

The Alamo

Johnny Cash

C G7 C G7 C G7 C G7
1. A hundred and eighty were challenged by Travis to die
By the line that he drew with his sword when the battle was
nigh

F C
Any man that would fight to the death, cross over
But if you wanna live, you better fly

C G7 C G7 C G7 C G7
And over the line stepped a hundred and seventy nine

F C
R: Hey, Santa Ana, we're killing you're soldiers below
F C G7 C G7 C
So men, wherever they go, will remember the Alamo

2. Old Bowie lay dyin', his powder was ready and dry
Flat on his back, Bowie killed him a few in reply
And young Davy Crockett was smilin' and laughin'
with gallantry tears in eyes
For God and for freedom, a man more than willing to die

R: Hey, Santa Ana...

3. 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 darlin', my dyin', if Texas is sovereign a
nd free
We'll never surrender and ever will liberty be

R: Hey, Santa Ana...