

# 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