

Ballad Of Ira Hayes
Townes Van Zandt

as played by TVZ.

F# **B**
Call him drunken Ira Hayes, He won t answer anymore;
C#7 **B** **F#**
Not the whiskey drinkin indian, not the marine that went to war.

F# **B**
Come gather round me, people, there s a story I would tell
C#7 **B** **F#**
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 fifty 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 drinkin' Indian, Nor the marine that went to war