

Johnny Cash, Remember The Alamo

A hundred and eighty were challenged by Travis to die
By the line that he drew with his sword when the battle was high
Any man that will fight to the death cross over
But if you want to live you'd better fly
And over the line went a hundred and seventy nine
Hey Santa Anna we're killing your soldiers below
That men wherever they go will remember the Alamo
Ol' Bowie lay dying his powder was ready and dry
Flat on his back Bowie killed them a few in reply
And young Davy Crockett was singing and laughing with gallantry fears in his eyes
For God and for freedom a man more than willing to die
Hey Santa Anna...
They sent a young scout from the battlements bloody and loud
With the words of farewell from a garrison valiant and proud
Grieve not little darling my dying if Texas is sovereign and free
We'll never surrender and ever with liberty be
Hey Santa Anna...