

Deadman, Sad Ole' Geronimo

sad old geronimo riding slowly along
alone on a road he's ridden before singing a warrior's song
bending in his saddle defeat on his breath his people again have been wronged
blood and tears stain the paint on his face like a mountain he keeps his calm
sad old geronimo beaten but still he rides proud
moving on down this trail of tears facing the gathering cloud
pages forgotten too violent to write some are forgotten in shame
down through the white man's recorded time you'll always remember one name
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