

Talking to the Wind

[Donna Hughes](#)

On a trading path, through the Carolinas
Used by Indians who braved the wind and rain
They settled down beside the raging waters
And they worked the land until the white men came And formed the counties
And they took away their land
And made the boundaries
Governed with a heavy hand And you can almost hear the song
Of that old Indian longing for his home
Along the waters edge
Climbing mountains to escape
The laws of white men
Walking softly in the rain and talking to the wind They were friendly and they rode on painted horses
Fearing no one, not harming anything
They were trusting when the pilgrims came to live here
And then they died by the hands of the men Who formed the counties
And they took away their land
And made the boundaries
Governed with a heavy hand And you can almost hear that sad song
Of that old Indian crying for his home
Along the waters edge
Climbing mountains to escape
The laws of white men
Walking softly in the rain and talking to the wind They were trusting when they taught us how to live here
And then they scattered to the wind, leaving only tears behind them
And an old forgotten art
And all their memories, dying with a broken heart And you almost hear the song
Of that old Indian longing for his home
Along that waters edge
Climbing mountains to escape
The laws of white men
Walking softly in the rain, talking to the wind

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