

## Olympics, The

### "Big Boy Pete"

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Woo

The joint was a jumpin' on the corner

(Yeah, yeah)

Down on a Honky Tonk Street

(Yeah, yeah)

When all of a sudden up drove a Cadillac

(Yeah, yeah)

And out stepped a cat named Pete

Diamonds on-a every finger

(Yeah, yeah)

Wore a tailor-made suit

He smoked a black cigar

(So what?)

He wore a Stetson hat

(Yeah)

He wore a pair-a cowboy boots

He busted on through the doorway

(Yeah, yeah)

Bad as-a he could be

(Yeah, yeah)

He pulled out his pistol, he turned around

He said, "My name is a Big Boy Pete"

The music stopped, there wasn't a sound

A-over in the corner stood-a, Bad Man Brown

Brown smiled a grin, he said, "My friend"

(You take your three steps forward and I'm 'onna-a,  
clue you in)

Now Pete said, "A look it, here buddy"

(Yeah, yeah)

'Fore I tan your hide

(Yeah, yeah)

I got a forty-five to keep me alive

Seven bullets on my side

Brown pulled a knife, he jumped on Pete

They fought from the counter right on out to the street

They swung from north, they swung from south  
Brown cut that black cigar right outta Pete's mouth  
Pete hit the ground, he yelled and screamed  
(Pete took his Stetson hat and beat the scene)

Now if you're ever down on the corner  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Down on-a Honky Tonk Street  
(Yeah, yeah)

Don't mess with Brown  
(Yeah, yeah)  
He'll cut you down  
Take a message from-a Big Boy Pete

Umm-umm, umm, umm, umm  
(Yeah, yeah)  
Umm-umm, umm, umm, umm  
(Yeah, yeah)

Umm, umm, umm  
Umm, umm, umm  
Umm, umm, umm  
...

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