

Lyrics and Rhymes Contributing to Indian Stereotypes

Lesson Plan for Middle School

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Overview: Students will read and study the lyrics of a familiar rhyme and popular (late 20th century and contemporary) songs, examining them for words, images, and ideas that contribute to the stereotyping of the Native Americans. This lesson was designed to be used with the Hands-On Stereotype Box or with a stand-alone lesson in stereotyping of Native Americans.

MLR: HISTORY C-1, C-3, C-5

Lesson:

1. **If possible**, obtain sound files for the songs. Most of the songs are available through iTunes (for a fee of 99¢).
2. Distribute copies of the lyrics (they should be previewed first – some lyrics are not appropriate for students under grade 10) to groups of 2 or 3.
3. Copy and distribute the Student Lyrics Assignment.
4. As students complete the assignment, move through the room encouraging group discussion.
5. At the end of the allotted time, have each group read, project or perform the lyrics aloud to the class and lead a class discussion of the specific terms and question responses.

Related materials:

- Indian Quiz – anticipation guide for middle school stereotype study, available from <http://www.leasttern.com/Wabanaki/WabanakiStereotype> and reprinted in the Resource Notebook. An online version of the quiz (longer) can also be accessed at <http://www.understandingprejudice.org>.
- Vocabulary lesson to accompany Indian Stereotypes for Children.
- Indian Stereotypes for Children – CD ROMs (image files)

Assessments:

A. The group presentation should be assessed using a performance rubric, developed by the teacher. The group should be accountable for sharing responses to questions 1-5 on the Student Assignment.

B. Students should, in groups or individually, do one of the following:

Rewrite the lyric removing the stereotypical language.

Write an original lyric or speech that forcefully argues against the language of the song or rhyme.

Follow-up Lesson:

- Any of the lessons in the Indian Stereotypes Resources or any of the Wabanaki Lessons could follow this activity.
- A unit on a different stereotype or stereotyped population, or a unit on propaganda, would be a good follow-up for older middle school students.
- The showing (and dissection) of a film with a Native American subject would be a good follow up.
- Alternatively, the showing of *People of the Dawn* from MPBN or *Invisible* would be a sobering conclusion to the unit.

Lyrics and Rhymes Contributing to Indian Stereotypes

Student Assignment

Names: _____

You will be given a lyric from a contemporary or fairly recent (last 30 years or so) song OR a popular rhyme that is still included in children's books. Work with your group to answer the following questions about the lyric or rhyme:

1. In your group, read the lyric or rhyme out loud. Write down your honest first responses to it **on the back of this page**.
2. Circle in the lyric or rhyme all of the words and phrases that **stereotype, mock, or belittle** Native Americans. List them here:

3. Songs and rhymes draw a "picture" for the listener. What picture(s) of the Native Americans are created in this lyric or rhyme? How do Native Americans act? What do they think about? Write each response in a sentence (e.g. Indians are...)

4. Look up online (Google) any words or references that are new or unfamiliar to you. Take notes about what you learn. You will be asked to explain these references to your classmates.
5. After studying the lyric or rhyme, do you feel that it is OK to play this song or sing this rhyme at a performance at your school? Why or why not?
6. Rehearse with your group a presentation to the class that will include your answers to questions 1-5.

Ten Little Indians

By Harry Nilsson

On June 14, 1967 Nilsson recorded 'Ten Little Indians.'
Also performed by The Yardbirds

Ten little Indians standing in a line

One stood looking at another man's wife, then there were nine

Nine little Indians, their hearts all full of hate

One took another's goods, then there were eight

Eight little Indians, they just got down from heaven

One told a lie about another's best friend, then there were seven

Seven little Indians all trying to get their kicks

One thought he found another way to get to heaven, then there were six

Six little Indians all trying to stay alive

One took another man's life, then there were five

Five little Indians all trying to find the door

One pulled his mother down, then there were four

Four little Indians all thinking that they gotta be free

One little Indian forgot to say his prayers, then there were three

Three little Indians deciding what they're gonna have to do

One took the name of God in vain, then there were two

Two little Indians thinking that they oughtta have some fun

One took a liking to a picture of himself, then there was one

One little Indian out looking for the sun

At six o'clock the moon came out

Then there were none.

Your Squaw is on the Warpath

Loretta Lynn

Well your pet name for me is squaw
When you come home a drinkin' and can barely crawl
And all that lovin' on me won't make things right
Well you're leavin' me at home to keep the tee pee clean
A-six papooses to break and wean
Well, your squaw is on the warpath tonight
Well I found out, a-big brave chief
The game you were huntin' for ain't beef
Get offa my huntin' grounds
And get outta my sight
This-a war dance I'm doin' means I'm fightin' mad
You don't need no more of what you've already had
Your squaw is on the warpath tonight
Well-a that fire water that a you've been drinkin'
Makes you feel bigger but chief you're shrinkin'
Since you've been on that love makin' diet
Now don't hand me that old peace pipe
There ain't no pipe can settle this fight
Your squaw is on the warpath tonight
Well I found out a-big brave chief
The game you're a hunting for ain't beef
Get offa my huntin' grounds and get outta my sight
This-a war dance I'm doin' means I'm fightin' mad
You don't need no more of what you've already had
Your squaw is on the warpath tonight
Yeah, your squaw is on the warpath tonight

