

Too Much Joy "Grataman"

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Gramatan, by Too Much Joy

gramatan
you stupid indian
you thought you had the best of us
no man owns the land
now these houses cost five hundred k
we wouldn't sell you one anyway
gramatan
you crazy indian
you're not like the rest of us
you'll never understand

everything's nice
nothing has changed
the kids go to daycamps
with indian names
it's getting dark]
go on and make your mark
then come and have a drink with us

tell us what's in your heart
gramatan
you crazy indian
you're gonna learn to think like us

everything's nice
nothing has changed
first comes the snow
then come the rains

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