Til The Last Shot's Fired

Trace Adkins

I was there in the winter of '64
When we camped in the ice at Nashville's doors
Three hundred 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 grapeshot in my heartSay a prayer for peace
For every fallen son
Set 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 firedIn June of 1944
I waited in the blood of Omaha's shores
Twenty-one and scared to death
My heart poundin' in my chest
I almost made the first seawall
When my friends turned and saw me fall
I still smell the smoke, I can taste the mud
As I lay there dying from a loss of bloodSay a prayer for peace
For every fallen son
Set 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 firedI'm in the fields of Vietnam,
The mountains of Afghanistan
And I'm still hopin', waitin' prayin'
I did not die in vainSay a prayer for peace
For every fallen son
Set 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'Til the last shot's firedSay a prayer for peace (for peace)
For our daughters and our sons
Set our spirits free (set us free)
Let us lay down our gunsSweet mother Mary, we're so tired
But we can't come home (No we can't come home)'Til the last shot's fired

Songwriters

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