

Mike Scott, Bury My Heart

Bury my soul
where the dust meets the sea
Turn it loose in a lonely place
where man can still be free
Make up my clothes and sheets
in a ball, put them in the ground
Tell my children only truths
teach them to be proud
Tell them dreams and miracles
when thy thunder stops
Bury my heart!

Bury my heart!

I was born a travelling trooper
but I laid my wings to rest
Once I beat myself in squallor
now I feather up my nest
There are flags in my back yard
colours on my wall
I pay my servant well
but I made the bastard crawl
&gt;And I pretend no blessed evil soul
&gt; that I don't hear that thunder start
Bury my heart!

There's a lily in the valley
where I brought the news to Ro
I offered him my visions but
the heathen rose to go
So I took my shining sabre and I slew
my sinning friend
A christian burial was all he needed
to make him whole again
And I looked up way above me
and God rent the sky apart
Bury my heart!

Bury my heart!
Bury my heart!

We're God's chosen people
this and other truths I know
Put them into vicious practice
because the bible tells me so
And I drowned the noble savage
in the blessed holy water
I burned his filthy village
and I civilized his daughter

The liars in this world
who say we shame the blood of Christ
But killing is his mercy
and nits grow into lice

And all those gooks I napalmed
man, I did it in God's name
When the fools put me on trial I shouted out
I'm not to blame -- I did it for him!
I did it for him!

I did it for him!
He made do it!
He tore the heavens apart

Bury my heart!
Bury my heart!
Bury my heart!

Now I'm going to wilderness
on a horse that I can trust
I will die where I fall
in the hot dry dust
And if you come to that place
remember this truth

That he who's born to property
is he who's born to lose
Will you bury my soul
where the dust meets the sea
Will you bury my heart
at Wounded Knee!
Bury my heart
at Wounded Knee!
Bury my heart
at Wounded Knee!
Bury my heart!