

Big And Rich, 8th Of November

Said goodbye to his mamma
As he left South Dakota
To fight for the Red, White, and Blue.
He was nineteen and 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
1,200 came down
on him and 29 more.
They fought for their lives
But most of them died
In the 173rd Airborne.

(Chorus)
On the 8th of November,
The angels were crying
As they carried his brothers away.
With the fire raining down
And the Hell all around
There were few men left standing that day.
Saw the eagle fly,
Through a clear, blue sky
1965, the 8th of November.
Now he's fifty-eight
And his ponytail's grey
But the battle still plays in his head.
He limps when he walks,
But he's strong when he talks
About the shrapnel they left in his leg.
He puts on a grey suit
Over his Airborne tattoo
And He ties it on one time a year
And remembers the fallen,
As he orders a tall one
And swallows it down with his tears.

(Chorus)
On the 8th of November,
The angels were crying
As they carried his brothers away.
With the fire raining down
And the Hell all around
There were few men left standing that day.
Saw the eagle fly,
Through a clear, blue sky
1965, the 8th of November.
Saw the eagle fly,
Through a clear, blue sky
1965.

(Chorus)
On the 8th of November,
The angels were crying
As they carried his brothers away.
With the fire raining down
And the Hell all around
There were few men left standing that day.

(Chorus)
On the 8th of November,
The angels were crying
As they carried his brothers away.
With the fire raining down
And the Hell all around,
There were few men left standing that day.

Saw the eagle fly,
Through a clear, blue sky
1965, the 8th of November.
The 8th of November
The 8th of November
He said goodbye to his mamma
As he left South Dakota
To fight for the Red, White, and Blue.
He was nineteen and green with a new M-16
Just doing what he had to do.