

BUT HE WAS JUST A PIMA INDIAN--NO WATER, NO CROPS, NO CHANCE
AT HOME NOBODY CARED WHAT IRA'D DONE AND WHEN DID THE INDIANS DANCE

Repeat Chorus

THEN IRA STARTED DRINKIN' HARD; JAIL WAS OFTEN HIS HOME
THEY'D LET HIM RAISE THE FLAG AND LOWER IT
LIKE YOU'D THROW A DOG A BONE!
HE DIED DRUNK ONE MORNIN' ALONE IN THE LAND HE FOUGHT TO SAVE
TWO INCHES OF WATER IN A LONELY DITCH WAS A GRAVE FOR IRA HAYES

Repeat Chorus

YEAH, CALL HIM DRUNKEN IRA HAYES BUT HIS LAND IS JUST AS DRY
AND HIS GHOST IS LYIN' THIRSTY IN THE DITCH WHERE IRA DIED

Turnarounds:

A to D:D-----0-	D to E:D-----	E to A:D-----
A--3-4---	A-0-1---	A-----0-
E-----	E-----0-	E--2-4---