

# Mr. Shorty

## Marty Robbins

Nobody knew where he came from  
They only knew he came in  
Slowly he walked to the end of the bar  
And he ordered up one slug of gin  
Well, I could see that he wasn't a large man  
I could tell that he wasn't too tall  
I judged him to be 'bout five foot three  
And his voice was a soft Texas drawl  
Said he was needin' some wages  
'Fore he could ride for the west  
Said he could do most all kind of work  
Said he could ride with the best  
There in his blue eyes was sadness  
That comes from the need of a friend  
And tho' he tried, he still couldn't hide  
The loneliness there deep within  
Said he would work through the winter  
For thirty a month and his board  
I started to say where he might land a job  
When a fellow came in through the door  
And I could tell he was lookin' for trouble  
From the way that he came stompin' in  
He told me to leave Shorty there by himself  
Come down and wait on a man  
The eyes of the little man narrowed  
The smile disappeared from his face  
Gone was the friendliness that I had seen  
And a wild look of hate took its place  
But the big one continued to mock him  
And he told me that I'd better go  
Find him a couple of glasses of milk  
Then maybe Shorty would grow  
When the little man spoke, there was stillness  
He made sure that everyone heard  
Slowly he stepped away from the bar  
And I still remember these words  
Oh, it's plain that you're lookin' for trouble  
Trouble's what I try to shun  
If that's what you want, then that's what you'll get  
'Cause cowboy, we're both packin' guns  
His hand was already positioned  
Feet wide apart on the floor  
I hadn't noticed but there on his hip  
Was a short barreled bass forty-four  
It was plain, he was ready and waitin'  
He leaned a bit forward and said  
"When you call me Shorty, say Mister, my friend  
Maybe you'd rather be dead"  
In the room was a terrible silence  
As the big one stepped out on the floor  
All drinkin' stopped and the tick of the clock

Said death would wait ten seconds more  
He cussed once or twice in a whisper  
And he said with a snarl on his lips  
Nobody's Mister to me, little man  
And he grabbed for the gun on his hips  
But the little man's hands was like lightning  
The bass forty-four was the same  
The forty-four spoke and it sent lead and smoke  
And seventeen inches of flame  
For the big one had never cleared leather  
Beaten before he could start  
A little round hole had appeared on his shirt  
The bullet went clear through his heart  
The little man stood there a moment  
Then holstered the bass forty-four  
It's always this way so I never stay  
Slowly he walked out the door  
Nobody knew where he came from  
They won't forget he came by  
They won't forget how a forty-four gun  
One night made the difference in size  
As for me, I'll remember the sadness  
Shown in the eyes of the man  
If we meet someday, you can bet I would say  
That it's me, Mr. Shorty, your friend

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>