

My People

Bill Miller

My people were here long before the others cast their sails to the wind

Before the tears of innocence like a hard rain would descend

My people spread like eagle wings across the mountains and the plains

Now the feathers have been broken but the eagle still remains My people heard the thundering as the iron horse crossed the land

Its echos drowning out the cries of those who could not understand

My people watched the buffalo dying in the sun

While those tracks of steal lead to the sea, their will be done Now their blood flows through these rivers and then into our veins

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame

And their blood flows through these rivers just like an endless rain

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame My people have fought for this land, here and across the sea

Their shadows cast on sacred ground for all enturnity

My people's pride still can soar and dance across this land

You can see it in the eys of every woman, child, and man Because the blood flows through these rivers and then into our veins

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame

And their blood flows through these rivers just like an endless rain

And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame My people are the Navaho, my people are the Cherokee

My people are Arapaho, my people are Menominee

My people are, my people are...

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