

## Steve Earle - Ben Mccullock

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WELL THEY TOLD US THAT OUR ENEMY
                                                                        WOULD ALL BE DRESSED IN BLUE
 THIS FILE IS THE AUTHOR'S OWN WORK AND REPRESENTS MY
INTERPRETATION OF THE SONG
                                                                        THEY FORGOT ABOUT THE WINTERS COLD
UMM, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE DONE THIS SO IF THERE ARE ANY
MISTAKES
                                                                        AND THE CURSED FEVER TOO
FEEL FREE TO EMAIL ME WITH ABUSE, ADVISE ETC.
                                                                        MY BROTHER DIED IN WILSONS CREEK
MATT :-)
FROM
                                                                AND LORD I SEEN HIM FALL
THERE IS A LOT MORE GOING ON HERE BUT YOU CAN GET THE GENERAL
                                                                        WE FELL BACK TO THE BOSTON MOUNTAINS
                                                                        IN THE NORTH OF ARKANSAS
                                                                                 AM
        WE SIGNED UP IN SAN ANTON
                                                                        GODDAMN YOU BEN MCCOLLOCH
        MY BROTHER PAUL AND ME
                                                                        I HATE YOU MORE THAN ANY MAN ALIVE
        TO FIGHT WITH BEN MCCOLLOCH
                                                                        AND WHEN YOU DIE
                                                                                                                    EΜ
        AND THE TEXAS INFANTRY
                                                                        YOU'LL BE A FOOT SOLDIER JUST LIKE ME
        WELL THE POSTER SAID WE'D GET A UNIFORM
                                                                        IN THE DEVILS INFANTRY
        AND SEVEN BUCKS A WEEK
                                                                        AND ALL THE WAY TO FAYETTEVILLE
        THE BEST RATIONS IN THE ARMY
                                                                        WE CURSED MCCULLOCH'S NAME
        AND A RIFLE WE COULD KEEP
                                                                        AND MOURNED THE DEAD WE'D LEFT BEHIND
        WHEN I FIRST LAID EYES ON THE GENERAL
                                                                        AND WE WAS CARRING THE LAME
        I KNEW HE WAS A FIGHTING MAN
                                                                        I KILLED A BOY THE OTHER NIGHT
                                                                        WHO'D NEVER EVEN SHAVED
        HE WAS EVERY INCH A SOLDIER
        EVERY WORD WAS HIS COMMAND
                                                                        I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M FIGHTIN' FOR
        WELL HIS EYES WERE COLD AS LEAD AND STEEL
                                                                        I AIN'T EVER OWNED A SLAVE
        FORGED INTO TOOLS OF WAR
                                                                        SO I SNUCK OUT OF CAMP
        HE TOOK THE LIVES OF MANY
                                                                        AND I HEARD THE NEWS NEXT NIGHT
        AND THE SOULS OF MANY MORE
                                                                                  G
                                                                        THE YANKEES WON THE BATTLE
        WELL THEY MARCHED US TO MISSOURI
                                                                        AND MCCOLLOCH LOST HIS LIFE
        AND WE HARDLY STOPPED FOR REST
        THEN HE MADE HIS SPEECH AND SAID
                                                                        GODDAMN YOU BEN MCCOLLOCH
        WE'RE COMIN' TO THE TEST
                                                                        I HATE YOU MORE THAN ANY MAN ALIVE
        WELL WE'VE GOT TO TAKE SAINT LOUIS BOYS
                                                                                 ΑМ
                                                                        AND WHEN YOU DIE
        BEFORE THE YANKEES DO
                                                                                                AM
                                                                                                                  ΕM
                                                                        YOU'LL BE A FOOT SOLDIER JUST LIKE ME
        IF WE CONTROL THE MISSISSIPPI
                                                                                      D
                                                                        IN THE DEVILS INFANTRY
        THEN THE FEDERALS ARE THROUGH
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## Acordes

