

# Big Iron

key:C, artist:Johnny Cash writer:Marty Robbins

Johnny Cash: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LZfItlZG97Q>

**C** To the town of Agua Fria rode a **Am** stranger one fine day

Hardly **C** spoke to folks around him didn't have too **Am** much to say

No one **F** dared to ask his business, no one **C** dared to make a slip

For the stranger there among them had a **Am** big iron on his hip

**F** Big iron on his **C** hip

It was early in the mornin' when he **Am** rode into the town

He came **C** riding from the south side slowly lookin' all a-round **Am**

He's an **F** outlaw loose and runnin' came the **C** whisper from each lip

And he's here to do some business with the **Am** big iron on his hip

**F** Big iron on his **C** hip

In this town there lived an outlaw by the **Am** name of Texas Red

Many **C** men had tried to take him and that many men were **Am** dead

He was **F** vicious and a killer, though a **C** youth of twenty-four

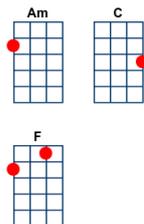
And the notches on his pistol numbered **Am** one and nineteen more

**F** One and nineteen **C** more

Now the stranger started talking made it **Am** plain to folks around

He was an **C** Arizona ranger wouldn't be too long in **Am** town

He came **F** here to take an outlaw back a-live or maybe dead **C**



And he said it didn't matter he was <sup>Am</sup> after Texas Red

<sup>F</sup> After Texas <sup>C</sup> Red

{c}

Wasn't long before the story was relay-ed <sup>Am</sup> to Texas Red

But the <sup>C</sup> outlaw didn't worry, men that <sup>Am</sup> tried before were dead

Twenty <sup>F</sup> men had tried to take him twenty <sup>C</sup> men had made a slip

Twenty one would be the stranger with the <sup>Am</sup> big iron on his hip

<sup>F</sup> Big iron on his <sup>C</sup> hip

The mornin' passed so quickly, it was <sup>Am</sup> time for them to meet

It was <sup>C</sup> twenty past eleven when they walked out in the <sup>Am</sup> street

Folks were <sup>F</sup> watchin' from their windows, everybody held their <sup>C</sup> breath

They knew this handsome ranger was a-bout <sup>Am</sup> to meet his death

Was a-bout <sup>F</sup> to meet his <sup>C</sup> death

There was forty feet between them when they <sup>Am</sup> stopped to make their play

And the <sup>C</sup> swiftness of the ranger is still talked about to-day <sup>Am</sup>

Texas <sup>F</sup> Red had not cleared leather when a <sup>C</sup> bullet fairly ripped

And the ranger's aim was deadly with the <sup>Am</sup> big iron on his hip

The <sup>F</sup> big iron on his <sup>C</sup> hip

Big <sup>F</sup> iron, big <sup>C</sup> iron

When he tried to match the ranger with the <sup>Am</sup> big iron on his hip

The <sup>F</sup> big iron on his <sup>C</sup> hip