

Frank Gallop "The Ballad Of Irving"

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He was short and fat, and rode out of the West
With a Mogen David on his silver vest.
He was mean and nasty right clear through,
Which was kinda weird, 'cause he was yellow too.

They called him Irving.
Big Irving.
Big, short Irving.
Big, short, fat Irving.
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West.

He came from the old Bar Mitzvah spread,
With a 10-gallon yarmulke on his head.* [see below]
He always followed his mother's wishes,
Even on the range he used two sets of dishes.

Irving.
Big, fat Irving.
Big sissy Irving.
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West.

A hundred and forty-one could draw faster than he,
But Irving was looking for one forty-three.
Walked into Sol's Saloon like a man insane,
And ordered three fingers of two cents plain.

Irving.
Big, fat Irving.
Big sport Irving.
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West.

One day Bad Max happened into town.
His aim was to shoot fat Irving down.
Bad Max said, "Draw, and draw right now!"
And Irving drew, drew a picture of a cow.

Irving.
Big, fat Irving.
Big gunfighter Irving.
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West.

The James Boys was comin' on a train at first sun,

And the town said, "Irving, we need your gun."
When that train pulled in at the break of dawn,
Irving's gun was there, but Irving was gone.

Irving.
Big, fat Irving.
Big help, Irving.
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West.

Well, finally Irving got three slugs in the belly.
It was right outside the Frontier Deli.
He was sittin' there twirlin' his gun around,
And butterfingers Irving gunned himself down!

Irving.
Big, fat Irving.
Big dum-dum Irving.
Big dum-dum dead Irving.
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West.
Really.

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