

War Paint And Soft Feathers

[Cher](#)

WAR PAINT AND SOFT FEATHERS They were from two warring tribes

So their love could never be

He was a painted Apache

And she was a Cherokee

He was stealing her father's horses

When he saw her standing there

Moon braided bits of silver

All through her long black hair

[Chorus:]

War paint and soft feathers

Love was meant to be

Even though he was Apache

She was a blue-eyed Cherokee

War paint and soft feathers

Under the pale moon light

Doing what tribal laws forbid

As drums brought the silence of the night

His strong arms circled round her waist

His headband touched her brow

They were of two different tongues

But their lips met anyhow

Next to a small oak tree

Crossed spears forbid their love

There'd been no peace between their tribes

Long as eagles soar above

[Chorus]

Now the leaves have fallen to the ground

Over and over again

From the small oak tree grown taller

Where once crossed spears had been

A young man rides his pinto horse

And he stands there tall and free

The son of a wild Apache

And a blue-eyed Cherokee

[Chorus x2]

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