

# Donovan, The Alamo

A hundred and eighty were challenged by Travis to die  
By a line that he drew with his sword as the battle drew nigh  
A man that crossed over the line was for glory  
And he that was left better fly  
And over the line crossed 179  
Hey Up Santa Anna, they're killing your soldiers below  
So the rest of Texas will know  
And remember the Alamo  
Jim Bowie lay dying, his blood and his powder were dry  
But his knife at the ready to take him a few in reply  
Young Davy Crocket lay laughing and dying  
The blood and the sweat in his eyes  
For Texas and freedom no man was more willing to die  
Hey Up Santa Anna, they're killing your soldiers below  
So the rest of Texas will know  
And remember the Alamo  
A courier came to a battle once bloody and loud  
And found only skin and bones where he once left a crowd  
Fear not little darling of dying  
If this world be sovereign and free  
For we'll fight to the last for as long as liberty be  
Hey Up Santa Anna, they're killing your soldiers below  
So the rest of Texas will know  
And remember the Alamo