

John Hiatt, Native Son

You finally found the mainstream

In the middle of your life

You tapped into a vein

Of endless gold chains

Now you're locked up tight

Tearing down the middle of it

Splitting it right in half

Bobbing up and down the waves

Like a runaway slave

On a Huck Finn raft

CHORUS:

Take your wife

Take your family

Take your gun

Running through the woods

And the burned out neighborhoods

Looking for someone

A member of your tribe

A Place you can hide

'Til the war has begun

'Cause in the fields before the flood

You'll be spilling blood

Like a native son

Where you gonna run to

There ain't no underground

If only you could fly

You'd cut across the sky

Like a rifle round

Oh, who are your people

And where is your homeland

'Cause they're dying side by side

At the river of pride

Where we tried to take a stand

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE

In the fields before the flood

You'll be spilling blood

Like a native son