Rex Marksley

Steam Powered Giraffe

Rex Marksley
Finest marksman in the west
Rex Marksley
When it came to gun slinging he was the best

Rex Marksley at an younger age shot holes in cans without a missin' sadly they were in the pantry so beans painted the whole darn kitchen

His parents then let him shoot the empty cans out on their fence but Rex trick shot out all the nails so out the fence all their cows went

His father cried

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Rex Marksley was a tinkerer an engineer extraordinaire He made quick-reloading gadgets so he could fire non-stop with panache and flare

He became a gun for hire and a hero whereever he roamed he disarmed forty bandits one time with two gunshots all on his own

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He had heart and a righteous stand and they tell of his stories across the land

He jammed the guns that fired his way by shooting bullets into their barrels they say

He shot lightning from his hands with a miraculous invention, and zapped that evil demon train back to it's own dimension

That giant copper ore golem, oh it was a fright, till Rex projectiled pick axes with dynamite

He fought the corrupt Rattlesnake King and it hissed in agony, then Rex taught all the jackalopes to yodel in harmony

Here we go now!

(Yodeling)

Rex Marksley rode across the West bringing justice to the land

He tamed enormous vultures, reined and flew them with one hand

All the women blushed and fainted when Rex winked his eye and the bad guys always fell to their demise

The man was a legend and hero through and through and Rex was a friend to the battered and the bruised

He had seen a lot of wonderments in his glory days and he died an old man alone on the prairie they say

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Yeehaw, yeehaw Yehaw! Bang bang!