads of Red,  
Black on Blues

Chorus (Tuscarora canoe song and Amazing Grace)

N'awleans, Mardi Gras Indian, Delta fife and drums of  
Yazoo  
Chicago, Texas, Piedmont, field hollerin, chain gang  
paying dues  
Dixie, Jazz, Rock-n-Roll, Rhythm and Blue suede shoes  
Tears that trail the railroad under and war clubs of  
Baton Rouge

Cry Bee Bee, Hendrix and Jessie Ed's guitar croon  
Carries the voice of the Indian War Song and Stomp  
Dance tune  
Back to the old soul connection, paved the way by  
ancient canoes  
The call of Afrika singing them ancient Blues

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