

# Carole King, Seeing Red

Since a time before my memory  
He's been without a home  
Once he lived on an open plain where wildlife grazed  
And buffalo used to roam  
Red was the sunrise on the dawn of his creation  
Now where is the road that will lead him to his destination  
It took so little time to destroy a way of life  
They served his people well  
Gifts that they gave in all good faith  
Have been misused and shot to hell  
You who want wisdom, turn and face the four directions  
For only those with one heart, fall under their protection  
In the future of my days ahead  
I want to see it right  
We got to make it right