

Marion Michael Morrison

Ray Stevens

He was born in the little farming town of Winterset
On the new frontier
a Midwest native son
But his star would shine as bright
as any star can ever get
And he would cast a giant shadow
before he was done
Tall in the saddle,
he went to reap the wild wind
In old California
and across the Rio Grande
From a stage coach on a big trail
To Rio Bravo and back again
He rode on wings of eagles this quiet man
Here's to you,
Marion Michael Morrison
Here's to you,
for all our battles that you fought and won
A true American hero,
a straight shooting son of gun
Here's to you,
Marion Michael Morrison Singin' Sandy,
Sergeant Striper,
McClintock and McQ,
Katie's elder son
and big Jim McLane
Brannigan and Rooster,
Hondo and Big Jake,
Yeah, we knew him
by a hundred different names
On the sands of Iwo Jima,
back to Bataan
The flying tigers
and the green berets
He was with the fighting Seabees
and every American fighting man,
at the Alamo and on that longest day And here's to you,
Marion Michael Morrison
Here's to you,

for all our battles that you fought and won
A true American hero,
a straight shooting son of gun
Here's to you,
Marion Michael Morrison There might be few who would dare to say
The star you hung might fade away,
But I can hear you tell them,
"Pilgrim, that'll be the day"

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