

|E |C#m
Now the stranger started talking made it plain to folks around

|E |C#m
Was an Arizona ranger wouldn't be too long in town

|A |E
He came here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe dead

|C#m
And he said it didn't matter he was after Texas Red

|A |E
After Texas Red

|E |C#m
Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red

|E |C#m
But the outlaw didn't worry men that tried before were dead

|A |E
Twenty men had tried to take twenty men had made a slip

|C#m
Twenty one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip

|A |E
Big iron on his hip

|E |C#m
The morning passed so quickly it was time for them to meet

|E |C#m
It was twenty past eleven when they walked out in the street

|A |E
Folks were watching from their windows every-body held their breath

|C#m
They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death

|A |E
About to meet his death

|E

There was forty feet between them when they stopped to make their

|C#m

play

|E

|C#m

And the swiftness of the ranger is still talked about to-day

|A

|E

Texas Red had not cleared leather when a bullet fairly ripped

|C#m

And the rangers aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip

|A

|E

Big iron on his hip

|E

|C#m

It was over in a moment and the folks had gathered round

|E

|C#m

There before them lay the body of the outlaw on the ground

|A

|E

Oh he might have gone on living but he made one fatal slip

|C#m

When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip

|A

|E

Big iron on his hip

|C#m

|A

Big iron Big iron

|E

|C#m

When he tried to match the ranger with the big iron on his hip

|A

|E

Big iron on his hip

|C |Am
Now the stranger started talking made it plain to folks around

|C |Am
Was an Arizona ranger wouldn't be too long in town

|F |C
He came here to take an outlaw back alive or maybe dead

|Am
And he said it didn't matter he was after Texas Red

|F |C
After Texas Red

|C |Am
Wasn't long before the story was relayed to Texas Red

|C |Am
But the outlaw didn't worry men that tried before were dead

|F |C
Twenty men had tried to take twenty men had made a slip

|Am
Twenty one would be the ranger with the big iron on his hip

|F |C
Big iron on his hip

|C |Am
The morning passed so quickly it was time for them to meet

|C |Am
It was twenty past eleven when they walked out in the street

|F |C
Folks were watching from their windows every-body held their breath

|Am
They knew this handsome ranger was about to meet his death

|F |C
About to meet his death

|C

There was forty feet between them when they stopped to make their

|Am

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|C

|Am

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|C

Texas Red had not cleared leather when a bullet fairly ripped

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And the rangers aim was deadly with the big iron on his hip

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|C

Big iron on his hip

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|Am

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|C

Big iron on his hip