

8th of November

Big & Rich

He said goodbye to his momma
As he left South Dakota
To fight for the red white and blue
He was nineteen and green with a new M-16
Just doing what he had to doHe was dropped in the jungle
Where the choppers would rumble
With the smell of napalm in the airThe the Sargent said:
"Look up ahead"
Like a dark evil cloud
Twelve hundred came down
On him and twenty nine more
They fought for their lives
But most of them died
In the 173rd airborne[Chorus]
On the eighth of November
The angels were crying
As they carried his brothers away
With the fire raining down
And the hell all around
There were few men left standing that day
Saw the eagle fly through a clear blue sky
1965, the eighth of NovemberNow he's fifty eight and his ponytail's gray
But the battle still plays in his head
He limps when he walks
But he's strong when he talks
About the shrapnel
They left in his legHe puts on a grey suit
Over his airborne tattoo
And he ties it on one time a year
And remembers the fallen
As he orders a tall-one
And swallows it down with his tears[Chorus]Saw the eagle fly through a clear blue sky
1965On the eighth of November
The angels were crying
As they carried his brothers away
With the fire raining down
And the hell all around
There were few men left standing that day[Chorus]Eighth of NovemberHe said goodbye to his momma
As he left South Dakota

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He was nineteen and green with a new M-16
Just doing what he had to do

Songwriters

RICH, JOHN D. / ALPHIN, KENNYPublished by

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