

# 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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