

Claude King "The Burning Of Atlanta"

Visit "[The Burning Of Atlanta](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Back in 1864
On a cold November's morn
The burning of Atlanta
Was a sad and a dreary one

For Sherman came a marching
With a hundred thousand men
And through the smoke
Through the flames
Over the cannon's roar

[CHORUS]

You could hear them rebels call
We ain't scared of y'all
We don't care what the Yankees say
The South's gonna rise again
We're tough as nails
And you better turn tails
And head back where they've been
They took our beans
And a fat back pony
We've still got our Confederate money
We don't care what the Yankees say
The South's gonna rise again

Johnny Reb's now in retreat
But fighting till the end
With nothing left but the burning past
It's gone with the wind

For Sherman gave the order
Burn Atlanta to the ground
And through the smoke
Through the flames
Over the cannon's roar

[Repeat CHORUS]

The war between the North and South
Is just a memory
The burning of Atlanta
Has gone down as history

But let us turn the pages back
To the time of yesteryear
When through the smoke
Through the flames
Over the cannon's roar

[Repeat CHORUS]

Visit [Claude King](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.