

Native Son

[John Hiatt](#)

You finally found the mainstream in the middle of your life
You tapped into a vein of endless gold chains, now you're locked up tight
Tearing down the middle of it, splitting it right in half
Bobbing up and down the waves like a runaway slave on a Huck Finn raft
Take your wife, take your family, take your gun, running through the woods
And the burned out neighborhoods, looking for someone
A member of your tribe, a place you can hide 'til the war has begun
'Cause in the fields before the flood, you'll be spilling blood like a native son
Where you gonna run to? There ain't no underground
If only you could fly, you'd cut across the sky like a rifle round
Oh, who are your people and where is your homeland?
'Cause they're dying side by side at the river of pride
Where we tried to take a stand
Take your wife, take your family, take your gun, running through the woods
And the burned out neighborhoods, looking for someone
A member of your tribe, a place you can hide 'til the war has begun
'Cause in the fields before the flood, you'll be spilling blood like a native son

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