

Joe Medicine Crow

You were a man from another time it seemed
Out in Big Sky Country
Born of the wind and the sun
Where eagles fly and clear streams run
You knew your people's history
You lived two years and a century

On the plains and riding free
The last Plains Indian War Chief
Singing a song of victory
The last Plains Indian War Chief

Grandfather told you about the Sioux and Cheyenne
Your Crow fathers and sacred land
Your uncle was at Big Horn
And was brave in the Plains Indian Wars
You had one foot in the 19th Century
Protect your people and your history

War paint underneath his uniform
Feather protects him from the battle storm
Now, a war chief must complete four deeds
In battle, touch the enemy
Take his weapon, lead a war party
Take the horse of your enemy

A young man on a reservation
Joined the Army to serve your nation
Ran into one of Hitler's men
Who dropped his gun, you wrestled, and he ran
You staged a raid on an outpost
Rode those horses out just like a ghost

You're on the plains and riding free
The last Plains Indian War Chief
Singing a Crow song of victory
The last Plains Indian War Chief