

# Genesis, As Sure As Eggs Is Eggs

Big Jim Cooley commanded respect, whatever he wanted he could get  
The badge on his waistcoat shone in the sun  
It ain't no lie, Big Jim was feared by everyone  
In the saloon one evening Big took a bet with a rancher whose name I forget  
He wanted a herd taken over the plain  
He called Jim "yellow", he'll never do that again  
He got mad!  
He threw his badge on the floor and walked out  
He's gonna give it a try, he left no doubt  
"Must be mad, must be mad!"  
The people wished him well, and good luck  
"Hell, I don't need it!" He laughed, got on his horse and rode away  
Over on the trail, Jim 'n' his crew of five  
Were trying their best to keep the cattle alive  
The weather was hard, but so were the men  
Though I don't think even Jim will try this try again  
His horses were edgy, sensing trouble ahead  
But the trouble didn't start till the men were in bed  
A-whooping and a-hollering and flashing their knives  
Big Jim and his men were jumped by an all-star Indian tribe  
He was scared, Big Jim was scared  
Alive, they called him lucky, but not today  
Cos he died like all good cowboys with his boots on next to his men  
Big Jim, he won't lie down  
For him the bet is still on  
Some say he rides there, cursing still  
Some say they've seen him