

Frank Gallop, The Ballad Of Irving

He was short and fat, and rode out of the West
With a Mogen David on his silver vest
He was mean and nasty right clear through
Which was kinda weird, 'cause he was yellow too

They called him Irving
Big Irving
Big, short Irving
Big, short, fat Irving
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West

He came from the old Bar Mitzvah spread
With a 10-gallon yarmulke on his head. * (see below)
He always followed his mother's wishes
Even on the range he used two sets of dishes

Irving
Big, fat Irving
Big sissy Irving
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West

A hundred and forty-one could draw faster than he
But Irving was looking for one forty-three
Walked into Sol's Saloon like a man insane
And ordered three fingers of two cents plain

Irving
Big, fat Irving
Big sport Irving
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West

(The following lines were edited out of the original release, and are only in
The version available on Dr. Demento's 20th Anniversary Collection.)

One day Bad Max happened into town
His aim was to shoot fat Irving down
Bad Max said, "Draw, and draw right now!"
And Irving drew, drew a picture of a cow

Irving
Big, fat Irving
Big gunfighter Irving
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West

The James Boys was comin' on a train at first sun
And the town said, "Irving, we need your gun."
When that train pulled in at the break of dawn
Irving's gun was there, but Irving was gone

Irving
Big, fat Irving
Big help, Irving
The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West

Well, finally Irving got three slugs in the belly
It was right outside the Frontier Deli
He was sittin' there twirlin' his gun around
And butterfingers Irving gunned himself down!

Irving
Big, fat Irving
Big dum-dum Irving
Big dum-dum dead Irving

The hundred and forty-second fastest gun in the West
Really