

Big & Rich, 8th Of November

Said goodbye to his momma as he left South Dakota
To fight for the red, what and blue
He was 19 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 sergant 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 58 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 Shrapnel they left in his leg
He puts on a gray suit over his Airborne tattoo
And he ties it on one time a year
And remebers that fallen as he orders a tall one
And swallows it down with tears

[Chorus]

Saw the eagle fly through a clear blue sky
1965...
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With the fire raining down and the hell all around
There were few men left standing that day

[Chorus]

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