

Kansas Cried

Dean Brody

He fell in love with a girl named Kansas,
In the fall of 1863,
A farm boy and an officer's daughter,
In a time when young hearts shouldn't dream,
He said, "Kansas, I'll live you forever,"
So she married him under an August sun,
But as they finished their vows,
Some soldiers came through town,
Said, "We're lookin' for the willing and the young," He left standin' in her white dress
As he bravely marched through the night
And as she fell to the ground
He left to the sound
Of hearing his sweet Kansas cry
He learned how to hunt 'round Topeka,
But he learned how to kill at Spring Hill,
The blood and the smoke sure crushed any hope,
That he'd find his way through that hell, He left standin' in her white dress
As he bravely marched through the night
And as she fell to the ground
He left to the sound
Of hearing his sweet Kansas cry He wrote, "Dear Kansas, I,
Fear that tonight I might break your heart,
'Cus the fog's rollin' in, and we're runnin' outta men,
And we've been ordered to lead the charge," He left standin' in her white dress
As he bravely marched through the night
And as she fell to the ground
He left to the sound
Of hearing his sweet Kansas cry
He thought of her in her white dress,
As he bravely marched toward the fight,
And as he fell to the ground,
He called her name out,
And somewhere his sweet Kansas cried
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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