

## Ben McCulloch

Steve Earle

We signed up in San Antone my brother Paul and me  
To fight with Ben McCulloch and the Texas infantry  
Well the poster said we'd get a uniform and seven bucks a week

The best rations in the army and a rifle we could keep

When I first laid eyes on the general I knew he was a fightin'  
man  
He was every inch a soldier every word was his command  
Well his eyes were cold as the lead and steel forged into tools  
of war  
He took the lives of many and the souls of many more

Well they marched us to Missouri and we hardly stopped for rest

Then he made this speech and said we're comin' to the test  
Well we've got to take Saint Louie boys before the yankees do  
If we control the Mississippi then the Federals are through

Well they told us that our enemy would all be dressed in blue  
They forgot about the winter's cold and the cursed fever too  
My brother died at Wilson's creek and Lord I seen him fall  
We fell back to the Boston Mountains in the North of Arkansas

CHORUS

Goddamn you Ben McCulloch  
I hate you more than any other man alive  
And when you die you'll be a foot soldier just like me  
In the devil's infantry

And on the way to Fayetteville we cursed McCulloch's name  
And mourned the dead that we'd left behind and we was carrying  
the lame  
I killed a boy the other night who'd never even shaved  
I don't even know what I'm fightin' for I ain't never owned a s  
lave

So I snuck out of camp and then I heard the news next night  
The Yankees won the battle and McCulloch lost his life