

# The Trooper

## The Whiskey Bards

You'll take my life but I'll take yours too  
You'll fire your musket but I'll run you through  
So when you're waiting for the next attack  
You'd better stand, there's no turning back  
The bugle sounds and the charge begins  
But on this battlefield no one wins  
The smell of acrid smoke and horses breath  
As I plunge on into certain death

The horse he sweats with fear we break to run  
The mighty roar of the Russian guns  
And as we race toward the human wall  
The screams of pain as my comrades fall  
We hurdle bodies that lay on the ground  
And the Russians fire another round  
We get so near yet so far away  
We won't live to fight another day

We get so close near enough to fight  
When a Russian gets me in his sights  
He pulls the trigger and I feel the blow  
A burst of rounds take my horse below  
And as I lay there gazing at the sky  
My body's numb and my throat is dry  
And as I lay forgotten and alone

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