

# Johnny Cash - Pocahontas

Tom: D

Aurora borealis, the icy sky at night,  
paddles cut the water in a long and hurried flight,

from the white man to the fields of green,  
in the homeland we've never seen.

They killed us in our tepee, they cut our women down,  
they might have left some babies cryin' on the ground,  
but the firesticks and the wagons come,  
and the night falls on the setting sun.

They massacred the buffalo, Kitty corner from the bank,  
taxis run across my feet and my eyes have turned to  
blanks,  
in my little box at the top of the stairs,

with my Indian rug and a pipe to share.

I wish I was a trapper, I would give a thousand pelts  
to sleep with Pocahontas and find out how she felt,  
in the mornin' on the fields of green,  
in the homeland we've never seen.

And maybe Marlon Brando will be there by the fire,

we'll sit and talk about Hollywood and the good things  
there for hire,

like the Astrodome and the first tepee,

Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me,

Marlon Brando, Pocahontas and me.  
Pocahontas.

## Acordes

