

intro: *Em D G C Em D Em C G D Em*

Em *B*
They lived in peace not long ago
Em *B*
a mighty Indian tribe
C *C Em D G*
but the winds of change have made them realize
Am D
that the promises were lies
Em B
The white man's greed in search of gold
Em B
made the nation bleed
C C Em D G
They had lost their faith and now they had to learn
Am Bm C D
there was no place to return nowhere they could turn

Em D G C Em D Em C G D
marching on the trail of tears
Em D G C Em D Em C G D Em
marching on the trail of tears

2.bölüm

They were driven hard across the plains
And walked for many moons
'Cause the winds of change
Had made them realize that the promises were lies

So much to bear, all that pain
Left them in despair.

[AKORTR](#)