

Bill Miller, Trail Of Freedom

I dreamed I saw crazy horse, riding through the badlands he was wild and brave and free
I swear I heard the cry of the innocent victims in the wind at wounded knee
Theres a trail of tears we could follow, can you hear the footsteps of the Cherokee
Its a trail of broken promises, will you walk this trail with me

We can find america down the trail of freedom
Walk the way of my fathers from sea to sea
Oh can you find america, hear the drums of freedom
Gonna find it together, walk this trail
Walk the trail with me

I felt the Chipawa wind off Lake Michigan on a cold Chicago day
I heard the thunder of the Seminoles, way down in the everglades
And I've seen it in the beauty of a Navaho girl, like a flower in the desert heat
And I've felt it in the pride of a Cheyene dancer, as he moved to an ancient beat

Oh can you find america down the trail of freedom
Walk the way of my fathers from sea to sea
Yeah we can find america, hear drums of freedom
Gonna find it together, walk this trail
Walk the trail with me

I walk the streets of Gallup, New Mexico on a saturday night
I watched my brothers fall to the alcohol, we were going down without a fight
Hey brothers, we must walk with the pride of Cheif Joseph, have the courage of Geronimo
For this trail its long, so you have to be strong, just to find your way back home

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