

Nelson, Ghostdance

Was the night - I was young
When my father called for his first born son
Took me place at his side
While this great chief raged in the fire light
We'd reclaim days of old
If the tribe would do what his dream foretold

Praying to the vision of the promised land
Swaying to the rhythm of the drums
We were pledging our allegiance to Wevoka's plan
When the shots rang out, there soldiers all around
And their cannons put an end to our holy singin' of

(OH) The first cowboys were doing the Ghostdance singin'
(OH) The first cowboys were doing the Ghostdance

Hypnotized by my tale
Generations learn of the Great Betrayal long ago
At Wounded Knee
Where our grandfathers bled for what they believed
Wouldn't buy what they sold - reservation
Life for our Black Hills gold

For praying to the vision of the promised land
Swaying to the rhythm of the drums
We were pledging our allegiance to Wevoka's plan
The Great Spirit cried when our warriors fell to the hail of
The blue coat's guns (so we're singin')

(OH) The first cowboys were doing the Ghostdance singin'
(OH) The first cowboys were doing the Ghostdance

For your soul, for your name
Many brave men's blood's running through your veins
Leave your mark - walk with pride
Live in honor to those who gave their lives
Ancient hearts are still seeking peace -
As you sing and dance, so you set them free

For praying to the vision of the promised land
Swaying to the rhythm of the drums
Pledging your allegiance to Wevoka's plan
By the marker that stands where our women and children
Fell to the blue coat's guns (start singin')

Praying to the vision of the promised land
Swaying to the rhythm of the drums
We were pledging our allegiance to Wevoka's plan
When the shots rang out, there soldiers all around
And their cannons put an end to our holy singin' of