

# The Ballad of IRA Hayes

## Kinky Friedman

Gather 'round me people  
A story I will tell  
About a brave young Indian lad  
You should remember well  
From a tribe of Pima Indians  
A proud and peaceful band  
They farmed the Phoenix valley  
Out in Arizona land  
Down their ditches for a thousand years  
The sparkling water rushed  
Till the white man stole their water rights  
And the running water hushed  
Iras folks was hungry  
Their fields grew thick with weeds  
But when war came Ira volunteered  
And forgot the white mans greed  
Call him drunken Ira Hayes  
He wont answer anymore  
Not that whiskey drinking Indian  
Or Marine who went to war  
Well, they battled up Iwo Jima Hill  
Two hundred and fifty men  
But only twenty-seven lived  
To walk back down again  
And after the fight was over  
And Old Glory proudly raised  
Among the men who held her high  
Stood an Indian, Ira Hayes  
Call him drunken Ira Hayes  
He wont answer anymore  
Not that whiskey drinking Indian  
Or Marine who went to war  
Well, Ira Hayes returned a hero  
Celebrated throughout the land  
He was wined and speched and honored  
Hell, everybody shook his hand  
But he was just a Pima Indian  
No food, no friend, no chance  
Back home nobody cared what Ira had did  
And when do the Indians dance?  
Well, Ira took to drinking hard  
Jail often was his home  
They used to let him raise the flag there  
And lower it just like youd throw a dog a bone  
And Ira died drunk early one morning  
All alone in the land hed fought to save  
Two inches of water in a lonely ditch  
Was the grave for Ira Hayes  
Call him drunken Ira Hayes  
He wont answer anymore  
Not that whiskey drinking Indian

Or Marine who went to war Yeah, call him drunken Ira Hayes  
But his land is still as dry  
And his ghost, well, its lying there thirsty  
In the ditch where Ira died Call him drunken Ira Hayes  
He wont answer anymore  
Not that whiskey drinking Indian  
Or Marine who went to war

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