

# Adams Bryan, Native Son

Adams Bryan  
Into The Fire  
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