Ten Little Indians Lyrics

Beach Boys

Ten little Indian boys

The first little Indian gave squaw pretty feather
(Little Indian boy)

The second little Indian made her an Indian dollar
(Fighting over a squaw)

Well the third little Indian gave her moccasin leather
(Little Indian boy)

The squaw didn't like 'em at all

The fourth little Indian took her riding in his big canoe
(Little Indian boy)

The fifth little Indian took her down the waterfall
(Fighting over a squaw)

The sixth little Indian taught the squaw how to woo-woo
(Little Indian boy)

But the squaw didn't like 'em at all

One little, two little, three little Indians
(Keep us humming we're the ten little Indians)

Four little, five little, six little Indians
(Keep us humming we're the ten little Indians)

Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians
(Keep us humming we're the ten little Indians)

Ten little Indian boys

The seventh little Indian took her over to his teepee
(Little Indian boy)

The eighth little Indian tried to give her a love poem
(Fighting over a squaw)

The ninth little Indian said "You're my Kemosabe"
(Little Indian boy)

The squaw didn't like 'em at all

The tenth little Indian said it really didn't matter
(Little Indian boy)

He acted like himself and he didn't look at her
(Fighting over a squaw)

The squaw didn't care if he never did a thing
(Little Indian boy)

Cause she loved the tenth Indian boy

Loved the tenth Indian boy

Loved the tenth Indian boy

Loved the tenth Indian boy

Artist: **Big & Rich**

Song: **Wild West Show**

I'm feelin' like Tonto,
Ridin' a Pinto,
Tryin' to chase the Lone Ranger down.
I'm a little unravelled,
But I'm still in the saddle,
Cryin' your name out to the crowds,
Hey yaw, Hey yaw!

Why don't you meet me,
Back at the tepee?
We'll lay down by the camp fire.
There, in the dark night,
We'll smoke the peace pipe,
Forget about who's wrong or right.
Hey yaw, Hey yaw!

Yeah, it was a big showdown,
Oh yeah, we stood our ground.
Shot out the lights:
It got a little crazy.
I don't wanna see us go,
The way of the buffalo:
Don't wanna have another wild west show.
Hey yaw, Hey yaw!

Only forgiveness,
Will finally end this.
There won't be a witness if we both fall.
There's never a hero,
In a battle of egos.
There's never a winner of the quick draw.
Hey yaw, Hey yaw!

Yeah, it was a big showdown,
Oh yeah, we stood our ground.
Shot out the lights:
It got a little crazy.
Don't wanna see us go,
The way of the buffalo:
Don't wanna have another wild west show.
Hey yaw, Hey yaw!

Hey yaw, Hey yaw!

It's like a ghost town,
Without you around.
Why can't we just forget it,

Ride off in the sunset?

It was a big showdown,
Oh yeah, we stood our ground.
Shot out the lights:
It got a little crazy.
I don't wanna see us go,
The way of the buffalo:
Don't wanna have another wild west show.
Hey yaw, Hey yaw!

I'm feelin' like Tonto,
Ridin' a Pinto,
Tryin' to chase the Lone Ranger down.

Artist/Band: Tim McGraw

Lyrics for Song: Indian Outlaw

Lyrics for Album: Not A Moment Too Soon

I'm an Indian outlaw
Half Cherokee and Choctaw
My baby she's a Chippewa
She's one of a kind

All my friends call me Bear Claw
The Village Cheaftin' is my paw-paw
He gets his orders from my maw-maw
She makes him walk the line

You can find me in my wigwam
I'll be beatin' on my tom-tom
Pull out the pipe and smoke you some
Hey and pass it around

'Cause I'm an Indian outlaw
Half Cherokee and Choctaw
My baby she's a Chippewa
She's one of a kind

I ain't lookin' for trouble
We can ride my pony double
Make your little heart bubble
Lord like a glass of wine

I remember the medicine man
He caught runnin' water in my hands
Drug me around by my headband
Said I wasn't her kind

'Cause I'm an Indian outlaw
Half Cherokee and Choctaw
My baby she's a Chippewa
She's one of a kind

I can kill a deer or buffalo
With just my arrow and my hickory bow
From a hundred yards don't you know
I do it all the time

They all gather 'round my teepee
Late at night tryin' to catch a peek at me
In nothin' but my buffalo briefs
I got 'em standin' in line

'Cause I'm an Indian outlaw

Half Cherokee and Choctaw
My baby she's a Chippewa
She's one of a kind

Cherokee people
Cherokee tribe
So proud to live
So proud to die

Artist/Band: Cledus T. Judd

Lyrics for Song: Indian In-Laws

Parody of *Indian Outlaw* by Tim McGraw

They're my Indian in-laws
Came to visit me and my squaw
Been here for a month y'all
I'm 'bout to lose my mind

I'm sick and tired of her paw-paw
Eatin' all of my bear claws
While he's watchin' ol Hee-Haw
And drinkin all my wine

