

# Western Flyer, Cherokee Highway

PRELUDE (Jesus Loves The Little Children)

Mississippi, in '61, they  
Watched his daddy die  
Guided by the light of a burning cross  
That lit the Delta sky  
Kevin and Willie, 10 years old,  
They were best of friends  
The only way you could tell 'em apart  
Was the color of their skin  
"C'mon Willie!," Kevin screamed,  
"Let's get out of here!" Willie's numb,  
Can't even run, frozen there with fear  
So Kevin takes off through the woods  
Yelling "I'll be back for you!"  
Running fast, out of breath, can't stop and rest  
His daddy would know what to do  
But rushing through the door  
He sees the eyes of a man  
His daddy's washing the blood out of a sheet  
But it won't come off his hands

CHORUS:

And the blood still runs down Cherokee Highway  
A senseless river filled with all they've shed  
Just two dark sides to Cherokee Highway  
But black or white, the blood still runs red

Now the fire is at the fuse  
In a town that just won't learn  
Word is out, "make the white man pay,"  
Gonna watch his farm house burn  
Midnight, the flames begin,  
Kevin's daddy's the first to rise  
So he grabs his gun and he grabs his wife,  
But Kevin's still inside  
From the shadows comes a boy with darker skin  
Though they killed his daddy, gonna save his friend,  
He runs through the door as the house falls in

CHORUS

Staring in the ashes, he sees what hate really is  
Two little bodies, both burned black,  
Can't tell which child is his

CHORUS