

# Too Much Joy, Grataman

Gramatan, by Too Much Joy

gramatan  
you stupid indian  
you thought you had the best of us  
no man owns the land  
now these houses cost five hundred k  
we wouldn't sell you one anyway  
gramatan  
you crazy indian  
you're not like the rest of us  
you'll never understand

everything's nice  
nothing has changed  
the kids go to daycamps  
with indian names

it's getting dark)  
go on and make your mark  
then come and have a drink with us

tell us what's in your heart  
gramatan  
you crazy indian  
you're gonna learn to think like us

everything's nice  
nothing has changed  
first comes the snow  
then come the rains