

Shasta Song

[Rita Hosking](#)

Ma and Pa often wonder why it's so hard for me to come home
When I'm there, I grow tense and restless, when I'm gone I feel so alone
On my Pa's side were settlers and miners, on my Ma's were natives of this land
In these mountains sometimes it's hard not to live your life in the past

Because you can see the scars left by the desperate mining men,
you can hear the rivers crying for the blood that washed through their beds,
you can feel the mountains mourning for the loss of the Indian way,
in the hearts of the survivors there's exhaustion and then there's pain,
Papa, I'm tellin' you, I love my home in a heartwrenching way.

When I was young I'd ride my pony to the top of the ridge,
Look out upon the oceans of forest, so pristine to a naïve kid.
Tiger lilies and waterfalls, no air so clean, no trees so tall
It's hard to imagine the wars that went on in the beauty of it all

But you can see the scars left
Mama, I'm tellin' you, I love my home in a heart wrenching way.
Oh, in a heartwrenching way.

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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