I'm gonna scalp her maw-maw
Making long distance phone calls
To her friends in Arkansas
Talkin' on my dime

They're my Indian in-laws
They're drivin' me up the dang wall
Using all of my dental floss
And leaving the room smelling bad
(Shoo-ee)

They moved into my wigwam
God Almighty they're big bums
Order filet mignons
And stick me with the tab
They're hanging 'round my teepee
Can't wear my buffalo briefs
Ain't had me no whoopee since week for last

They're my Indian in-laws
Hooked on Ex-Lax and Geritol
Have to run 'em to the shopping mall
4 times a day
(Every single day, seven days a week
My nerves are about shot
They are worryin' me to death)

Sittin' there clipping toenails
Chain-smoking them Pell Mells
Wish they'd get them a motel
But they're too cheap to pay

Pretty soon if they don't leave
I'll take a pipe and pop his knee
Like Tanya did Nancy
They're skating on thin ice

I'll take my bow and arrow
Pretend I'm shootin' at a sparrow
I might miss and uh-oh,
Hit her maw-maw's behind

They're my Indian in-laws
Might be kin to Tim McGraw
But they kin to me? Naw
Might have to leave my wife

'Cause my Indian in-laws
Came to visit me and my squaw
I'm about to lose my mind
Oh, one little, two little, three little Indians
Four little, five little, six little Indians
Seven little, eight little, nine little Indians
Ten little Indian in-laws

Oh no! Here comes her brother and her other brother
Then there's her sister that brought her aunt Essie with her
She's got two kids and they brought two friends
The whole tribes a-comin'
Couldn't they have just made a reservation

Swan Lee

Pink Floyd

Swan lee got up at the running foot pow-wow,
Heading from the fire to his waiting canoe.
Chattering squaw untied the wigwam door,
The chief blew smoke rings two by two!

The land in silence stands...

Swan lee, his boat by the bank in the darkness,
Loosened the rope in the creek is entwined.
A feather from the wing of a wild young eagle,
Pointed to the land where his fortune he'd find

The land in silence stands

Swan lee paddled on from the land of his fathers,
His eyes scanned the undergrowth on either side.
From the shore hung a hot, heavy, creature infested
Tropic, swan lee had a bow by his side

The land in silence stands

Swan lee kept time, half on land, half on water,
Grizzly bear and raccoon his fare.
He followed his ears to the great water fall,
Swan lee knew deep down that his squaw was there!

The land in silence stands....

Suddenly the rush of the mighty great thunder,
Confronted swan lee as his song he sang,
In the dawn, with his squaw, he was battling homewards
It was all written down by long silas lang.

The land in silence stands...

The land in silence stands...

The land in silence stands.

INDIAN RESERVATION

written by John D. Loudermilk

performed by Paul Revere and the Raiders

A7 - 2 - // D // // 2 // // 3

G

They took the whole Cherokee nation

D

Put us on this reservation

(for rest of verse, repeat pattern of above 2 lines):

Took away our ways of life

The tomahawk and the Bowie knife

Took away our native tongue

And taught their English to our young

And all the beads we made by hand

Are nowadays made in Japan

CHORUS:

G (break) / D (break) /

Cherokee people, Cherokee tribe

G (break) / A7 D

So proud to live, so proud to die

Verse 2:

They took the whole Indian nation

Locked us on this reservation

Though I wear a shirt and tie

I'm still a red man deep inside

(chorus)

Verse 3:

But maybe someday when they've learned

The Cherokee nation will return

(vocal crescendo):

D

Will return, will return, will return, will return!

ARTIST: Buffy Sainte-Marie
TITLE: Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee
Lyrics and Chords

Indian legislation on the desk of a do-right Congressman
Now, he don't know much about the issue
So he picks up the phone and he asks advice from the
Senator out in Indian country
A darling of the energy companies who are
Ripping off what's left of the reservations

/ D - A - / D G / A - / D Bm / G A / Bm G A - /

I learned a safety rule, I don't know who to thank
Don't stand between the reservation and the corporate bank
They send in federal tanks, it isn't nice but it's reality

/ A - Bm - / A F# Bm - / A - F# - Bm - - - /

Bury my heart at Wounded Knee
Deep in the Earth
Cover me with pretty lies
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee

/ D C G - / / / /

They got these energy companies who want the land
And they've got churches by the dozens want to guide our hand
And sign Mother Earth over to pollution, war and greed
Get rich, get rich quick

{Refrain}

Bury my heart at Wounded Knee - *Bury my heart at Wounded Knee*
Deep in the Earth - *Bury my heart at Wounded Knee*
Cover me with pretty lies - *Bury my heart at Wounded Knee*
Bury my heart at Wounded Knee - *Bury my heart at Wounded Knee*

We get the federal marshals, we get the covert spies
We get the liars by the fire, and we get the FBIs
They lie in court and get nailed, and still Peltier goes off to jail
The bullets don't match the gun

Bury my heart at Wounded Knee
An eighth of the reservation - *Bury my heart at Wounded Knee*
Transferred in secret - *Bury my heart at Wounded Knee*
Murder and intimidation - *Bury my heart at Wounded Knee, Aiyi-aiyi*

