Indian Giver

Rita Hosking

It's an Indian summer, cause summer it's not, though the wheat's in the field and the air's dry and hot.
There's an answer to the riddle, go and ask the old man, "if that's Indian summer, what's Indian land?"
An Indian giver has got a lot to learn, cause the people are gone and the villages burned.
Say maybe there's a chance we'll get'em back some day, but the things I want back were not given away.
Men on the mountain, see where you stand, with your feet in the ground and you're hiding your hands.
I do what I need, and I do on my own, but if I had a way then I'd lead orphans home.
They fried hard to change us from who we were, now I'm not the child of no Indian girl.
Men on the mountain, see where you stand, with your feet in the ground and you're hiding your hands.
And I seen you on the west side, I seen you at night, you were rising from a cold lake on the other side of life.

Lyrics submitted by Lowell.

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