

Bad Man

Conway Twitty

I have the reputation that's known throughout the land
They say I'm master on the draw of any livin' man
They call me a bad man, they say I kill for fun
They say the only thing I know is how to use a gun
But they don't know the reason they branded me as bad
It started many years ago when I was just a lad

I rode into a cattle town, a boy of twenty-three
So young and yet that very day I carved my destiny
I walked into the town saloon that sad and faithful day
Then I began to gamble to pass the time away
I thought I played a hand or two then hit the thrill again
But Lady Luck was with me and I began to win

The dealer kept on dealin', the stakes were gettin' high
And pretty soon there was no one left but an old cowboy and I
The minutes seemed like hours, you couldn't hear a sound
We've been in race until we'd lay all our money down
The cowboy smiled and showed his hands, three aces he did hold
But I laid down the royal flush and reached to claim my gold

The cowboy stood and faced me, his hands hung on his hips
A look of hate was in his eyes and the smile had left his lips
He said, "Young man, slap leather, I'm known for miles around
To keep my reputation about I got to gun you down"
White lightnin' speeded through that fire, one life will be the
cost
The cowboy crumbled to the floor, his reputation lost

Now years have come and years have gone and many men have died
He's tried his luck and hoped he'd be the fastest gun alive
And in my many fights to live, I wondered if I'd won
I'm known by all the bad men, they think I kill for fun
Someday I'll meet the cowboy who's speed will meet the test
And that will in the saga of the bad man of the west