

Kenny Rogers "Greybeard"

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All spoken except (Backing vocals)

He was 9 years old when his folks left home,
On a wagon headdin' west.
His mom and dad knew he'd grow up bad,
By the mark of the Devil on his chest.
Well at 17 he had turned up mean.
He had already made his bid.
He had a name in this fast-gun game.
And they called him the Devil Kid.

Now the kid's name grew and his aim did too,
As an old ghost town appeared.
Sittin' there in the marshal's chair,
Was the one they call Greybeard.

"Kid you'd better quit while the quittin's good,
'Cause there's always one who's bigger.
There'll be one guy with a faster eye,
Who's lightning on the trigger.
Let me tell you son of a real fast gun,
That every outlaw feared.
He made his name in this killing game,
He's the one they call Greybeard.

He had a drawin' hand like no other man,
It was faster than the eye.
And there were always plenty of kids around 20,
Just couldn't wait to die.

(He was a fast gun,
Lookin' to make a name.
_____ was his virtue,
Killin' was a game.)

So the Kid said "Tell me, where is this man,
Who never feared a gun?"
Greybeard raised his head and said,
"You're lookin' at him son."
The Kid tried staring Greybeard down,
With eyes like ace-up dice,
And Greybeard's frown turned upside down,

To a smile as cold as ice.
So the Devil Kid reached for his gun,
With a draw as fast as light.
But he lost the game to a shot that came,
From somewhere out of sight.
And as the Kid went down and he hit the ground,
He thought he'd lost his mind.
He heard Greybeard snicker, "I was even quicker,
Before I went stone blind."

(Fast gun,
Lookin' to make a name.
_____ was his virtue,
Killed at his game.)

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