

**I Wanna Be In The Cavalry**  
**The Corb Lund Band**

**G** **C** **Em**  
I wanna be in the cavalry if they send me off to war  
**C** **G** **D**  
I wanna good steed under me like my forefathers before  
**G** **C** **Em**  
I wanna good mount when the bugle sounds and I hear the cannons roar  
**C** **G** **D** **G**  
I wanna be in the cavalry if they send me off to war

well, I wanna horse in the volunteer force that's riding forth at dawn  
Please save for me some gallantry that will echo when I'm gone  
I beg of you sarge let me lead the charge when the battle lines are drawn  
Lemme at least leave a good hoof beat they'll remember loud and long

I'd not a good foot soldier make, I'd be sour and slow at march  
And I'd be sick on a navy ship, and the sea would leave me parched  
But I'll be first in line if they'll let me ride, by god, you'll see my starch  
Lope back over the heath with the laurel wreath underneath that victory arch

**Chorus**

Let me earn my spurs in the battle's blur where the day is lost or won  
I'll wield my lance as the ponies dance and the blackguards fire their guns  
A sabre keen, and a saddle carbine and an army Remington  
Where the hot lead screams with the cold, cold steel let me be a cavalryman

**Chorus**

Let 'em play their flutes and stirrup my boots and place them back to front  
Cause I won't be back on the rider-less black and I'm finished in my hunt  
I wanna be in the cavalry if they send me off to war  
I wanna be in the cavalry, but I won't ride home no more