

# Johnny Cash, Remember The Alamo

A hundred and eighty were challenged by Travis to die  
By the line that he drew with his sword when the battle was high  
Any man that will fight to the death cross over  
But if you want to live you'd better fly  
And over the line went a hundred and seventy nine  
Hey Santa Anna we're killing your soldiers below  
That men wherever they go will remember the Alamo  
Ol' Bowie lay dying his powder was ready and dry  
Flat on his back Bowie killed them a few in reply  
And young Davy Crockett was singing and laughing with gallantry fears in his eyes  
For God and for freedom a man more than willing to die  
Hey Santa Anna...  
They sent a young scout from the battlements bloody and loud  
With the words of farewell from a garrison valiant and proud  
Grieve not little darling my dying if Texas is sovereign and free  
We'll never surrender and ever with liberty be  
Hey Santa Anna...