

Eddy Arnold

"Battle Of Little Big Horn"

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Have you ever heard the story
Of the fight of Little Big Horn
Right from the lips
Of someone that saw?

Well, I was there on that
Cold and fateful morning
Watched General Custer
And the bloody massacre

There were muskets
Arrows, cannonballs a flyin'
Yelling, screaming a lot of men were dyin'
There at the Little Big Horn

There were one thousand Indians
Standing on the river bank
Two hundred calvary
Waited there with pride

Then I saw chief Crazy Horse
Leader of the Indians
Old General Custer
With his musket by his side

Then Crazy Horse
Started things with a yell
That shattered the quiet
Of the early morn

General Custer gave out
A mighty mighty roar
And they met at the
Little Big Horn

There were muskets
Arrows, cannonballs a flyin'
Yelling, screaming a lot of men were dyin'
There at the Little Big Horn

Of the one thousand Indians
There on the river bank

Five hundred Indians
Died in the fight

And the brave calvary
That had fought there that morning
Two hundred men
Not a single one survived

There were muskets
Arrows, cannonballs a flyin'
Yelling, screaming a lot of men were dyin'
There at the Little Big Horn

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