

Ballad Of Ira Hayes

Patrick Sky

Ira Hayes, Ira HayesCall him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian

Nor the Marine that went to warGather 'round me people there's a story I would tell
About a brave young Indian you should remember well
From the land of the Pima Indian, a proud and noble band

Who farmed the Phoenix Valley in Arizona landDown the ditches for a thousand years
The water grew Ira's people's crops
Till the white man stole their water rights

And the sparklin' water stoppedNow Ira's folks were hungry
And their land grew crops of weeds
When war came, Ira volunteered

And forgot the white man's greedCall him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian

Nor the Marine that went to warThere they battled up Iwo Jima's hill
Two hundred and fifty men
But only twenty seven lived

To walk back down againAnd when the fight was over
And 'Old Glory' raised
Among the men who held it high

Was the Indian, Ira HayesCall him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian

Nor the Marine that went to warIra Hayes returned a hero
Celebrated through the land
He was wined and speeched and honored

Everybody shook his handBut he was just a Pima Indian
No water, no home, no chance
At home nobody cared what Ira'd done

And when did the Indians danceCall him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian

Nor the Marine that went to warThen Ira started drinkin' hard
Jail was often his home
They'd let him raise the flag and lower it

Like you'd throw a dog a bone!He died drunk early one mornin'
Alone in the land he fought to save
Two inches of water in a lonely ditch

Was a grave for Ira Hayes
Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore
Not the whiskey drinkin' Indian
Nor the Marine that went to war
Yeah, call him drunken Ira Hayes
But his land is just as dry
And his ghost is lyin' thirsty
In the ditch where Ira died

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