

It Is a Good Day to Die

Robbie Robertson

The general rode for sixteen days
The horses were thirsty and tired
On the trail of a renegade chief
One he'd come to admireThe soldiers hid behind the hills
That surrounded the village
And he rode down to warn the chief
They'd come to conquer and pillageLay down your arms lay down your spear
The chief's eyes were sad but showed no sign of fearIt is a good day to die
Oh my children dry your eyes
It is a good day to dieHe spoke of the days before the white man came
With his guns and whiskey
He told of a time a long time ago
Before what you call historyThe general couldn't believe his words
Nor the look on his face
But he knew these people would rather die
Then have to live in this disgraceWhat law have I broken? What wrong have I done?
That makes you want to bury me on this trail of bloodIt is a good day to die
Oh my children you cry
It is a good day to dieWe cared for the land and the land cared for us
And that's the way it's always been
Never asked for more never asked too much
And now you tell me this is the endI laid down my weapon, I laid down my bow
Now you want to drive me out with no place left to goIt is a good day to die
Oh my children don't you cry
It is a good day to dieAnd he turned to his people and said dry your eyes
We've been blessed and we are thankful
Raise your voices to the sky it is a good day to dieOh my children don't you cry
Oh my children dry your eyes
Raise your voices to the sky
It is a good day to die

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