

Georgia, 1864

Lisa Carver

Mama, I'm writing you this letter
It's late November and my heart is grey
The baby and me will be home by spring
Cause Johnny would've wanted it that way
I know Johnny would've wanted it that way

They say he went down with honor
He was facing south and calling out my name
When they handed me his sword and pistol
I did not cry, Johnny would've wanted it that way
My Johnny would've wanted it that way

I know he longed to see the baby
And hold me one last time
But he died in the arms of his true love Dixie
And all I can say, my Johnny would've wanted it that way

So we'll lay him to rest beside his brother
He was lost Chancellorsville last May
Put them stars and bars on his headstone
Cause Johnny would've wanted it that way
My Johnny would've wanted it that way

So I'll burn down the barn and all that's in it
I'll spill the sorghum and I'll saddle up that babe
And I'll leave nothing for them blue coats fit for using
Oh, cause Johnny, he would've wanted it that way
Hell, I know my Johnny would've wanted it that way

I'd like to take the child and lay down with him
Beneath this red Georgia clay
But me and the boy we'll go on livin'
Cause Johnny would've wanted it that way
Johnny would've wanted it that way
My Johnny would've wanted it that way
Johnny would've wanted it that way

Lyrics Submitted by Kaleigh Carpenter

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