

Rex Marksley

Steam Powered Giraffe

Rex Marksley
Finest marksman in the west
Rex Marksley
When it came to gun slinging he was the best

Rex Marksley at an younger age
shot holes in cans without a missin'
sadly they were in the pantry
so beans painted the whole darn kitchen

His parents then let him shoot
the empty cans out on their fence
but Rex trick shot out all the nails
so out the fence all their cows went

His father cried

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Rex Marksley was a tinkerer
an engineer extraordinaire
He made quick-reloading gadgets
so he could fire non-stop with panache and flare

He became a gun for hire
and a hero wherever he roamed
he disarmed forty bandits one time
with two gunshots all on his own

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He had heart and a righteous stand
and they tell of his stories across the land

He jammed the guns that fired his way
by shooting bullets into their barrels they say

He shot lightning from his hands with a miraculous invention,
and zapped that evil demon train back to it's own dimension

That giant copper ore golem, oh it was a fright,
till Rex projectiled pick axes with dynamite

He fought the corrupt Rattlesnake King and it hissed in agony,
then Rex taught all the jackalopes to yodel in harmony

Here we go now!

(Yodeling)

Rex Marksley rode across the West bringing justice to the land

He tamed enormous vultures, reined and flew them with one hand

All the women blushed and fainted when Rex winked his eye
and the bad guys always fell to their demise

The man was a legend and hero through and through
and Rex was a friend to the battered and the bruised

He had seen a lot of wonderments in his glory days
and he died an old man alone on the prairie they say

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Yeehaw, yeehaw
Yehaw!
Bang bang!