

Kenny Rogers, Grey Beard

He was nine years old when his folks left home
On a wagon headin' west
And his mom and dad knew he'd grow up bad
By the mark of the devil on his chest

Seventeen he turned up mean
He had already made his bid
He had a name in the fast gun game
And they called him the "Devil Kid";

Now the kid's name grew and his gun did too
When an old ghost town appeared
Sittin' there in the marshall's chair
Was the one they called "Grey Beard";

"Kid, you better quit while the quittin's good
Cus there's always one that's bigger
There'll be one guy with a faster eye
Who's lightning on the trigger

Let me tell you, son, about a real fast gun
That every outlaw feared
He made his name in this killin' game
He's the one they call "Grey Beard";

He had a drawin' hand like no other man
It was faster than the eye
And there were always plenty of kids about twenty
Just couldn't wait to die

He was a fast gun
Lookin' to make a name
Quikin' was his virtue
Killin' was the game

So the kid said, "Tell me,
where is this man who never feared a gun?"
Grey Beard raised his head and said,
"Your looking at him, son."

So the kid tried staring Grey Beard down
With eyes like ace up dice
And Grey Beard's frown turned upside down
To a smile as cold as ice

So the Devil Kid reached for his gun
With a draw as fast as light
But he lost the game from a shot that came
From somewhere out of sight

And as the kid went down and he hit the ground
Thought he had lost his mind
He heard Grey Beard snicker
"I was even quicker before I went stone blind";

Fast gun
Lookin' to make a name
Quikin' was his virtue
He was killed at his game