

# POCAHONTAS

Neil Young (C) 1979

Au-[D]rora Borealis

The icy sky at night

[Em] Paddles cut the water

In a [D] long and hurried flight

From the [A] white man [C] to the [G] fields of [D] green

And the [A] homeland [C] we've [G] never [D] seen

They [D] killed us in our teepees

And they cut our women down

They [Em] might have left some babies

[D] Cryin' on the ground

But the [A] firesticks [C] and the [G] wagons [D] come

And the [A] night falls [C] on the [G] settin' [D] sun

They [D] massacred the buffalo

Kitty corner from the bank

The [Em] taxis run across my feet

And my [D] eyes have turned to blanks

In my [A] little box [C] at the [G] top of the [D] stairs

With my [A] indian rug [C] and a [G] pipe to [D] share

I [D] wish I was a trapper

I would give a thousand pelts

To [Em] sleep with Pocahontas

and [D] find out how she felt

In the [A] mornin' [C] on the [G] fields of [D] green

In the [A] homeland [C] we've [G] never [D] seen

And [D] maybe Marlon Brando

Will be there by the fire

We'll [Em] sit and talk of Hollywood

And the [D] good things there for hire

And the [A] Astrodome [C] and the [G] first tee-[D]pee

Marlon [A] Brando, [C] Poca-[G]hontas and [D] me

Marlon [A] Brando, [C] Poca-[G]hontas and [D] me

[A] Pocahontas [C] [G] [D]

