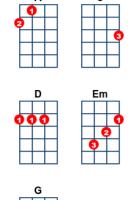
POCAHONTAS

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]