

# The Battle of New Orleans

C.W. McCall

Well, in eighteen-fourteen we took a little trip  
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississipp  
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans  
And we caught the bloody British at the town of New Orleans.

[Chorus]

We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they all began a-runnin'  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico  
Well we eye-balled the river and we see the Limeys come  
Musta been a hunnert of 'em beatin' on a drum  
And then they stepped so high and they made the bugles ring  
We hid behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

[Chorus]

We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they all began a-runnin'  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico  
Now, Old Hickory says we can take 'em by surprise  
If we don't shoot our wads 'til we look 'em in the eyes  
So we held off our fire 'til we see them real well  
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave 'em hell

[Chorus]

We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they all began a-runnin'  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

[The chorus (the singers) sings this verse.]

Well, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles  
And they ran through the bushes where the rabbits couldn't go  
Ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

[Back to C.W.]

Well, we fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down  
So we grabbed an alligator and we turned his tail around  
We stuffed his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind  
And when we lit the fuse that old gator blew his mind

[Chorus]

We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'  
There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago  
We fired once more and they all began a-runnin'  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

[The chorus (the singers) sings this verse.]

Well, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles  
And they ran through the bushes where the rabbits couldn't go  
Ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em  
Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

[Okay, the singing's over.]

Hup, hip, trip, four.

You know, you old boys gonna be marchin' right smart, onced\* you learn to count to four.