My girlfriend Annie Mae talked about uranium
Her head was filled with bullets and her body dumped
The FBI cut off her hands and told us she died of exposure

{Refrain}

Bury my heart at Wounded Knee - *Bury my heart at Wounded Knee* (4X)

We had the goldrush wars, ah, didn't we learn to crawl
And now our history gets written in a liar's scrawl
They tell ya, "Hey, honey, you can still be an Indian d-d-down at the Y on
Saturday nights"

{Refrain twice}

The Reservation

Tate Uecker and Casey Hight

Intro: G7

WeIIIIIIII

Chorus: G

Let's all go, down to the reservation

C G

Let's all go, down to the reservation

D

We'll have a pow-wow, dance, and some government cheese

G (stop) G (C-C#-D)

bring it on down to the Indian and me

Verse1: G

yeah we're headed to the pow-wow on a Saturday night

just me and the Indian and he's smokin' his pipe

C

got a truck load of squaws and I'm rarin' to go

G

down to the casino with a lip full of skoal

D

C

they'll be beggin' for money 'cause there tryin' to make more

A

D

and some drunks are sleeping on the floor

[CHORUS]

[solo - over one verse]

Verse2:

he passes around the pipe just a one at a time

then they bust out a bottle of homemade moonshine

they don't like the squaws hangin' around

cause if they get to rowdy they'll be down on the ground

you think their askin' for some lovin' but you got no more

'cause you gave it to the squaws next door

[CHORUS]

[solo - over one verse]

Remember we are all the same

1910 Fruitgum Company –

Indian Giver

I can still remember
It wasn't long ago.
Things you used to tell me,
You said I had to know.
Told me that you loved me
And that you always would.
Then I said I loved you.
You said that that was good.
Girl, you made a promise, said you'd never want me to go.
Oh no!

Indian giver, Indian giver,
You took your love away from me.
Indian giver, Indian giver,
Took back the love you gave to me.

Baby, I was feeling
The way I want to feel.
You had me believing
The love we had was real.
Things we did together
You said they'd never end.
"Now until forever." Yeah, that was what you said.
Girl, when I was down, I knew you'd always be there.
Oh, yeah!

Indian giver, Indian giver,
You took your love away from me.
Indian giver, Indian giver,
Took back the love you gave to me

(also recorded by the Ramones)

Pow Wow

Artist: Anvil - 1991

I gotta reservation
For the man who thinks he's brave
He's got a fascination
That'll take him to his grave
Mental masturbation
Euphoria in the state
When your heart's in trepidation
You'll know that it's too late

A witch doctor's prescription
A spoonful must go down
An addicted condition
Gonna put you in the ground

Goin' to a pow wow
Arrow through the heart
Goin' to a pow wow
Rip your soul apart

There's an evil possession
That burns your soul within
There will be no restitution
You know you'll never win

Spirit in the sky
Your living the big lie
Spirit in the sky
You know you're gonna die

Spirit in the sky
Your living the big lie
Spirit in the sky
You know you're gonna die

INDIAN GIVER

Roger Miller

I'm giving up on you

And I've been feeling that way for a day or two

Somehow I think you know good and well why

I sit here all alone, cryin'

Indian giver

You give your heart to me but then

You wanna take it back again

Indian giver I give in

I'll go away somewhere

And whether or not you miss me, I won't care

And somehow I think you know good and well why

I won't be cryin' when I say goodbye

Indian giver

You give your heart to me but then

You wanna take it back again

Indian giver I give in

I'll be satisfied

When I know you know all the tears I've cried

Somehow I think you know good and well we

Could've been together for eternity

Indian giver

You give your heart to me but then

You wanna take it back again

Indian giver I give in

Red Indian Girl

by B'Witched

album: Awake And Breathe (1999)

Met an old man. Miller his name
Met him on a dusty road
Got off the bus. Heard him singing
Sittin' in a rocking chair
I said where you been?
Tell me your story
I'm ready now lets begin
He said

Ooh ooh!
Red indian girl (red indian girl)
I've found her heart in so many places
Ooh ooh!
Red indian girl (red indian girl)
I've seen her smile in so many faces
(Her smile in the sun)
(And her eyes are the moon)

He talket and he talked
For so many hours
I listened to his every word
I sat at his feet and looked in his eyes
And I know what he meant
I tell you What he meant
He said

Ooh ooh!
Red indian girl (red indian girl)
I've found her heart in so many places
Ooh ooh!
Red indian girl (red indian girl)
I've seen her smile in so many faces
(Her smile in the sun)
(And her eyes are the moon)

(Come on, come on, come on)
(her smile is the sun, and her eyes are the moon)

Ooh ooh!
Red indian girl (red indian girl)
I've found her heart in so many places
Ooh ooh!
Red indian girl (red indian girl)
I've seen her smile in so many faces
(Her smile in the sun)

(And her eyes are the moon)

(Come on, Come on)

(Her smile is the sun)

(And her eyes are like the moon)

PASS THAT PEACE PIPE

Written by Roger Edens, Hugh Martin & Ralph Blane

Written as a duet for Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire in the MGM film *Ziegfeld Follies*, but it never made it into the picture. It resurfaced a few years later in 1947 in the movie "Good News" and was nominated for an Oscar as Best Song!

