We Bleed Maroon

Granger Smith

There's a place in my heart,
A spirit ne'er be told,
A little town on the Brazos
A little ring made of gold,
I carry it with me, wherever I go.
Just to remember the times.

We learned some from books.
And a whole lot from livin'
And we etched our names on the wood
at the Chicken.
I still hear the sound of spurs on the concrete
and that ol' train whistel blowing through the trees.

So put a penny on ol' Sully,
And wish me some luck.
And yell farmers fight
when our boys are backed up.
Throw your arms around each other
and sing Hullabaloo.
'Cause that's what we do when we bleed maroon.

Midnight at Duncan
They still light the torches,
And Reveille still barks at the Cav on their horses.
I've seen 80,000 to the power of 12.
It doesn't matter who comes to town,
we still give them hell.
And I was there at the stack on November 18th.
With logs on the ground I fell down on my knees.
But we would not forget the 12 that we lost.
So we carved their names right there on the rock.

So put a penny on ol' Sully,
And wish me some luck.
And yell farmers fight
when our boys are backed up.
Throw your arms around each other
and sing Hullabaloo.

'Cause that's what we do when we bleed maroon.

And there late at night if I listen real close,
The spirit still whispers through the crooked live oaks.
And I hear my father and his dad before,
and all those brave Aggies that never came back from war.

So put a penny on ol' Sully,
And wish me some luck.
And yell farmers fight
when our boys are backed up.
Throw your arms around each other
and sing Hullabaloo.
'Cause that's what we do when we bleed maroon.

And say 'here' for me at muster when my time comes too.
'cause that's what we do when we bleed maroon.
Yeah, that's what we do when we bleed maroon...

Lyrics submitted by William.

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