

Big Rich, 8th Of November

{Hello, I'm Kris Kristofferson

On November 8th, 1965, the 173rd Airborne Brigade on Operation Hump War Zone D in Vietnam v
Forty-eight American soldiers lost their lives that day}

{Severely wounded and riskin' his own life, Lawrence Joll, a medic

Was the first livin' black man since the Spanish-American War

To receive the United States Medal of Honor

For savin' so many lives in the midst of battle that day}

{Our friend, Nialls Harris, retired 25 years, United States Army

The guy who gave Big Kenny his top hat

Was one of the wounded who lived

This song is his story}

{Caught in the action of 'kill or be killed'

"Greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for a friend"}

Said goodbye to his momma as he left South Dakota

To fight for the Red, White and Blue

He was nineteen and green with a new M-16

Just doin' what he had to do

He was dropped in the jungle

Where the choppers would rumble

With the smell of napalm in the air

Then the sergeant said, "Look up ahead"

Like a dark evil cloud, 1200 came down

On him and 29 more

They fought for their lives but most of them died

In the 173rd Airborne

On the 8th of November, the angels were cryin'

As they carried his brothers away

With the fire rainin' down and the hell all around

There were few men left standin' 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

'Bout 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 remembers that fallen as he orders a tall one

And swallows it down with his tears

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