

Corb Lund "Horse Soldier, Horse Soldier"

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I'm a hussar, I'm a Hun, I'm a wretched Englishman
Routing Bonaparte at Waterloo
I'm a dragoon on a dun, I'm a Cossack on the run
I'm a horse soldier, timeless, through and through
I'm a horse soldier, eternal, through and through

I's with Custer and the 7th in '76 or '77
Scalped at Little Big Horn by the Sioux
And the tears and devastation of a once proud warrior
nation
This I know 'cause I was riding with them too

I drank mare's blood on the run when I rode with the
Great Khan
On the frozen Mongol steppe when at his height
I's a White Guard, I's a Red Guard, I's the Tsar's own
palace horse guard
When Romanov was murdered in the night

I knew Salah al-Din and rode his swift Arabians
Harassing doomed crusaders on their heavy drafts
And yet I rode the Percheron against the circling
Saracen
And once again against myself was cast

Well I've worn the Mounties crimson, if you're silent and
you listen
You'll know that it was with them that I stood
When Mayerthorpe, she cried, as her four horsemen
died
Gunned down in scarlet, coldest blood

I's the firstest with the mostest when I fought for
Bedford Forrest
Suffered General Wilson's Union raid
Mine was not to reason why, mine was but to do and
die
At Crimea with the charging light brigade

On hire from Swiss or Sweden, be me Christian, be me
heathen
The devil to the sabre I shall put

With a crack flanking maneuver, I'm an uhlan alles uber
Striking terror into regiment of foot

I knew my days were numbered when o'er the trenches
lumbered
More modern machinations de la guerre
No match for rapid fire or the steel birds of the sky
With a final rear guard action I retreat
No match for barbered wire or the armoured engines
whine
Reluctant I retire and take my leave

Today I ride with special forces on those wily Afghan
horses
Dostum's Northern Alliance give their thanks
No matter defeat or victory, in battle it occurs to me
That we may see a swelling in our ranks

I's with the Aussies at Beersheba took the wells so
badly needed
And with the Polish lancers charging German tanks
Saw Ross' mount shot down at Washington the night
we burned the White House down
And cursed the sack of York and sons of Yanks

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