

# Apache Tears

Dan Carlin

Hoof prints and foot prints, deep ruts the wagons made  
The victor and the loser came by here  
No head stones, but these bones bring the mescalero death moans  
See the smooth black nuggets by the thousands lying here  
Petrified, but justified are these apache tearsDead grass, dry roots, hunger crying in the night  
Ghost of broken hearts and laws are here  
And who saw the young squaw, they judged by their whiskey law  
Tortured till she died of pain and fear  
Where the soldiers lay her back, are the black apache tearsThe young men, the old men, the guilty and the innocent  
Bled red blood and chilled alike with fears  
The red men, the white men, no fight ever took this land  
So don't raise the dust when you pass here  
They're sleeping and in my keeping are these apache tears

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