Recording: Gerry Mulligan & Judy Holliday

A medicine man i met
Said dont get yourself in a sweat.
When things look gray,
Just shrug and say:
It musta been somethin' the choctaws, chickasaws,
Chattahoochees, chippewas do.

If youre feeling mad as a wet hen,
Mad as you can possibly get, then
Pass that peace pipe, bury that tomahawk
Like those chichamecks, cherokees,
Chapultepecs do.
That cold shoulder never solved a single complaint.
When youre older, youll wipe off all of that war
Paint.

If you find yourself in a fury,
Be your own judge and your own jury.
Pass that peace pipe and bury that hatchet
Like the choctaws, chickasaws,
Chattahoochees, chippewas do.

If you want to hover out west, too,
You will soon discover its best to
Pass that peace pipe and bury that hatchet
Like the choktohs, changos,
Chattanooga, cheekarohs do.

Even in colonial days, you
Know the ceremonial ways to
Pass that peace pipe and bury that tomahawk
Like those chakootamees, chepacheps
N'chicopees, too.
Pull your ears in, try to use a little control.
When all clears in, youll be top man on the totem
Pole.

So, if you wanna be an all-right guy --

Not a long face, blues-in-the-night guy --
Write that apology and dispatch it!
When you quarrel, its grand to patch it!
Pass that peace pipe and bury that hatchet
Like those choctaws, chickasaws,
Chattahoochees, chippewas
And those chichamecks, cherokees,
Chapultepecs
And those chakootamees, chepacheps
N'chicopees, choktohs, changos,
Chattanooga, cheekarohs do-o-o-o!

JACKYL

Rock-A-Ho

(Jesse James Dupree/Jeff Worley/Chris Worley)

Smoke signal rising from my cigarette
I'm like an Indian warrior taking all I can get
You're never quite sure just how much I know
Only that they call me Chief Rock-A-Ho
'Cause I'm always thinking dirty, always thinking sin
Always moving over and sliding it in
Pumping like a diesel, stopping on a dime
I been a bad boy for such a long time
And I'm

CHORUS

Feelin' sleazy dirty
Feelin' kinda mean
Feelin' up and down and in between
Feelin' kinda cocky
Feel I'm on the rise
Feel myself a coming between your thighs

You wear your war paint, it looks good to me
Hey baby why don't you step inside my teepee
Smoke on my peace pipe I'll make you high
You never know until you give it a try
I live for the right now day after day
I'll use you up and then I'll throw you away
I pump you like a diesel, I stop you on a dime
I been a bad boy for such a long time
And I'm

CHORUS

QUANTUM JUMP

The Lone Ranger

Taumatawhakatangihangakoayauo-
tamateaturipukakapikimaungahoro-
nukypokaiwhenuakitanatahu
Me Tonto Kimosabi
Me go and catchee baddy
Find him by the shady water
Deep within Apache forest
Find him scalp him eat him up for breakfast
Real good friend to Kimosabi
Save another silver bullet
Hi ho Silver away
Ride into tomorrow today
But who was that masked man you say
That was the Lone Ranger

Fill up pipe of peace for Tonto
Kimosabi friend and brother
He smoke pipe of peace with Tonto
Put his mask on back to fronto
Tonto fall about with laughter
He a head our great white brother
Even pass a tote to Silver
Mask man very untogether
Hi ho Silver away
Ride into tomorrow today
But who was that masked man you say
That was the Lone Ranger

Taumatawhakatangihangakoayauo-
tamateaturipukakapikimaungahoro-
nukypokaiwhenuakitanatahu

Tonto know that Kimosabi
Never ever have a woman
Tonto sometime stop and wonder
What the trip with the great white brother
Maybe masked man he a poofter
Try it on with surly Tonto
Let me say to mister lawman
Tonto doesn't mind
Hi ho Silver away
Ride into tomorrow today
But who was that masked man you say
That was the Lone Ranger

Cowboys And Indians

-----Blood, Sweat & Tears

(Halligan, Kirkman)

Looking back to when I was a kid
All I wanted was to be a cowboy
A city cowboy

Wore a hat and had two silver guns
And I'd get a friend to be the Indian
He never would win

Him and me, fought a battle
Chased each other through the alley
Super me, winning battles
Was my manifest destiny

Then somewhere I had a change of ways
Decided I would rather be an Indian
Me and my friend

[harmonica solo]

Super me, winning battles
Then I got a sense of history

Looking back, it's no surprise to find
Lots of people kept on playing cowboys
Killing Indians

Cowboys And Indians

*With saddle horse and covered wagons
In a never ending line
Headin west to find that Holy Grail
For every mile of plains and mountains
One more shallow grave
And a dream or two
Scattered on the trail*

*The Red Man must have stared in wonder
As they crossed his Sacred Ground
Stumbling on in ignorance and fear
He must have wished in the heat of battle
As he drew his trusty bow
Like the buffalo we'd somehow disappear*

