

# Ballad of Big

## Genesis

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  
And 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, he must be mad  
The people wished him well, and good luck  
"Well, I don't need it", he laughed  
Got on his horse and rode away  
Over on the trail, Jim and 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 trip 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  
'Cause he died like all good cowboys  
With his boots on next to his men  
Big Jim, he still won't lie down  
For him the bet is still on  
Some say he rides there, cursing still  
Some say they've seen him

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