

8th Of November

Big & Rich

A

Said goodbye to his momma as he left South Dakota

G

C

to fight for the red white and blue

He was nineteen in green with a new M-16

Just doing what he had to do

He was dropped in the jungle where the choppers would rumble
With the smell of napalm in the air

And the sergeant said

Look up ahead

Like a dark evil cloud twelve hundred came down

On him and twenty-nine more

They fought for their lives but most of them died

In the 173rd airborne

A

R: On the 8th of November the angels were crying

G

C

As they carried his brothers away

A

With the fire raining down and the hell all around

G

C

There were few men left standing that day

A

Saw an eagle fly through a clear blue sky

G

C

Nineteen-sixty-five

A

G

C

the 8th of November

Now he's fifty-eight and his pony tail's gray

But the battle still plays in his head

He limps when he walks but he's strong when he talks

About the shrapnell they left in his leg

He puts on a suit over his airborne tattoo

He ties it on one time a year

He remembers the fallen as he orders a tall one

And swallows it down with his tears

R:

Saw an eagle fly through a clear blue sky

Nineteen-sixty-five

On the eighth of november the angels were crying

As they carried his brothers away

