

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

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

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

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