

Carry Me Back To Virginia

Old Crow Medicine Show

Well I came from the valley I'm a Rebel boy
Born on the banks of the Shenandoah
In '61 I went to the war to win one for Virginia.
Yeah my brother went first then they called me too
I was green as the clover in the morning dew
So I marched to the drumming and I sang to the tune
Carry me back to Virginia.
Fire in the cannon, water in the well,
Race to the valley with a Rebel yell
I learned right quick how to march like hell
and to fix that bayonet.

Why dontcha carry me back, why dontcha carry me back
Carry me back to Virginia.

With a sword and a saddle and powder in a gun
We thought for a minute our fight was done
So they lined us up with our medals on
and they hammered us into the quicksand.
Then they burned that valley in a blaze of fire
Cut through the lines like a red hot iron
So we ran for cover with our clothes afire
and we shivered in the cold against them.
But the war ain't done ain't quitting, Hell
We dove for the pockets of the ones that fell.
Dressed in rags, we ate wet grass
When they cut off our legs we cried.

Why dontcha carry me back, why dontcha carry me back
Carry me back to Virginia.
Why dontcha carry me back, why dontcha carry me back
Carry me back to Virginia.

We died in the valleys, we died in the swamps
On the banks of the river where the whitetail jumps,
Died in the ditches, in the backs of the fields,
In the belly of the wagon where our wounds were healed
Died in the foxholes, dropped in our camps.
Died when the rifles overcome the ranks.
Spilled our blood in a fight for the valley
In our barracks overlooking Dixieland.
Down in Alabama, down in Caroline
Way down Georgia on the Tennessee line
We fought for the Rebels and Robert E. Lee
Now we want to go home to Virginia
Say "we want to go home to Virginia"

Why dontcha carry me back, why dontcha carry me back
Carry me back to Virginia
Why dontcha carry me back, why dontcha carry me back
I want to be buried in Virginia.