Little Big Horn

Running Wild

Hey, Mr. Custer, why do you dare the hand of fate?
The claw of death waits to grave
A golden medal, your honor idolized
Your heart is stone, your blood is icedCeaseless rifle fire
Blowing your dreams away
The barrels are running hot
What a painful bloody dayLast fight at little big horn
The hand of death was waiting
To take the soldier blue awayLast fight at little big horn
Where the last command was given
And all the soldiers fought in vainThe soldiers are riding, unprepared for the attack
A touch of death, the shotguns crack
The blood is flowing, the desert sand turns red
Why did you lead them to this trap?Ceaseless rifle fire
Blowing your dreams away
The barrels are running hot
What a painful bloody dayLast fight at little big horn
The hand of death was waiting
To take the soldier blue awayLast fight at little big horn
Where the last command was given
And all the soldiers fought in vain, oh little big hornCeaseless rifle fire
Blowing your dreams away
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