

BLACK ELK SPEAKS

(Music: Todd Sheaffer, Brady Rymer, Patrick Fitzsimmons/Lyrics: Todd Sheaffer)

white heat.. was on our tracks
the four-legged on the run

white heat.. on our backs
burning like a sun

we walked.. walked
til there was no-where left to go

we walked.. many fell down
bloody in the snow

white heat.. was on our tracks
and growing to a flood

white heat.. on our backs
and growing to a flood

we fought.. fought
til there was no-where left to go

we fell... a pool of red neath
passing wheels in mud and snow

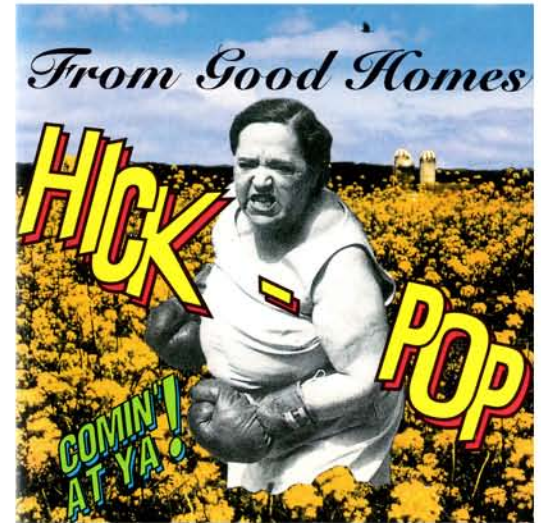
black elk... "I did not know then
how much was that end.."

black elk... "I see it now...
from the high-hill old age.."

black elk... "I see the people
scattered along the gulch

black elk... "I see it plain..
as when I saw with young eyes...
and I see...something else died
in the bloody snow...I see...
A peoples' dream died there...
it was a beautiful dream..
it was a beautiful dream.."

WO-O, WO-O-O-O, WO-O-O-O
WO-O, WO-O-O-O, WO-O-O-O



APPEARS ON:
HICK-POP COMIN' AT YA!