

Homeland

John Hiatt

Well, I jumped so high
Knocked the table over
Thought I saw a ghost
Come out of the clover
She lived in this house
Forty odd years or so She was buried in the back
With the English and the natives
Slaughtered like sheep
Women and babies
Lot of blood and tears
Three hundred years ago It's like they're caught up in the trees
In the webs of spiders
Spun out of leaves
Ghostly riders
Lookin' for a trail
To find their way back home But there's nothing back there
Or tomorrow
No place they
Can put their sorrow
Heavy as death
Cold as a broken stone And I call this place my homeland
And I claim this land I own
But it belongs to another people
They possess it in their bones Well, I can hear them in the night
Like a hundred televisions
Hummin' down low
Beneath the subdivisions
All they really want
Is if we can hear 'em now They been troublin' this plain
Lookin' for attention
Making crazy tracks
They need an intervention
All they really want
Is to get back home somehow So build up a fire
Say a little prayer
And cook a little meat
Pull 'em up a chair
And offer them a plate
Maybe we can all find peace You can't bury anything

Men or nations
Old memories, old vibrations
The pain doesn't stop
Just because the killin' ceased And I call this place my homeland
And I claim this land I own
It belongs to another people
They possess it in their bones Well, I jumped so high
Straight up off the bed sheet
Nightmare sky
Bloody with the red heat
Started to shake
'Cause I couldn't find my way back home Well, I landed in the ditch
Landed in the gutter
Landed in the arms
Of my long lost mother
Cryin' like a child
While the Bayou Pierre groaned And I call this place my homeland
And I love this land I own
But it belongs to another people
They possess it in their bones Yeah, I call this place my homeland
And I claim this land I own
But it belongs to another people
They possess it in their bones

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