

Cherry Blossom

Cherry Blossom was half a huron
She let it show
She wore a feather despite the weather
And she would let it blow

She would never love
A white man she said
They swallowed the country
And invaded her head

Cherry Blossom moved like a heron
She had an air of a bird
Cherry Blossom had old clothes on
Years gone by in her skirt

She would never love
A white man she said
They swallowed the country
And invaded her head