

## **Michael Martin Murphey**

### **"Big Iron"**

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

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

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

Now the stranger started talkin', made it plain to folks  
around  
Was an Arizonia ranger, wouldn't be too long in town  
He came there to take an outlaw back alive or maybe  
dead  
Said it didn't matter, he was after Texas Red, after  
Texas Red

Wasn't long before this story was relayed to Texas Red  
But the outlaw didn't worry, men that tried before were  
dead  
Twenty men had tried to take him, twenty men had  
made a slip  
Twenty-one would be the ranger with the big iron on his

hip  
Big iron on his hip

The mornin' past so quickly, it was time for them to  
meet  
It was twenty past eleven when they walked out in the  
street  
Folks were watchin' from their windows, every body  
held their breath  
They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet  
his death  
About to meet his death

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

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

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

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