

Cherokee

Bud Powell

Sweet Indian maiden, since first I met you,
I can't forget you, Cherokee sweetheart. Child of the prairie, your love keeps calling,
My heart entralling, Cherokee. Dreams of summertime, of lover time gone by,
Throng my memory so tenderly, and sigh. My Sweet Indian maiden, one day I'll hold you,
In my arms fold you, Cherokee.

Songwriters

Noble, Ray Published by

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