

Big iron - Marty Robbins

C Am
To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day
C Am
Hardly spoke to folks around him, didn't have too much to say
F C
No one dared to ask his business, no one dared to make a slip
Am
for the stranger there amongst them had a big iron on his hip
F C
Big iron on his hip

[Verse 2]

C Am
It was early in the morning when he rode into the town
C Am
He came ridin' from the south side slowly lookin' all around
F C
He's an outlaw loose and runnin' came the whisper from each lip
Am
And he's here to do some business with the big iron on his hip
F C
big iron on his hip

[Verse 3]

C Am
In this town there lived an outlaw by the name of Texas Red
C Am
Many men had tried to take him and that many men were dead
F C
He was vicious and a killer though a youth of twenty four
Am
And the notches on his pistol numbered one and nineteen more
F C
One and nineteen more

[Verse 4]

C Am
Now the stranger started talking, made it plain to folks around
C Am
Was an Arizona ranger, wouldn't be too long in town
F C
He came here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe dead
Am
And he said it didn't matter, he was after Texas Red
F C
After Texas Red

[Verse 5]

C Am
Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red
C Am
But the outlaw didn't worry, men that tried before were dead
F C
Twenty men had tried to take him, twenty men had made a slip
Am

Twenty one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip
F C
Big iron on his hip

[Verse 6]

C Am
The morning passed so quickly, it was time for them to meet
C Am
It was twenty past eleven when they walked out in the street
F C
Folks were watching from their windows, everybody held their breath
Am
They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death
F C
About to meet his death

[Verse 7]

C Am
There was forty feet between them when they stopped to make their play
C Am
And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about today
F C
Texas Red had not cleared leather 'fore a bullet fairly ripped
Am
And the ranger's aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip
F C
Big iron on his hip

[Verse 8]

C Am
It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered round
C Am
There before them lay the body of the outlaw on the ground
F C
Oh, he might have gone on living but he made one fatal slip
Am
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip
F C
Big iron on his hip

[Outro]

F C
Big iron, big iron
C Am
When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip
F C
Big iron on his hip