

Runner Runner

"Little Big Horn"

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Hey Mr. Custer, why d'you dare the hand of fate ?
The claw of death waits to grab
A golden medal, your honour idolized
Your heard is Stone, your blood is iced
Ceaseless rifle fire, blowing your dreams away
The barrels're running hot, what a painful bloody day
Last fight at Little Big Horn
The hand of death was waiting
To take the soldier blue away
Last fight on Little Big Horn
Where the last command was given
And all soldiers fought in vain
The soldiers're riding unprepared for the attack
A touch of death, the shotguns crack
The blood is flowing, the desert stand turns red
Why did your lend them to this trap ?
Ceaseless rifle fire, blowing your dreams away
The barrels're running hot, what a painful bloody day
Last fight at Little Big Horn
The hand of death was waiting
To take the soldier blue away
Last fight on Little Big Horn
Where the last command was given
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