

# Bill Miller, Geronimo's Cadillac

Well they put Geronimo in jail down south  
Where he couldn't look the gift horse in the mouth  
Sargent, sargent, don't you fear  
There's something wrong with that automobile

Governor, governor, isn't it strange  
I ain't never seen on car on this indian range  
Warden, warden, please listen to me  
Be brave and set geronimo free

I said boys, take me back  
I want to ride in Geronimo's cadillac  
I said boys, take me back  
I want to ride in Geronimo's cadillac

Let me ride, let me ride

White man, white man, don't you know  
Those indians they had no place to go  
They took old Geronimo by storm  
Riped ooff the feathers from his uniform

Jesus tells me I beleive its true  
He said the red man is in the sun set too  
They stole he land, now they won't give it back  
And they sent Geronimo a cadillac

I said boys, take me back  
I want to ride in Geronimo's cadillac  
I said boys, take me back  
I want to ride in Geronimo's cadillac

Let me ride, let me ride