

John Elton

"Indian Sunset - Elton John, Bernie Taupin"

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As I awoke this evening with the smell of wood smoke
clinging
Like a gentle cobweb hanging upon a painted tepee
Oh I went to see my chieftain with my warlance and my
woman
For he told us that the yellow moon would very soon be
leaving

This I can't believe I said, I can't believe our warlord's
dead
Oh he would not leave the chosen ones to the buzzards
and the soldiers guns

Oh great father of the Iroquois ever since I was young
I've read the writing of the smoke and breast fed on
the sound of drums
I've learned to hurl the tomahawk and ride a painted
pony wild
To run the gauntlet of the Sioux, to make a chieftain's
daughter mine

And now you ask that I should watch the red man's race
be slowly crushed
What kind of words are these to hear from Yellow Dog
whom white man fears

I take only what is mine Lord, my pony, my squaw, and
my child
I can't stay to see you die along with my tribe's pride
I go to search for the yellow moon and the fathers of
our sons
Where the red sun sinks in the hills of gold and the
healing waters run

Trampling down the prairie rose leaving hoof tracks in
the sand
Those who wish to follow me I welcome with my hands
I heard from passing renegades Geronimo was dead
He'd been laying down his weapons when they filled
him full of lead

Now there seems no reason why I should carry on
In this land that once was my land I can't find a home
It's lonely and it's quiet and the horse soldiers are

coming
And I think it's time I strung my bow and ceased my
senseless running
For soon I'll find the yellow moon along with my loved
ones
Where the buffalos graze in clover fields without the
sound of guns

And the red sun sinks at last into the hills of gold
And peace to this young warrior comes with a bullet
hole

Holiday Inn - Elton John/Bernie Taupin

Boston at last and the plane's touching down
Our hostess is handing the hot towels around
From a terminal gate to a black limousine
It's a ten minute ride to the Holiday Inn

Boredom's a pastime that one soon acquires
Where you get to the stage where you're not even tired
Kicking your heels till the time comes around
To pick up your bags and head out of town

Slow down Joe, I'm a rock and roll man
I've twiddled my thumbs in a dozen odd bands
And you ain't seen nothing till you've been
In a motel baby like the Holiday Inn

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