

Porter Wagoner "Battle Of Little Big Horn"

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Have you ever heard the story of the pride of Little Big Horn

Right from the lips of someone that saw
Well, I was there on that cold and fateful morning
Watched General Custer and the bloody massacre
There were muskets, arrows, cannonballs a flyin'
Yellin', screamin' a lot of men were dyin' there at the
Little Big Horn.

There were one thousand Indians standing on the river bank

Two hundred calvary waited there with pride
And I saw chief Crazy Horse leader of the Indians
Old Gneral Custer with his musket by his side.

Then Crazy Horse started things with a yell
That shattered the quiet of the early morn
General Custer gave out a mighty, mighty roar
And they met at the Little Big Horn.

There were muskets, arrows, cannonballs a flyin'
Yellin', screamin' a lot of men were dyin' there at the
Little Big Horn.

Of the one thousand Indians there on the river bank
Five hundred Indians died in the fight
And the brave calvary that had fought there that
morning
Two hundred men not a single one survived.

There were muskets, arrows, cannonballs a flyin'
Yellin', screamin' a lot of men were dyin' there at the
Little Big Horn.

There at the Little Big Horn.
There at the Little Big Horn...

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