Ghost Dance

Robbie Robertson

The crow has brought the message to the children of the sun
For the return of the buffalo and for a better day to come
You can kill my body, you can damn my soul
For not believin' in your God and some world down belowYou don't stand a chance against my prayers
You don't stand a chance against my love
They outlawed the Ghost Dance
They outlawed the Ghost Dance
But we shall live again, we shall live againMy sister above, but she has red paint
She died at Wounded Knee like a Latter Day Saint
You got the big drum in the distance, the blackbirds in the sky
That's the sound that you hear, when the buffalo cryYou don't stand a chance against my prayers
You don't stand a chance against my love
They outlawed the Ghost Dance
They outlawed the Ghost Dance
But we shall live again, we shall live again
We shall live againCrazy Horse was a mystic, he knew the secret of the trance
And Sitting Bull, the great apostle of the Ghost DanceCome on, Comanche, come on, Blackfoot
Come on, Shoshone, come on, Cheyenne
We shall live again
We shall live againCome on, Arapaho, come on, Cherokee
Come on, Paiute, come on, Sioux
We shall live againWe used to do the Ghost Dance, used to do the Ghost Dance
But we don't sing them kind of songs no more

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