

Johnny Cash "Remember The Alamo"

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And a hundred and eighty were challenged by Travis to die

By the line that he drew with his sword when the battle was nigh

Any man that would fight to the death crossed over

But him that would live, better fly

And over the line went a hundred and seventy nine

Hey Santa Anna, we're killing your soldiers below!

That men, wherever they go will remember the Alamo

Bowie lay dying, but his powder was ready and dry

Flat on his back, Bowie killed him a few in reply

And young David Crockett was singing and laughing

With gallantry fears in his eyes

For God and for freedom, a man more than willing to die

Hey Santa Anna, we're killing your soldiers below!

That men, wherever they go will remember the Alamo

And then they sent a young scout from the

battlements, bloody and loud

With the words of farewell from a garrison valiant and proud

"Grieve not little darling, my dying, if Texas is

sovereign and free

We'll never surrender and ever with liberty be"

Hey Santa Anna, we're killing your soldiers below!

That men, wherever they go will remember the Alamo

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