“CHEROKEE”
Music and Lyrics by Bill Wolaver
Sung by The Annie Moses Band

My great grandma’s grandma was a full blood Cherokee

She didn’t like the white man

Except the one she married

She sat there in a rocker with a pistol in her apron

And a pipe between her tight lips

Blowing smoke rings at the weaklings

My great grandma’s grandma was a full blood Cherokee

Fiercely independent

She broke the social boundaries

Living on the Whiteland without a reservation

And her sons were the companions

To the building of the nation

My great grandma’s grandma was a full blood Cherokee.

Living as a legend

In the land of bitter memory

She settled down the railings, the locomotives blowing

But the steam burned up her pipe dreams

And the engines they blew, they blew on by…