

# Remember the Alamo

## Johnny Cash

And a hundred and eighty were challenged by Travis to die  
By the line that he drew with his sword when the battle was nigh  
Any man that would fight to the death crossed over  
But him that would live, better fly  
And over the line went a hundred and seventy nine  
Hey Santa Anna, we're killing your soldiers below!  
That men, wherever they go will remember the Alamo  
Bowie lay dying, but his powder was ready and dry  
Flat on his back, Bowie killed him a few in reply  
And young David Crockett was singing and laughing  
With gallantry fierce in his eyes  
For God and for freedom, a man more than willing to die  
Hey Santa Anna, we're killing your soldiers below!  
That men, wherever they go will remember the Alamo  
And then they sent a young scout from the battlements,  
bloody and loud  
With the words of farewell from a garrison valiant and proud  
"Grieve not little darling, my dying, if Texas is sovereign and free  
We'll never surrender and ever with liberty be"  
Hey Santa Anna, we're killing your soldiers below!  
That men, wherever they go will remember the Alamo

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