

Native Rebel Yell
Skip Thomas

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There once was a time when the people and land,

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When the land's best friend was the soul of the man.

And the spirit of God was the water and wind

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Heaven was on earth, life without sin

In 1492 came the white man's yell,
filled with shields of hatred and torches from hell
They raped the land, they killed its soul
Buried the people in an unmarked hole

Fathers forgive us for what we have done
Mothers remind us to teach our sons
Stand up for freedom in the face of a gun
The only way to loose it is to turn and run

There once was a paper, with inalienable rights
In spite of the British and minutemen fights
Good men died, for liberty to strive
Don't give it away, fight to keep it alive

200 years later, in the land of the free
Came a force of evil with a hidden key
They filled the minds of people with promise of hope
As they draped their noose, while they tightened their rope

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The hunter's arrow's eye is blind
Its the image in one's heart, its the aim of the mind
So what of tomorrow, and when is it past,
That spirit of Liberty has breathed its last?

Well I'm sorry my son we didn't have the nerve.
That long march for freedom ... didn't try to preserve.
But remember this day, cause its cast in stone
The land of the free, America the beautiful... was overthrown.

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