

I want to tell you a story about
A man named Slim Mgee
A true blue gunslinger with a heart of gold
That he wears out on his sleeve

Slim would get in trouble
Despite everywhere he go
Look some fella
Call him yellow
Pistol poking at your throat
He spoke in a cackle
They won't know with his cockiness
He's wanted all [?] for all of the obvious
His red hair flaring when he fires his gun
Good at heart
A cowboy
Having his share of fun
And on the other hand Jim O Brian
Is a tight fist
Son a bitch
Think he wanna kill you with a gun in a ditch
He went all blatherin
Stories of blood
Braggin 'bout the Indian
He had draggin' through the mud
Cold hearted
And he had a plan tonight
Where he would kill Bubba Gumfrey
Under cool moonlight

It's the story of our lives
Under western stars of danger
Find a place to run and hide
There's a new red-headed stranger
Yes the showdown has arrived
And there's gonna be some danger
So we gather 'round the side
And watch their last ten paces
So Ole!
Ole!
Ole!
Ole!
Mad moons on the horizon
Hi He Hi He Hi Ho

Well Bubba Gumfrey was a stumpiant grump
With a clumsy mumble
And numbers up his hump
Always thinkin' 'bout his business
Printing images and texts
He owned the largest printing press
In all the wild west
Made poor decisions with women
And never had children of his own
But always welcomed Slim into his home
His latest lady lass didn't like Slim comin' round
Always diggin' into questions

'Bout her past around the town
Slim wasn't there when Bubba's body was found
But mourned for days
After he was buried underground
On the other hand
Last tossed thought of him into the well
Fuckin' Jim O Brian
One day after Bubba's funeral

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Slim found out
Jim killed Bubba
Jim was the last thing to spill into cover [?]
Yes [?] runs thick in the western summer
One man's cash is a dead man's brother
Slim couldn't let him get away with this
He went down to the bar where he always sits
He walked in and said
Jim
I think we oughta go now
They walked up on the street like
There's gonna be a showdown!

High noon the boys left the saloon
And faced in the barren street
Jim said
Slim you better back on down
'Cause you won't win here with me
And at that moment Slim shot his gun
And said
Death has come to get you
I guess old Jim was quick on the draw
But no match for Slim Mgee

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