

Ballad Of Ira Hayes
Townes Van Zandt

as played by TVZ.

E **A**
Call him drunken Ira Hayes, He won t answer anymore;

B7 **A** **E**
Not the whiskey drinkin indian, not the marine that went to war.

E **A**
Come gather round me, people, there s a story I would tell

B7 **A** **E**
About a brave young Indian, you should remember well;

Frome the land of the Pima Indians, a proud and noble band,
Who farmed the Phoenix Valley in Arizona land.

Down their ditches for a thousand years the aparkling weater rushed

Till the white man stole their water rights and their sparklin water hushed

Now Ira s folks were hungry and their land grew crops of weeds

When war came Ira volunteered and forgot the white man s greed.

Well, they battled up Iwo Jima Hill - two hundred and fity men,

But only twenty-seven lived - to walk back down again;

When the fight was over - and Old Glory raised,

Among the men who held it high was the Indian - Ira Hayes.

Ira Hayes returned a hero, -celebrated throughout the land,

He was wined and speched and honored, -everybody shook his hand;

But he was just a Pima Indian, --no water, no crops, no chance;

And back home nobody cared what Ira don - and went to the Indians dance?

Then Ira started drinin hard - jail was often his home;

They let him raise the flag and lower it, like you throw a dog a bone;

He died drunk early one morning, -alone in the land he d fought to save;

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

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

And his ghost is lying thirsty in the ditch where Ira died.

Chorus: Call him drunken Ira Hayes, He won t answer anymore;

Not the whiskey drinin Indian, Nor the marine that went to war