

Classified

"Battle Of New Orleans"

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In eighteen-fourteen we took a little trip
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississippi'
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
And we caught the bloody British in the town of New Orleans
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
Wasn't night as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

We looked down the river and we seen the British come
And there must've been a hubdred of 'em beatin' on the drum
They stepped so high and they began to sing
We stood beside the cotton bails and didn't say a thing
We fired our gun...

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked 'em in the eyes
We held our fire till we seen their faces well
Then we opened up our aquirrel guns and really gave 'em hell
We fired our guns...

Yeah they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go
They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down
Then we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round
We filled his head with cannonballs and powdered his behind
And when we took the powder off the 'gator lost his mind
We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'...
Yeah they ran through the briars...

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