

Peter, Paul & Mary, Indian Sunset

As he awoke that evening with the smell of wood-smoke clinging
Like a gentle cobweb hangin' upon a painted teepee
He went to see his chieftain with his war lance and his woman
For they told him that the yellow moon would very soon be leaving
"oh, this I can't believe," he said, "i won't believe our war lord's dead!
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 men's race be slowly crushed?
What kind of words are these to hear from yellow dog, whom the white man fears?

I take only what is mine; 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

Tramplin' down the prairie rose, leaving hooftracks in the sand
Those who wish to follow me, I welcome with my hand
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 comin'
And I think it's time I strung my bow and ceased my senseless running
For now I'll find the yellow moon along with my loved ones
Where the buff'loes graze in the 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!