

**Ballad Of Ira Hayes**  
**Johnny Cash**

Artist: Johnny Cash

Song: (The)Ballad of Ira Hayes

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**A**                  **D**  
Ira Hayes, Ira Hayes.

**A**                                  **D**  
Call him drunken Ira Hayes, he won t answer anymore;

**E**  **A**  
not the whiskey drinkin Indian, nor the marine that went to war.

**A**  **D**  
Gather round me, people. There s a story I would tell

**E**  **A**  
bout a brave young Indian you should remember well,

**D**  
from the land of the Pima Indians, a proud and nobel band,

**E**  **A**  
who farmed the Phoenix Valley in Arizona land.

**A**  **D**  
Down their ditches a thousand years, the waters grew Ira s people s crops

**E**  **A**  
till the white man stole their water rights and the sparklin water stopped.

**D**  
Now, Ira s folks were hungry and their land grew crops of weeds.

**E**  **A**  
When the war came, Ira volunteered and forgot the white man s greed.

**A**  **D**  
Call him drunken Ira Hayes, he won t answer anymore;

**E**  **A**  
not the whiskey drinkin Indian, nor the marine that went to war.

**A**  **D**  
There they battled up Iwo Jima Hill; 250 men,

**E**  **A**  
but only 27 lived to walk back down again.

**D**  
And when the fight was over, and Old Glory raised,

**E**  **A**  
among the men who held it high was the Indian, Ira Hayes.

**A**  **D**  
Call him drunken Ira Hayes, he won t answer anymore;

**E**  **A**  
not the whiskey drinkin Indian, nor the marine that went to war.

**A**  **D**  
Ira Hayes returned a hero, celebrated through the land.

**E**  **A**  
He was wined and speeched and honored, ev rybody shook his hand.

**D**

But he was just a Pima Indian; no water, no home, no chance.

**E**

At home nobody cared what Ira had done.

**A**

And when do the Indians dance?

**A**

**D**

Call him drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore;

**E**

**A**

not the whiskey drinkin' Indian, nor the marine that went to war.

**A**

**D**

Then Ira started drinkin' hard; jail was often his home.

**E**

**A**

They let him raise the flag and lower it like you'd throw a dog a bone.

**D**

He died drunk early one morning, alone in the land he fought to save.

**E**

**A**

Two inches of water in a lonely ditch was a grave for Ira Hayes.

**A**

**D**

Call him drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore;

**E**

**A**

not the whiskey drinkin' Indian, nor the marine that went to war.

**A**

**D**

Yeah, call him drunken Ira Hayes, but his land is just as dry,

**E**

**A**

and his ghost is lyin' thirsty in the ditch where Ira died.