

# Bob Dylan, The Ballad Of Ira Hayes

Gather round you people and a story I will tell  
About a brave young Indian you should remember well  
From the tribe of Pima Indians, a proud and a peaceful band  
They farmed the Phoenix Valley in Arizona land  
Down their ditches for a thousand years the sparkling water rushed  
Till their white man stole their water rights and the running water hushed  
Now Ira's folks were hungry and their farms wene crops of weeds  
But when war came he volunteers and forgot, the white man's greed  
Call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore  
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian or the marine who went to war  
Yes, call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore  
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian or the marine who went to war.

They started up Iwo Jima Hill, 250 men  
But only 27 lived to walk back down that hill again  
And when the fight was over and the old glory raised  
One of the men who held it high was the Indian Ira Hayes  
Call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore  
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian or the marine who went to war  
Call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore  
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian or the marine who went to war.

Now Ira returned a hero, celebrated throughout the land  
He was wined and speched and honored, everybody shook his hand  
But he was just a Pima Indian, no money crops, no chance  
And at home nobody cared what Ira had done and the wind did the Indian's dance  
Call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore  
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian or the marine who went to war  
Call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore  
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian or the marine who went to war.

And Ira started drinking hard, jail was often his home  
They let him raise the flag there and lower it like you'd throw a dog a bone  
He died drunk early one morning, alone in the land he had fought to save  
Two inches of water in a lonely ditch was the grave for Ira Hayes  
Call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore  
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian or the marine who went to war  
Yes, call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore  
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian or the marine who went to war.

Yes, call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, but his land is still as dry  
And his ghost is lying thirsty in the ditch where Ira died  
Call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore  
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian or the marine who went to war  
Yes, call him, Drunken Ira Hayes, he won't answer anymore  
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian or the marine who went to war.