

The Ballad of Bart McGee

Dave Stamey

Come hear the story of Bart McGee

Inyo County deputy 1873

Chavez gang was running wild, raising hell

Bart tracked 'em but things did not go well

Them bandits circled 'round and they caught him unaware

Took him to their hideout, tied him to a chair

They spent the night talking 'bout the things they could do

To Bart McGee before they got through

Maybe they would skin him, to drag him from a horse

Maybe they would hang him, they might shoot him o'course

Bart just sat there as if he hadn't heard

Through it all he never said a word

Yeah this was desert country, all sage brush and wind

Beyond the Saline Valley, where hopes run mighty thin

Them bandits drank their whiskey and just outside the door

Was a bronco mule they'd stole the day before

Them bandits roped that mule and they tied to the shack

Stripped ol' Bart naked and they stuck him on its back

And they turned him around 'til he was pointed east

And they tied his legs together underneath

They untied that mule and they slapped it on the rear

It went crackin' through the sagebrush like a wild deer

They kept Bart's horse, his saddle and his guns

And they figure Bart McGee's days were done

Well that mule tried to buck him off, and through the Choya danced

Bart knew that stayin' with him, was his only chance

Ol' Bart had fought the Paiute and he'd killed a grizzly bear

And he could ride anything with hair

Well the sun burnt his naked butt and wind chapped him dry

And he broiled like bacon, underneath that desert sky

He'd slap that mule upside the head to turn him left or right

It was handlin' good when the moon come up that night

He made fifty miles, it ended none to soon
He topped the hill at Cerro Gordo that next afternoon
The drunks outside the Gem Saloon could not believe their eyes
When a naked man on a mule trotted by

We all asked what happened, Bart never said a word
He yanked out the cactus thorns, put ointment on his burns
And he bought a horse and rifle and set out on his way
But what he meant to do he wouldn't say

A week went by without a word and we all feared the worst
Had them bandits got him, had he died of thirst
Finally he come ridin' back leadin' his old horse
And he also had his hat and guns o'course

And the robbin' and killin' all came to and end
Not one of that Chavez gang was ever seen again
We asked Bart about it, and when we'd asked enough
He said "I just went back and got my stuff"

Come hear the story of Bart McGee
Inyo County deputy 1873
And you know he kept that mule for the rest of its life
And he treated it better than some men treat their wives
Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, a a huh, uh huh, ohh ho oh oh, oh ohho oh oh

Lyrics Submitted by Cameron Wilkinson

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