Buffalo

Mason Proffit

My shadow left my mind and went a walkin' 'round and found a nickel on the ground
And the buffalo upon one side he got up and walked away
And the indian upon the other side gave out a sigh and said thats better now
Without the buffalo
Without the buffalo x 2
Without the buffalo im just and indian
I'm free and clear
The indian went walkin' 'round and sat upon the Hill to watch the sun go down
But he couldnt find his people, he got up and walked away
And he sat beside the fire, and gave out a sigh We're all forgotten now
Where is my tomahawk
My days are gone
Where is my tent
Where is my planting ground
Where is my land
This reservation's wrong
Whose this white man
My people never smile
Where is my brother
My children ignorant
Where is my squaw
Where's my buffalo

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