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

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

CHORUS