Eagle Must Fly Free

Bill Miller

The skies are blue, but I still hear thunder
The skies are clear, but there's lightning under my skin
It's gonna rain again, and when the rains come down
I'll be on that road againWarriors will ride.
On their painted horses
Blessed by the wind
And the unseen forces above
They will ride on as one
They will brave the storm
Till the rains are over and doneRide on crazy horse
Take me to the hills
Beyond the battle, where the waters are still
Where it's so quiet you can hear the children run
Far away from the sound of the gunThese are the feathers of a golded eagle
These are the feathers of an ancient people
You must, you must set my people free
Never hold me down, for the eagle must fly free

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