*Cowboys and Indians
I used to play that game
Sometimes I was Randolph Scott
Sometimes Jesse James
No one ever told me
No they never quite explained
That Cowboys and Indians
Was more than just a game*

*(Unrecorded extra verse)
His ghost still rides undefeated high on a ridge
On a pinto horse framed against the sky
The oldtimers tell his tale how he was hell in a fight
And his blood was red just like yours and mine*

*Writer Gary Fjellgaard
Publisher Slim Creek Music / Kitchen Table Music*

RED WING
(Thurland Chattaway / Irving Mills)

Recorded by:

Elton Britt; Little Jimmy Dickens; Sam Donahue & His Orch.;
Lester Flatt; Cal Hand; Paul Hopkins; Shot Jackson; Spike Jones;
George Lewis; The Lost & Found; Johnny Maddox; Les Paul;
Preservation Hall Jazz Band; Riley Puckett; Jack Teagarden;
Bob Wallis & His Storeyville Jazzmen; Dr. Michael White;
Tex Williams; Foy Willing & the Riders of the Purple Sage.

There once was an Indian maid a shy little prairie maid
who sang all day a love song gay as through the fields she'd while the hours away.
She loved an Indian brave this shy little prairie maid
and then one day he rode away to battle far away..

{Chorus}

Oh the moon shines tonight on pretty Red Wing,
the breeze is sighing, the night birds crying,
For a far far away her brave is dying
and Red Wings's crying her heart away.

She watched for him day and night,
She kept all the campfires bright,
And under the sky,
Each night she would lie,
And dream about his coming by and by
But when all the braves returned the heart of Red Wing yearned
for far far away her warrior brave fell bravely in the fray.

{chorus}

Now the Moon shines tonight on pretty Redwing,
the breeze is sighing, the night birds crying,
for a far'neath his star her brave is sleeping,
while Redwing's weeping her heart away.

Hank Williams

I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry

Kaw-liga was a wooden Indian standing by the door.
He fell in love with an Indian maiden over in the antique store.

Kaw-liga just stood there and never let it show,
So she could never answer "yes" or "no."

CHORUS:

Poor ol' Kaw-liga, he never got a kiss.
Poor ol' Kaw-liga, he don't know what he missed.
Is it any wonder that his face is red?
Kaw-liga, that poor ol' wooden head.

He always wore his Sunday feathers and held a tomahawk.
The maiden wore her beads and braids and hoped some day he'd talk.

Kaw-liga, too stubborn to ever show a sign,
Because his heart was made of knotty pine.

Kaw-liga was a lonely Indian, never went nowhere.
His heart was set on the Indian maid with the coal black hair.

Kaw-liga just stood there and never let it show,
So she could never answer "yes" or "no."

And then one day a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid,
And took her, oh, so far away, but ol' Kaw-liga stayed.

Kaw-liga just stands there as lonely as can be,
And wishes he was still an old pine tree.

M

Cowboys and Indians

Hello, everybody. It's TV-Time! Off we go.

I've got a holster for my gun.
Silver spurs on my boots.
I'll be ready when they come.
God help the first one that shoots!
I guess I'll never change...
'Cause I was born on the range.
Cowboys and Indians.
Cowboys and Indians.
Heyup!

I won't make Custer's mistake;
He didn't finish all his beans.
Sometimes I get the shakes.
Wish I was back in New Orleans!
I guess I'll never change...
'Cause I was born on the range.
Cowboys and Indians.
Cowboys and Indians.

Hands up! Golly!

Howdy, pardner.

I guess I'll never change...
'Cause I was born on the range.
Cowboys and Indians.
Cowboys and Indians.
Oh, no. We don't stand a chance!
This could be my last stand:
War paint and colors everywhere.
Aw, shucks! My Winny just did jam!
No Redskin's gonna trim my hair!
I guess I'll never change...
'Cause I was born on the range.
Cowboys and Indians.
Cowboys and Indians.
Cowboys and Indians.
Cowboys and Indians.
Now tell them the true story - Cowboys and Indians.
How the west was really won. Cowboys and Indians.
Cowboys and Indians.
Cowboys and Indians.

VANILLA NINJA

When The Indians Cry

Babe tell me where
Will you sleep tonight
For there's such a pain in my heart
And I've got a flame
That's dying inside
And I feel that we'll soon have to part

[Chorus]
When the indians cry
And the eagles die
Cause the winds of change blow again
Then I'll know that you
Turned the world into blue
And my tears will fall like the rain

Love can be so cruel
When the light of hope is gone
I know cos I felt it before
In the desert of fear
I can hear this old song
Of a love that won't live anymore

[Chorus]
When the indians cry
And the eagles die
Cause the winds of change blow again
Then I'll know that you
Turned the world into blue
And my tears will fall like the rain

Instrumental Solo

[Chorus]
When the indians cry
And the eagles die
Cause the winds of change blow again

Then I'll know that you
Turned the world into blue
And my tears will fall like the rain

Then I'll know that you
Turned the world into blue

Then I'll know that you
Turned the world into blue
And my tears will fall like the rain

