

Battle of New Orleans

by by Jimmy Driftwood (1959)

D *D* *G* *G*
In eighteen fourteen we took a little trip
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip'
D *D* *G* *G*
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans
A7 *A7* *D* *D*
And we met the bloody British near the town of New Orleans

D *D* *D* *D*
We fired our guns and the British kept a-comin'
D *D* *D - A7* *D*
But they wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago
D *D* *D* *D*
We fired once more and they began a-runnin'
D *D* *D* *A7 D*
On Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Well we looked down the river and we seed the British come
There musta been a hundred of 'em beating on the drums
They stepped so'high and they made their bugles ring
While we stood beside our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

Old Hickory said we could take 'em by surprise
If we didn't fire a musket 'til we looked 'em in the eyes
We held our fire 'til we seed their faces well,
Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave 'em hell

Well they ran through the briars and they ran through t he brambles,
And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit wouldn't go
Ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Well, we fired our cannon 'til the barrel melted down
Then we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round
We filled his head with cannon balls and powdered his behind
And when we touched the powder off the gator lost his mind.