

Young Neil

"Pocahontas"

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Aurora Borealis
The icy sky at night
Paddles cut the water
In a long and hurried flight
>From the white man to the fields of green
And the homeland we've never seen

They killed us in our teepees
And they cut our women down
They might have left some babies
Cryin' on the ground
But the firesticks and the wagons come
And the night falls on the settin' sun

They massacred the buffalo
Kitty-corner from the bank
Taxis run across my feet
And my eyes have turned to blanks
In my little box at the top of the stairs
With my Indian rug and a pipe to share

I wish I was a trapper
I would give a thousand pelts
To sleep with Pocahontas
And find out how she felt
In the mornin' on the fields of green
In the homeland we've never seen

And maybe Marlon Brando
Will be there by the fire
We'll sit and talk about Hollywood
And the good things there for hire
Like the Astrodome and the first teepee
Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me
Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me

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