

# Indian Woman

Dan Hill

She looks up at the ceiling  
It's no different than the floor  
And he says to her  
"Indian woman makes no difference to me"  
Someone had to suffer for our progress  
Can't you see

She's seen too much to care any more  
She just stares into nothing  
Till she can stare no more  
And he says  
"Indian woman there's no color in your eyes"  
If you can't help yourself how can I  
Dare to try

We cut off her hands  
Then we anger 'cause she bleeds  
We say survival of the fittest  
She's too tired to disagree  
We cut off her arms  
And then we command her to climb  
Different people, different culture  
Different time

Quebec's getting restless  
And the rest of the country does not know why  
Indian woman, whoa, registers no surprise  
There are no politics  
When you're struggling to survive

This country keeps on changing  
Leaving her so far behind  
She feels just like a stranger  
In another space and time  
Whoa, Indian woman's seen the fear  
The greed, the lies  
It cuts right through her  
But she's seen too much to cry

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Then we anger 'cause she bleeds  
We say survival of the fittest  
She's too tired to disagree  
We cut off her arms  
And then we command her to climb  
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Don't resign