

Bill Miller, My People

My people were here long before the others cast their sails to the wind
Before the tears of innocence like a hard rain would descend
My people spread like eagle wings across the mountains and the plains
Now the feathers have been broken but the eagle still remains

My people heard the thundering as the iron horse crossed the land
Its echos drowning out the cries of those who could not understand
My people watched the buffalo dying in the sun
While those tracks of steal lead to the sea, their will be done

Now their blood flows through these rivers and then into our veins
And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame
And their blood flows through these rivers just like an endless rain
And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame

My people have fought for this land, here and across the sea
Their shadows cast on sacred ground for all enturnity
My people's pride still can soar and dance across this land
You can see it in the eys of every woman, child, and man

Because the blood flows through these rivers and then into our veins
And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame
And their blood flows through these rivers just like an endless rain
And their hearts are beating louder then all the years of shame

My people are the Navoho, my people are the Cherokee
My people are Arapoho, my people are Menominee
My people are, my people are...