KAM

Wardance

Do the Wardance

I'm from the tribe of Shabazz
Where every dead peep burned earns you another feather in your head
Peep the pilgrim killa, protectin' my villa, collectin' my scrilla
Wanted this native outlaw squaw thrilla

Young brave, ex-slave walkin' the straight narrow
Stalkin', with my bow and arrow
I shoot, get the loot
I pluck `em up by the root
I never stick `em soft, I'm pick `em off like fruit

This is my territory, Yankees wanna block us in
Like a flock of hens
Steppin' on my makasin?
I send up a smoke signal with the drums beatin'
Callin' all braves, time for a meetin'

Lets pow wow with the chief tonight around the fire
Cus this man is a murderin' thief, and a liar
So we chant ourselves into a trance
Put away them peace pipes, cus it's time to do the Wardance

Do the Wardance

I rides out on a course to attack with force
Bareback on my horse, showin' no remorse
About a prior slaughter that I just committed
I guess that firewater must of did it

All I remember was a loud noise, then one louder
Then ten cowboys layed out smellin' like gunpowder
There was a signal for the ambush
To light a stick of dynamite and wait right behind a damn bush

For them to catch it
Fuck leaving shell cases; grab my hatchet
And start scalpin' pale faces
Left and right niggas on a mission to kill
Screamin', (Oh yu yu yu yu yu!) comin' over the hill

To turn your lights out faster than Edison can
I send these bastards off to see the medicine man
I never sleep, for keeps is the way I play
I go heyah heyah heyah hey

Do the Wardance

We on a warpath, now feel the wrath of this black mud

I turn a simple bloodbath into a flash flood
When ways rage and roar
And slaves wage in war

I send the Yankees to they grave hardcore
No retreat and no surrender
Death to the Greek pretender
We killin' every age, class, and gender

And in the heat of battle, I'm crawlin' on the grace piracy
Them white eyes afraid to die, but me don't fear shit
Nothin' affects us slayin' all passengers
Worst than +Texas Chainsaw Massacres+
We aint giving these enemies no more chances
First we be showing love, now we doing Wardances

Do the Wardance

Do the Wardance

REX ALLEN

Don't Go Near the Indians

Rex Allen Mercury 71997
(Lorene Mann) Buttercup Music BMI

{Son, don't go near the Indians
Please stay away
Son, don't go near the Indians
Please do what I say}

Since I was just a little boy
I liked to roam the hills
And to hear wild stories about the Indians
Was my biggest thrill

I'd shout and yell and holler like heck
I wore moccasins on my feet
And I'd make believe I was under a teepee
Every time I went to sleep

My hair was jet black and I was twenty-one
Lots of pretty girls around
But the paleface maidens didn't thrill me none
Around my Cochise County hometown

{Son, don't go near the Indians
Please stay away
Son, don't go near the Indians
Please do what I say}

One day I went to the reservation
And there by a shallow creek
Was a beautiful Indian a-fetchin' water
And I just had to speak

She smiled at me then quickly left
But the next day she returned
And it wasn't very long till I told her how
The love in my heart burned

{Son, don't go near the Indians
Please stay away
Son, don't go near the Indians
Please do what I say}

I told my daddy I'd found a girl
Who meant the world to me
And tomorrow I'd ask the Indian chief
For the hand of NovaLee

Dad's trembling lips spoke softly
As he told me of my life

Twas then he said I could never take
This maiden for my wife

SPOKEN:

Son, the white man and Indians were fighting when you were born
And a brave called Yellow Sun scalped my little boy
So I stole you to get even for what he'd done
Though you're a full-blooded Indian, son
I love you as much as my own little feller that's dead
And, son, NovaLee is your sister
And that's why I've always said

SINGING:

{Son, don't go near the Indians
Please stay away

FADE:

Son, don't go near the Indians
Please do what I say}

Transcribed by Little John

These lyrics were transcribed from the specific recording referenced
above, and are for personal use and research interest only.

EVERY DAY LIFE (EDL)

Ten Little Indians

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, dead little Indian boys

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, dead little Indian boys

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, dead little Indian boys

Fallen Christians, bring the blankets with disease on it.

Now the children die, self inflicted, bubonic

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, dead little Indian boys

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, dead little Indian boys

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, murderer

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10, murderer

CORPORATE AVENGER –

Christians Murdered Indians

Even in the initial stages of contact between European Christians and Native Indian people the stage was set for ethnocentrism, and the attitude towards the Indians was that of Christian superiority. The Indians were read a proclamation in Spanish which they had no hope of understanding, they had no hope of understanding the death sentence they were being read, and it went something like this:

"We ask and require you to acknowledge the church as the ruler and superior of the whole world and the high priest called pope and in his name the king of Spain as lords of this land. If you submit we shall receive you in all love and charity and shall leave you, your wives and children and your lands free without servitude, but if you do not submit we shall powerfully enter into your country and shall make war against you, we shall take you and your wives and your children and shall make slaves of them and we shall take away your goods and shall do you all the harm and damage we can."

2000 years ago we were all tribal.

Then came the missionaries with their fucking bible.

