Ballad of a Small Man

Marty Robbins

He was a small man but this man was all man He was accustomed to danger He knew the badlands, he knew every bad man This man was a ranger, ranger, ranger

Into the township of Pecos he rode Everyone noticed this stranger Plainly it showed in the way that he rode in This man was a ranger, ranger, ranger

Everyone watched as he climbed from his horse and walked by Every eye dropped to the gun hanging low on his side The silence was broken, the ranger had spoken And these were his words

I've trailed an outlaw for thirty-six days
I'm twenty hours behind him
He's here in town so I'll just be around
Long as it takes me to find him, find him, find him

Slowly he turned and he looked down the street
Then he looked back to the crowd
Somethin' about him left no room to doubt
He spoke very little but loud, but loud, but loud

If it is pity you have for my size Save it don't waste it, my friend This equalizer I have on my hip Makes me as big as the next man, next man, next man

Then from a door came a curse and they knew at a glance The outlaw had stepped to the street to begin his advance Women grabbed children, men grabbed their wives And thay ran from the street

Even the soft, gentle breeze became still
Death had a minute to wait
Two hands would dive for a Colt forty-five
One hand would come up too late, too late

"Go for your gun", was the outlaw's remark
"Tomorrow you'll sleep neath the stone."
The ranger replied, "There'll be plenty of time
After you go for your own, your own, your own."

All of a sudden it happened Both of then grabbed for a gun Both clearing leather, both fired together Everyone thought it was one gun, one gun, one gun

A forty-five slug hit the outlaw and spun him around His life was over, he died on his way to the ground To our surprise we watched as the ranger Took one faltering step

Slowly he crumbled and fell to the ground A bullet was deep in his side

He looked all around but he spoke not a word A faint little smile and he died, he died, he died

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