

Johnny Cash - Ballad of Ira Hayes

Tom: A

A D
Ira Hayes Ira Hayes

{CHORUS:} Call him drunken Ira Hayes

D
he won't answer anymore

E
not the whiskey drinkin' Indian

A
nor the Marine that went to war

A D
Gather round me people there's 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 Ira's
people's crops
till the white man stole the water rights and the sparkling
water stopped

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

{CHORUS}

There they battled up Iwo Jima's 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 Ira'd done and when did the Indians
dance

{CHORUS:}

Then Ira started drinkin' hard; jail was often his home
they'd let him raise the flag and lower it
like you'd throw a dog a bone!

He died drunk one mornin' 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 lyin' thirsty in the ditch where Ira died

turnarounds:

Acordes

