

# Til the Last Shot's Fired

Trace Adkins

I was there in the winter of '64  
When we camped in the ice at Nashville's doors  
Three hundred miles our trail had lead  
We barely had time to bury our dead  
When the Yankees charged and the colors fell  
Overton hill was a living hell  
When we called retreat it was almost dark  
I died with a grapeshot in my heart

Say a prayer for peace  
For every fallen son  
Set my spirit free  
Let me lay down my gun  
Sweet mother Mary I'm so tired  
But I can't come home 'til the last shot's fired

In June of 1944  
I waited in the blood of Omaha's shores  
Twenty-one and scared to death  
My heart poundin' in my chest  
I almost made the first seawall  
When my friends turned and saw me fall  
I still smell the smoke, I can taste the mud  
As I lay there dying from a loss of blood

Say a prayer for peace  
For every fallen son  
Set my spirit free  
Let me lay down my gun  
Sweet mother Mary I'm so tired  
But I can't come home 'til the last shot's fired

I'm in the fields of Vietnam,  
The mountains of Afghanistan  
And I'm still hopin', waitin' prayin'  
I did not die in vain

Say a prayer for peace  
For every fallen son  
Set our spirits free  
Let us lay down our guns  
Sweet mother Mary we're so tired  
But we can't come home 'til the last shot's fired  
'Til the last shot's fired

Say a prayer for peace (for peace)  
For our daughters and our sons  
Set our spirits free (set us free)  
Let us lay down our guns

Sweet mother Mary, we're so tired  
But we can't come home (No we can't come home)

'Til the last shot's fired