## Steve Earle, Ben McCulloch

We signed up in San Antone my brother Paul and me To fight with Ben McCulloch and the Texas infantry Well the poster said we'd get a uniform and seven bucks a week The best rations in the army and a rifle we could keep When I first laid eyes on the general I knew he was a fightin' man He was every inch a soldier every word was his command Well his eyes were cold as the lead and steel forged into tools of war He took the lives of many and the souls of many more Well they marched us to Missouri and we hardly stopped for rest Then he made this speech and said we're comin' to the test Well we've got to take Saint Louie boys before the yankees do If we control the Mississippi then the Federals are through Well they told us that our enemy would all be dressed in blue They forgot about the winter's cold and the cursed fever too My brother died at Wilson's creek and Lord I seen him fall We fell back to the Boston Mountains in the North of Arkansas CHORUS Goddamn you Ben McCulloch I hate you more than any other man alive

And when you die you'll be a foot soldier just like me In the devil's infantry

And on the way to Fayetteville we cursed McCulloch's name And mourned the dead that we'd left behind and we was carrying the lame I killed a boy the other night who'd never even shaved I don't even know what I'm fightin' for I ain't never owned a slave So I snuck out of camp and then I heard the news next night The Yankees won the battle and McCulloch lost his life