

Richard Shindell

"Arrowhead"

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Mama, if you could see me now
I'm not the boy you knew in Macon town
They found a uniform about my size
It's a little big I guess, but that's alright
Mama, if you could see me know

Mama, they're treating me right well
The men all say I brought this good luck spell
I am the mascot of the Third Brigade
They will not march unless I lead the way
Mama, they're treating me right well

Mama, I do not have a gun
I'm only lucky when I'm banging on my drum
But I skinned a rabbit for the cook last night
He said that I could keep his bowie knife
Mama, I do not have a gun

Mama, I lost my arrowhead
It was big enough to strike a bobcat dead
Must've fallen when I climbed that tree
Yankee fires as far as I could see
Mama, I lost my arrowhead

Mama, the troops are falling in
And we must move while we've still got the wind
The scouts are fanning out like whippoorwills
Today we're marching over Bloody Hill
Mama, the troops are falling in

Mama, I never thought I'd run
But something happened when I saw those Yankees
come
Now I've been running now a week or two
Too ashamed to come back home to you
Mama, I never thought I'd run

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