

Rez Band, Lincoln's Train

Passing through these ruins,
Mr. Lincoln's train going by, spilling smoke into these bloody fields,
All the people stood and cried.

Our tears are the same colour; we can all hold hands and mourn,
But me, I'm still asking myself why I'm not any freer than I was before.

Mr. Lincoln, are you free now?
Was it worth what it finally cost?
If I had something to believe in, oh, I could bear this endless cross.

I got no home, they sold my family,
I got no job, ain't got no vote,
Them books, they're all mysteries to me,
Can't read or write - I got no hope.

The train, it just keeps rolling, cold as steel and dark as night,
It don't give me no answers, no, no,
It don't pay me no mind.

And the scenery just keeps changing, but these folks, they just stay the same,
Same old fearful eyes are staring, asking me to take the blame for their shame, for their shame.