

Bury My Heart
Indigo Girls

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#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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Date: Wed, 17 Jan 1996 15:27:39 -0600 (CST)
From: Casey Connor
Subject: CRD: Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee as done by Indigo Girls

Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee
W&M by Buffy St. Marie,
as covered by the Indigo Girls.

Another four-chord song transcribed by guitar GOD casey@cec.wustl.edu,
with help with the words from indigo-girls listmembers.

Emily : (sing freely)

D **A**
Indian Legislation s on the desk of a do-right congressman

D **G**
But he don t know much about the issues so he

A
picks up the phone and asks the advice of the

D **Bm**
senator out in Indian Country, a

G **A**
darling of the energy companies

Bm **G** **A**
They re ripping off what s left of the reservation

Amy : (with more rhythm)

A **Bm**
I learned this safety rule I don t know who to thank

A **F#m** **Bm**
don t stand between the reservation and the corporate bank

A **F#m** **Bm**
They re sendin federal tanks, it isn t nice, but it s reality

Chorus:

(no chord) **D** **C** **G**
Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee

D **C** **G**
I said deep in the earth

D **C** **G**
Won t you cover me with your pretty lies

D **C** **G**
Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee

A **Bm**
They got these energy companies they re tryin to steal our land
(or: who want to take our land)

A **F#m** **Bm**
They got churches by the dozen tryin to guide our hand

A **(F#m?)** **Bm**
and turn our mother earth over to pollution war and greed

Get rich, get rich quick

CHORUS (With echoing BMHAWK s?)

Jerry Marotta :

We ve got the federal books, we ve got the covert spies
(or: federal marshals)

They got the liars by fire they got the FBI

They go to court and get nailed and still Leonard Peltier goes off to jail

The bullets didn t match the gun

CHORUS (With echoing BMHAWK s - Bury my heart at Wounded Knee; It was an
eighth of the reservation; It was transferred in secret; You got your
murdering heart and intimidation; Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee)
(or: you got your murder and intimidation, etc...)

We re talking about a revolution

My girlfriend Anna May, she talked about Uranium
Her head was full of bullets and her body dumped
The FBI cut off her hands and told us she died of exposure

CHORUS

Bury me Bury me

We had the gold rush wars, why didn t we learn to crawl?
And now our history gets written in a liar s scrawl.
They tell me

[No Chord]

Honey you can still be an Indian, I mean, you know, wear those little
moccasins and play those bingo games down at the Y on a Saturday night.
(Bullshit