

C.W. McCall

"The Battle of New Orleans"

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Well, in eighteen-fourteen we took a little trip
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
And we caught the bloody British at the town of New
Orleans.

[Chorus]

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

Well we eye-balled the river and we see the Limeys
come
Musta been a hunnert of 'em beatin' on a drum
And then they stepped so high and they made the
bugles ring
We hid behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

[Chorus]

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

Now, Old Hickory says we can take 'em by surprise
If we don't shoot our wads 'til we look 'em in the eyes
So we held off our fire 'til we see them real well
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave
'em hell

[Chorus]

We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
We fired once more and they all began a-runnin'

Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

[The chorus (the singers) sings this verse.]

Well, they ran through the briars and they ran through
the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where the rabbits

couldn't go
Ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

[Back to C.W.]

Well, we fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down
So we grabbed an alligator and we turned his tail
around
We stuffed his head with cannon balls and powdered
his behind
And when we lit the fuse that old gator blew his mind

[Chorus]

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

[The chorus (the singers) sings this verse.]

Well, they ran through the briars and they ran through
the brambles
And they ran through the bushes where the rabbits
couldn't go
Ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

[Okay, the singing's over.]

Hup, hip, trip, four.
You know, you old boys gonna be marchin' right smart,
onced* you learn to count to four.

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