

Trace Adkins

"'Til The Last Shot's Fired"

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I was there in the winter of '64
When we camped in the ice at Nashville's door
Three hudred miles our trail had lead
We barely had time to bury our dead

When the yankees charged and the colors fell
Overton Hill was a living hell
When we called retreat, it was almost dark
I died with a grape shot in my heart

Say a prayer for peace for every fallen son
Let my spirit free, let me lay down my gun
Sweet Mother Mary I'm so tired
But I can't come home 'til the last shot's fired

In June of 1944
I waited in the blood of Omaha's shores
Twenty-one and scared to death
My heart pounding in my chest

I almost made the first sea wall
When my friends turned and saw me fall
I still smell the smoke, I can taste the blood
As I lay there dying from a loss of blood
Say a prayer for peace for every fallen son
Let my spirit free, let me lay down my gun
Sweet Mother Mary I'm so tired
But I can't come home 'til the last shot's fired

I'm in the fields of Vietnam
The mountains of Afghanistan
And I'm still hoping, waiting, praying
I did not die in vain

Say a prayer for peace for every fallen son
Let my spirit free, let me lay down my gun
Sweet Mother Mary I'm so tired
But I can't come home 'til the last shot's fired

Say a pray for peace, for peace for our daughter's and
our sons
Set our spirits free, set us free, let us lay down our

guns
Sweet Mother Mary we're so tired
But we can't come home
No we can't come home 'til the last shot's fired.

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