

Amateur Transplants

"Last Letter Home"

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I have heard the cannons thundering all night
And I cannot sleep for wondering why's a rebel's cause
so right

And the morphine seems to do no good at all
And I would run away if I would not fall
I joined the southern cavalry for fun
and I had rode a thousand horses
Always had a way with a gun

Now I'm among the horseless riders lying still
Swallowed up by the cause on the widows hill
And I dreamed about a rose in a spanish garden
And I kissed you and I placed it in your hair
And if I'm ever on my feet again I will
And I will run all the way just to meet you there

Through the day I watched those southern boys go
down
And they lay like Georgia peaches bruised and broken
on the ground
Through the night I wondered was it worth the pain
And I cried not revenge I called your name

REPEAT CHORUS

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