

## Ray Stevens "Marion Michael Morrison"

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He was born in the little farming town of Winterset  
On the new frontier  
a Midwest native son  
But his star would shine as bright  
as any star can ever get  
And he would cast a giant shadow  
before he was done  
Tall in the saddle,  
he went to reap the wild wind  
In old California  
and across the Rio Grande  
From a stage coach on a big trail  
To Rio Bravo and back again  
He rode on wings of eagles this quiet man  
Here's a salute to you,  
Marion Michael Morrison  
Here's a salute to you,  
for all our battles that you fought and won  
A true American hero,  
a straight shooting son of gun  
Here's a salute to you,  
Marion Michael Morrison

Singin' a salute to Sandy,  
Sergeant Striper,  
McClintock and McQ,  
Katie's elder son  
and big Jim McLane  
Brannigan and Rooster,  
Hondo and Big Jake,  
Yeah, we knew him  
by a hundred different names  
On the sands of Iwo Jima,  
back to Bataan  
The flying tigers  
and the green berets  
He was with the fighting Seabees  
and every American fighting man,  
at the Alamo and on that longest day

And here's a salute to you,  
Marion Michael Morrison

Here I stand, I stand to you,  
for all our battles that you fought and won  
A true American hero,  
a straight shooting son of gun  
Here I stand, I stand to you,  
Marion Michael Morrison

There might be few who would dare to say  
The star you hung might fade away,  
But I can hear you tell them,  
"Pilgrim, that day I'll be the  
day I stand, I stand to you"

Here I stand, I stand to you,  
Marion Michael Morrison  
Here I stand, I stand to you,  
for all our battles that you fought and won  
A true American hero,  
a straight shooting son of gun  
Here I stand, I stand to you,  
Marion Michael Morrison  
Here I stand, I stand to you,  
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