1492 began the termination

The holocaust of our Indian nations

Yeah, with Christian love and a moral authority

They killed our medicine men and stole our country

I never claimed this shit was poetry

It's just the fucking lies of Christianity

You will pray to the lord and get down on your knees

Here's a cross for your back and the coughing disease

Though you helped us survive we will laugh while you bleed

Then deny what we did, write our own history

We will kidnap your children and cut off their hair

Silence their language and outlaw their prayers

Beat them blind until they believe

In the blood of Jesus Christ our king

Christians murdered In

ELLA FITZGERALD

Give It Back To The Indians

Old Peter Minuet had nothing to lose when he bought the isle of Manhattan
For twenty-six dollars and a bottle of booze and they threw in the Bronx and Staten
Pete thought that he had the best of the bargain but the poor red man just grinned,
And he grunted "ugh!" meaning okay in his jargon for he knew poor Pete was skinned.
We've tried to run the city....but the city ran away...
And now Peter Minuet
We can't continue it...

Broadway's turning into Coney,
Champagne Charlie's drinking gin,
Old New York is new and phony
Give it back to the Indians!

Two cents more to smoke a Lucky,
Dodging busses keep you thin,
Now New York is simply ducky,
Give it back to the Indians!

Take all the reds, on the boxes made for soap
Whites on Fifth Avenue
Blues down in Wall Street losing hope..
Big bargain today...Chief take it away!

Come you busted city slickers,
Better take it on the chin
Father Nick has lost his knickers
Give it back to the Indians!

[instrumental break]

Take all the reds, on the boxes made for soap
Whites on Fifth Avenue
Blues down in Wall Street losing hope..
Big bargain today...Chief take it away!

Come you busted city slickers,
Better take it on the chin
Father Nick has lost his knickers
Give it back to the Indians

THE SUGARHILL GANG

Apache

Ho! Ho! Ho!

[Chorus]

Tonto, jump on it, jump on it, jump on it...

Kemosabi, jump on it, jump on it, jump on it...

Custer, jump on it, jump on it, jump on it...

Apache, jump on it, jump on it, wowowowowowowowo!!

A-hunga-hunga-hunga-hunga

[Big Bank Hank]

I'm Big Bank, I am the Chief

I got a lot of raps but I'll be brief

I never need a horse I like to chill

so I, drive up in my new Seville

My Tribe went down in the hall of fame

Cause I'm the one who shot Jesse James

Pound for pound, I will never break down

(Big Bank!) No sir, I don't mess around

Awowowowowowowowow!! Ho!

Wowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowowow!!

[Chorus]

[Master G]

Like Kemosabi, of course it's me

I'm better known as the Master G

A firing squad, sensed the danger

When they're stung by the rapping ranger

Had a little talk with my medicine man

He said, "Get them squaws, fast as you can"

To all you girls, that wanna join my Tribe

Just move to my rhythm, and feel my vibe

Put up a fuss, in the end you'll agree

When you come inside, my tee-pee

As I said before, you could sense the danger

When you're stung by the rapping ranger

When Silver and I, take a route

All you suckers better step aside

I sting squaws, then I run away

HIYOO Silver, is what I say!

Ho! Ho! Wowowowowowowowow!

Hit it gang!

Ho! Ho! Ho! Awowowowowowowowowowowowo!

[Chorus]

[Wonder Mike]

A pow-wow, just rock it out
Finger poppin to the break of dawn
Keep it rockin like the stuff that we call maize
(What's that?) Hot buttered popcorn
You just hippa-hoppa-dippa-boppa bang the boogie
woogie betcha wanna boogie again
And you can put me to the test at your request
I rock you out of your mocassin
Kemosabi got down, took off his mask
He kicked off his shoes and did the Monster Mash
Tonto came along, saw what was happenin
His head began to boppin his foot start to clappin
Go slam, dunk, do the jerk
And with the mic is how my smoke signals work
They were jammin off a record that said it best:
"Now what you hear is not a test!"

Aowowowowowowowowowowowo!
A-hunga-hunga-hunga-hunga (2X)

[Chorus (minus the a-hunga line)]
[Chorus (music only to the fade

Lou Reed

POW WOW

Christopher Columbus discovered America
Found he had a cornucopia
Gave love to the Indians, they gave it back
A pow woo in the teepee is where it's at

I want to dance with you ...

The Indian fought with his arrow and bow
Till General Custer lost to Sitting Bull
Scalped all day and scalped all night
Give me fire water, gonna buy me a wife

I want to dance with you ...

When your people first moved to our block
Our ancestors met with culture shock
Two different monkeys from two different trees
Come on let's stop our fightin' and come dance with me

I want to dance with you ...

JOHNNY CASH

Old Apache Squaw

Old Apache squaw how many long lean years you saw
How many bitter winter nights shiverin' in a cold teepee
shiverin' in a cold teepee

Old Apache squaw how many hungry kids you saw
How many bloody warriors runnin' to the sea
fleein' to the sea

Well now they tell me that you saw Cochise when he made his last stand
He said the next white man that sees my face is gonna be a dead white man

Old Apache squaw how many broken hearts you saw
Have you had misty eyes for years could that mist be tears
could that mist be tears

Well now they tell me...

Old Apache squaw