Cherokee Rose

Corey Smith

Pinestraw on the ground around a fallen Cherokee rose
It's got me wonderin' why those mighty winds of change must blow
Once this land was free from fences and shotguns
Back when the people killed here for food instead of funWhen the Earth was sanctified
Cherished in the red-man's eyes
Before the Cherokee rose
The Cherokee rose
The Cherokee roseMy boots sink down into the soft red Georgia clay
Bought with their blood, this land here never was ours to take away
Disheartened souls unjustly driven from their homes
Many died along the way, now we build our houses upon their bonesAfter all these years
I can see the trail of tears
Damn this Cherokee rose
Oh the Cherokee rose
The Cherokee roseOh they call us the land of the free
And the home of the brave
But I don't hear much
About the injustice that we've done along the way
We try to black it out
Never think about
The price they had to pay
We never cry for what was lost
Shed a tear for the heavy cost
Of what we call "freedom"All the gold in the world couldn't pay the debt we owe
We'll never right those wrongs, but I believe we should let them know
That we won't forget and sure as hell won't justify
And we'll do our best to keep their memories aliveOh the least that we could do
Is dedicate one lonesome bloom
Won't ya take this Cherokee rose
Oh the Cherokee rose
The Cherokee roseThe Cherokee rose

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