

Eddy Arnold

"The Battle of New Orleans"

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(Jimmie Driftwood)

Well, in eighteen-fourteen we took a little trip
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississipp'
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
And we met up with the British in the town of New Orleans.

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
There wasn't neigh as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We seen Morse Jackson a walkin' down the street
And a talkin' to a pirate by the name of Jean Lafette
He gave Jean a drink that he brought from Tennessee
And the pirate said he'd help us drive the British in the sea.

The French said Andrew you'd better run
For Pakenham's a comin' with a bullet in his gun
Old Hickory said that we didn't give a damn
He was gonna whip the britches off of General Pakenham.

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
There wasn't neigh as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Well, 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 shot the powder off the 'gator lost his mind.

They lost their pants and their pretty shiny coats
And their tails were always showin' like a bunch of billy goats

They ran down the river with their tongues a hangin'
out
And they said they got a lickin' which there wasn't any
doubt.

We fired our guns and the British kept a comin'
There wasn't neigh as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they began to runnin'
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We marched back to town in our dirty ragged pants
And we danced all night with them pretty girls from
France
We couldn't understand them but they had the
sweetest charms
And we understood them better when we got them in
our arms.

We'll march back home but we'll never be content
Till we make Old Hickory the people's President
And every time we think about the bacon and the beans
We'll think about the fun we had way down in New
Orleans.

Well, 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
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico...

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