

# Marion Michael Morrison

Ray Stevens

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 to you  
Marion Michael Morrison  
Here's to you  
For all our battles that you fought and won  
A true American hero  
A straight shooting son of gun  
Here's to you  
Marion Michael Morrison

Singin' 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 to you  
Marion Michael Morrison  
Here's to you  
For all our battles that you fought and won  
A true American hero  
A straight shooting son of gun  
Here's 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'll be the day"

Here's to you  
Marion Michael Morrison  
Here's to you

For all our battles that you fought and won  
A true American hero  
A straight shooting son of gun  
Here's to you  
Marion Michael Morrison  
Here's to you  
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