

Warrior Song
Ron Warren

He-ya, Warrior, in the island sun,
traded in your coup stick for fatigues and gun.
He-ya, Warrior,
how do you earn your feather now?

He-ya, Warrior, in the chopper seat,
can't even trust the little kids you meet.
He-ya, Warrior,
how do you earn your feather now?

Mothers cry for children lost
Mother cries when she looks across
a land she filled with five hundred Nations.
What will fill the eyes of the seventh generation?
We-ya he-ya, he-ya ho

He-ya, Warrior, in a distant land,
tradin' blood for oil, dyin' in the sand.
He-ya, Warrior,
how do you earn your feather now?

He-ya, Warrior, come on home tonight.
Mother and the People need your strength and light.
He-ya, Warrior,
come home and earn your feather here and now.