

# Ballad Of A Small Man

Marty Robbins

He was a small man but this man was all man  
He was accustomed to danger  
He knew the badlands, he knew every bad man  
This man was a ranger, ranger, ranger  
Into the township of Pecos, he rode  
Everyone noticed this stranger  
Plainly it showed in the way that he rode in  
This man was a ranger, ranger, ranger  
Everyone watched as he climbed from his horse and walked by  
Every eye dropped to the gun hanging low on his side  
The silence was broken, the ranger had spoken  
And these were his words  
I've trailed an outlaw for thirty-six days  
I'm twenty hours behind him  
He's here in town so I'll just be around  
Long as it takes me to find him, find him, find him  
Slowly he turned and he looked down the street  
Then he looked back to the crowd  
Somethin' about him left no room to doubt  
He spoke very little but loud, but loud, but loud  
If it is pity you have for my size  
Save it don't waste it, my friend  
This equalizer I have on my hip  
Makes me as big as the next man, next man, next man  
Then from a door came a curse and they knew at a glance  
The outlaw had stepped to the street to begin his advance  
Women grabbed children, men grabbed their wives  
And they ran from the street  
Even the soft, gentle breeze became still  
Death had a minute to wait  
Two hands would dive for a Colt forty-five  
One hand would come up too late, too late, too late  
"Go for your gun", was the outlaw's remark  
"Tomorrow you'll sleep neath the stone"  
The ranger replied, "There'll be plenty of time  
After you go for your own, your own, your own"  
All of a sudden it happened  
Both of them grabbed for a gun  
Both clearing leather, both fired together

Everyone thought it was one gun, one gun, one gun  
A forty-five slug hit the outlaw and spun him around  
His life was over, he died on his way to the ground  
To our surprise we watched as the ranger  
Took one faltering step  
Slowly he crumbled and fell to the ground  
A bullet was deep in his side  
He looked all around but he spoke not a word  
A faint little smile and he died, he died, he died  
He was a small man but this man was all man  
He was accustomed to danger  
He knew the badlands, he knew every bad man  
This man was a ranger, ranger, ranger

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