

A | The Ruin of a Culture

Ghost Dance

Crow has brought the message
to the children of the sun
for the return of the buffalo
and for a better day to come.

You can kill my body.
You can damn my soul
for not believing in your god
and some world down below.

You don't stand a chance
against my prayers.
You don't stand a chance
against my love.
They outlawed the Ghost Dance
but we shall live again,
we shall live again.

My sister above
she has red paint.
She died at Wounded Knee
like a latter day saint.

You got the big drum in the distance
the blackbirds in the sky.
That's the sound that you hear
when the buffalo cry.

You don't stand a chance
against my prayers.
You don't stand a chance
against my love.
They outlawed the Ghost Dance
but we shall live again,
we shall live again.

Crazy Horse was a mystic.
He knew the secret of the trance.
And Sitting Bull the great apostle
of the Ghost Dance.

Come on Comanche
Come on Blackfoot
Come on Shoshone
Come on Cheyenne

We shall live again

Come on Arapaho
Come on Cherokee
Come on Paiute
Come on Sioux

We shall live again

Robbie Robertson