

Drums

Johnny Cash

From the Indian reservation to the governmental school
Well, they're goin' to educate me to the white men's Golden Rule
And I'm learning very quickly for I've learned to be ashamed
And I come when they call Billy though I've got an Indian name
And there are drums beyond the mountain
 Indian drums that you can't hear
There are drums beyond the mountain
And they're getting mighty near
And when they think that they'd changed me
 Cut my hair to meet their needs
 Will they think, I'm white or Indian
 Quarter blood or just half breed
 Let me tell you, Mr. Teacher
 When you say, you'll make me right
 In five hundred years of fighting
Not one Indian turned white and there are drums
Well, you thought that I knew nothing
 When you brought me here to school
 Just another empty Indian
Just America's first fool
But now I can tell you stories
 That are burnt and dried and old
 But in the shadow of their telling walks
The thunder proud and bold and there are drums
Long Pine and Sequoia
 Handsome Lake and Sitting Bull
 There's Magnus Colorado
With his sleeves so red and full
Crazy Horse, the legend
 Those who bit off Custer's soul
 They are dead yet they are living
With the great Geronimo and there are drums
Well, you may teach me this land's history
 But we taught it to you first
 We broke your hearts and bent your journeys
Broken treaties left us cursed
Even now you have to cheat us
 Even though you this us tame
 In our losing we found proudness
In your winning you found shame and there are drums

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