

Ten Thousand Drums

Carl Smith

Waiting, waiting
For the Redcoats to come
But all I hear
In my frozen ear is
Ten thousand drums
Ten thousand drums

Johnny, Johnny
Don't be afraid
We can whip those Redcoats
Setting in the shade
Setting in the shade

We've got the best of all the rest
In General Washington
And when we meet those Redcoats
Watch those Redcoats run

Blowing down their drums
Blowing down their drums

Listen, listen
Johnny, better get your gun
Cause we ain't wooden soldiers
Behind ten thousand drums
Behind ten thousand drums

Running, running
Johnny, watch them run
We finally whipped those Redcoats
Finally stopped those drums
We stopped ten thousand drums

We're the best of all the rest
Us Yankee son of a gun
We can tell our Mammy
How we made them run

Blowing down their drums
Blowing down their drums

We're the best of all the rest
Us Yankee son of a gun
We can tell our Mammy
How we made them run

Blowing down their drums
Blowing down their drums
Ten thousand drums