

Roger Hodgson, Red Lake

Red Lake, hear my words
Where the eagles cry
And the spirits fly o'er sacred land
Red lake, hear my prayers
They're a feeble cry
To an angry sky that bleeds for Man

"So get up and shut up
and don't let us use you
Oh get up and shut up
and let us abuse you"

It's a crazy world
And my spirit cries against the wind -
can you send to me
I've been this way before
I've danced on distant shores
I've watched the minds of men
Go south - come back again

I've walked a million miles
I've seen my little child
I've knocked on every door
And still I'm wanting more - To be home -
To be home -
yeah yeah to be home -
To be home -
yeah yeah to be home