

Bryan Adams, Native Son

I've seen many moons through these wrinkled eyes
The years have made me old but they've made me wise
Now the white man lives where our rivers run

For now better days have passed
We walk the streets of broken glass
Our people vanished as snow before the summer sun
Like dogs we were driven from this place
Such injustice, time will not erase
All these changes cannot be undone

When you feel the anger inside of you
Hold your head high - let your aim be true
Though your heart beats like a drum
My native son

Once there was a time my little one
Before the wagons - before the soldiers' guns
When this land was ours as far as the eagle flies

No white flag - no broken truce
With few words one can speak the truth - I don't hear it
Time won't heal it now

With each new day that comes to pass
Will the great spirit free us all at last?
He said we were the chosen ones

For all we had there's nothin' left
We won't forgive - we can't forget
You know that your day will come
My native son

With each new day that comes to pass
Will the great spirit free us all at last?
What has happened can never be undone

When I was young - not yet a man
The sun rose and set upon our land
We were the chosen ones
My native son