

# Red Hot Chili Peppers, American Ghost Dance

Oh give me a home  
Where the buffalo roam  
And the death of a race is a game  
Where seldom is heard  
A peaceable word  
From the white trash  
Who killed as they came  
Though these words dig deep  
They offer no relief  
God save the queen  
I am an indian chief  
There is a secret I keep  
It's called the talking leaf  
And you better believe  
That he speaks his beliefs  
Like a rock that bleeds  
A sea of grief  
My talking leaf speaks of  
A wounded knee creek

American ghost dance...

A new man who is with old ways  
He walks the streets of life  
But he's in chains  
I'm alive he cried  
I can feel the flame  
Burning red inside  
I am an indian brave  
There is a memory  
That lives in my blood  
Of the brand you laid  
On all you touched  
But the burning flame  
Turns to burning pain  
Genuine genocide  
And that's truly insane  
So like a wild hurricane  
I will dance on the grave  
Of my race that died  
When it should have been saved

American ghost dance...