

Til The Last Shots Fired
Fex Rossi

Til the Last Shot s Fired
Authors: Rob Crosby, Doug Johnson
2008 covered by race Adkins
This is the 2012 version covered by Fex Rossi
CAPO 2

Em Am / Em Am

Em **C/D**
I was there in the winter of 64
Am C Em
When we camped in the ice at Nashville s doors
G C D
Three hundred miles our trail had led
Am C Em
We barely had time to bury our dead
G C D
When the Yankees charged and the colors fell
Am C Em
Overton hill was a living hell
G C D
When we called retreat it was almost dark
Am C Em
I died with a grapeshot in my heart

C D Em
Say a prayer for peace
C G D
For every fallen son
C D Em
Set my spirit free
C G D
Let me lay down my gun
Am C D
Sweet mother Mary I m so tired
C D Em
But I can t come home til the last shot s fired

Em Am / Em Am

Em **C/D**
In June of 1944
Am C Em
I waited in the blood of Omaha s shores
G C D
Twenty-one and scared to death
Am C Em

My heart poundin in my chest

G **C** **D**

I almost made the first seawall

Am **C** **Em**

When my friends turned and saw me fall

G **C** **D**

I still smell the smoke, I can taste the mud

Am **C** **Em**

As I lay there dying from a loss of blood

CHORUS

C

I m in the fields of Vietnam,

D

The mountains of Afghanistan

C

And I m still hopin , waitin , prayin

D

I did not die in vain

CHORUS

<http://www.fexrossi.com>