Pocahontas

Alan Menken

Aurora borealis, the icy sky at night
Our paddles break the water in a long and hurried flight
From the white man and the fields of green
And the homeland we've never seen
They killed us in our tepee, they cut our women down
They might have left some babies cryin' on the ground
But the big guns and the wagon wheels come
Yes, and the night falls on the setting sun
They massacred the buffalo, kitty corner from the bank
The taxis run across my feet and my eyes have turned to blanks
In my little room at the top of the stairs

Yeah, with an Indian rug and a pipe to share
I wish I was a trapper, I would give thousand pelts
To sleep with Pocahontas and to find out how she felt
In the morning on the fields of green
Oh, in the homeland we've never seen
Yes, and maybe Marlon Brando will be there by the fire
We'll sit and talk of Hollywood and the good things there for hire
And the Astrodome and the first tepee
Oh, Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me
Yeah, Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me, Pocahontas

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