

Land Of The Navajo

Peter Rowan

Oh, the wind blows cold
On the trail of the buffalo
Oh, the wind blows cold
In the land of the Navajo

In the land of the Navajo A hundred miles from nowhere out on the desert sand
One-eyed Jack, the trader, held some turquoise in his hand
By his side sat Running Elk, his long-time Indian friend
He vowed that he would stay by Jack until the bitter end Jack had gambled everything he owned to lead this
wandering life
He might have had a happy home and a tender loving wife
But his hunger was for trading trapper's furs for turquoise stone
Anything that the Indians had, Jack wanted for his own (chorus) Said Jack to Running Elk, I'll gamble all my
precious stones
Before I leave my body here among these bleaching bones
But now my time is drawing near and I'm filled with dark regret
My spirit longs to journey as the sun begins to set For we raped and killed, we stole your land, we ruled with
guns and knives
Fed whiskey to your warriors while we stole away your wives
Said Running Elk, what's done is done, you white men rule this land
So lay the cards face up and play your last broken-hearted hand (chorus) When you're dealing cards with death,
the joker's wild, the ace is high
Jack bid the Mississippi River, Running Elk raised him the sky
Jack saw him with the sun and moon and upped him with the stars
Running Elk bet the Rocky Mountains, Jupiter, and Mars The sun was sinking in the west when Jack drew the
ace of spades
Running Elk just rolled his eyes, he smiled and passed away
Jack picked up his turquoise stones and cast them to the sky
He stared into the setting sun and then made a mournful cry (chorus)
In the land of the Navajo

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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