

8th Of November

Big & Rich

Said goodbye to his momma as he left South Dakota
to fight for the red white and blue

He was nineteen in green with a new M-16
Just doing what he had to do

He was dropped in the jungle where the choppers would rumble
With the smell of napalm in the air

And the sergeant said
Look up ahead

Like a dark evil cloud twelve hundred came down
On him and twenty-nine more

They fought for their lives but most of them died
In the 173rd airborne

R: On the 8th of November the angels were crying
As they carried his brothers away

With the fire raining down and the hell all around
There were few men left standing that day

Saw an eagle fly through a clear blue sky
Nineteen-sixty-five
the 8th of November

Now he's fifty-eight and his pony tail's gray
But the battle still plays in his head

He limps when he walks but he's strong when he talks
About the shrapnel they left in his leg

He puts on a suit over his airborne tattoo
He ties it on one time a year

He remembers the fallen as he orders a tall one
And swallows it down with his tears

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