Johnny Cash - Ballad of Ira Hayes

Tom: A

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   A              D
Ira Hayes  Ira Hayes
                  A
{CHORUS:} Call him drunken Ira Hayes
         D
he wonFt answer anymore
        E
not the whiskey drinkinF Indian
        A
nor the Marine that went to war

A                                   D
Gather round me people    thereFs a story I would tell
        E                       A
about a brave young Indian   you should remember well

>From the land of the Pima Indian   a proud and noble band
who farmed the Phoenix valley   in Arizona land

Down the ditches for a thousand years the water grew IraFs
peoples crops
till the white man stole the water rights and the sparklin
water stopped

Now IraFs folks were hungry and their land grew crops of weeds
When war came, Ira volunteered and forgot the white manFs
greed

{CHORUS}
There they battled up Iwo JimaFs hill, Two hundred and fifty
men
but only twenty-seven lived to walk back down again

and when the fight was over and when Old Glory raised
among the men who held it high was the Indian, Ira Hayes
{CHORUS:}
Ira returned a hero celebrated through the land
he was wined and speeched and honored; everybody shook his
hand

but he was just a Pima Indian--no water, no crops, no chance
at home nobody cared what IraFd done and when did the Indians
dance
{CHORUS:}
Then Ira started drinkinF hard; jail was often his home
theyFd let him raise the flag and lower it
like youFd throw a dog a bone!

He died drunk one morninF alone in the land he fought to save
two inches of water in a lonely ditch was a grave for Ira
Hayes
{CHORUS:}
Yeah, call him drunken Ira Hayes but his land is just as dry
and his ghost is lyinF thirsty in the ditch where Ira died

turnarounds:
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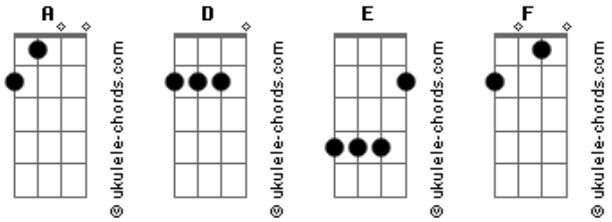
Acordes



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