Shasta Song

Rita Hosking

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

â€˜Cause 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 thereâ€™s exhaustion and then thereâ€™s pain,
Papa, Iâ€™m tellinâ€™ you, I love my home in a heartwrenching way.

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

But you can see the scars leftâ€¦
Mama, Iâ€™m tellinâ€™ you, I love my home in a heart wrenching way.
Oh, in a heartwrenching way.

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/