

Broken Rainbow

Laura Nyro

The old people of the earth tell stories
An old woman of the old ways
She said, "I recall all my joy
In better days" The young warriors of the open rainbow
Said, "Tell me is it true?
Tell me, do some live out of bags and rags
In the cities too? Is it true?" At the edge where I live
Home sweet home, America The earth ones they said
"Our religion is in these lands and skies
Sweet mother out lands gone
To modern worlds, modern lies" The earthways and the new ecology
You know we were the first, believe me
We will be the last
To keep a light for the earth At the edge where I live
Home sweet home America Native American nation
Caught in the devastation
An endless situation
What can I do? The ghosts of prejudice
Cuts through the moonglow
Poet on a cryin' page
Broken rainbow, broken rainbow Home sweet home, America, oh

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